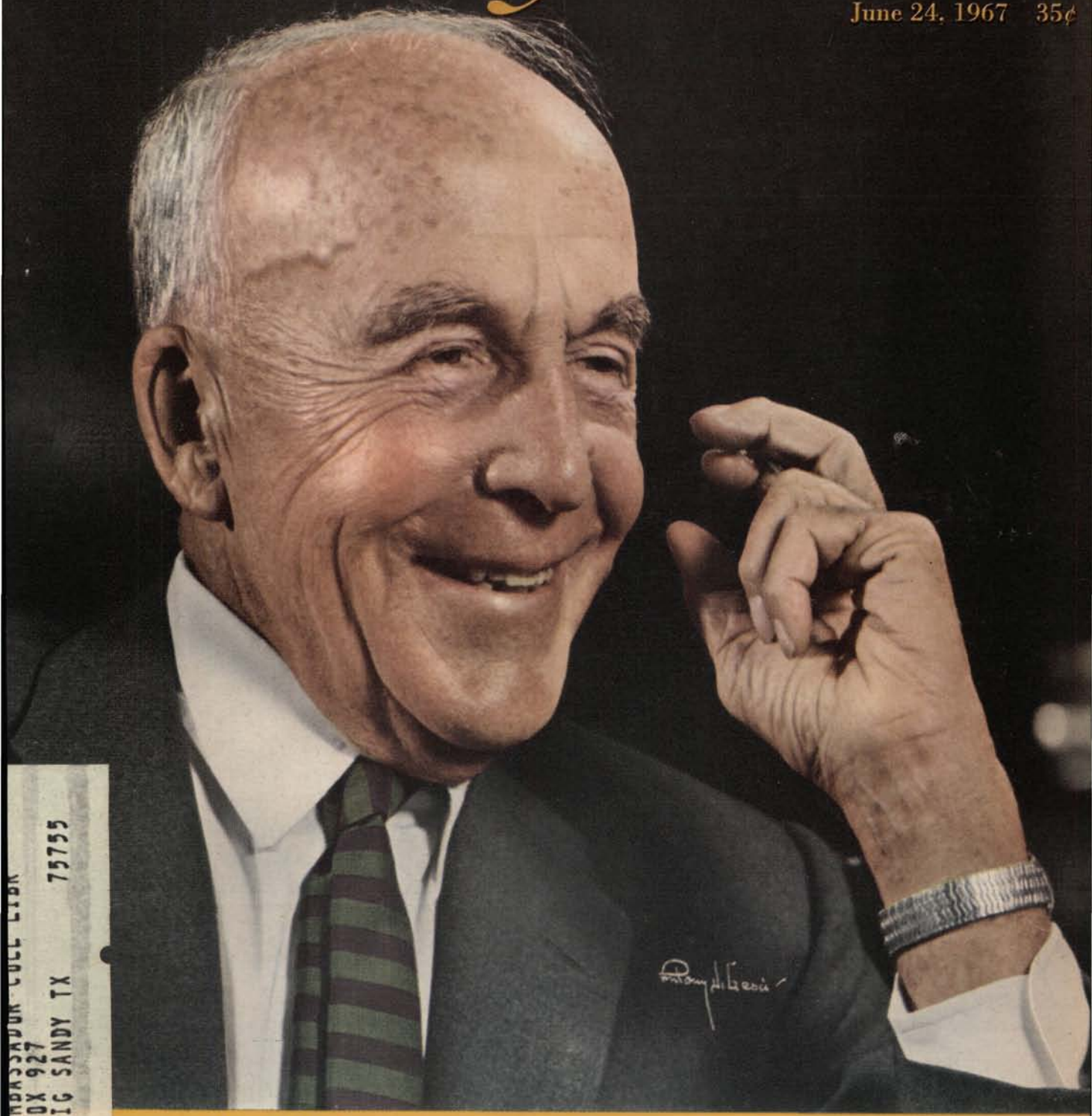
Saturday Review

June 24, 1967 35¢



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RECORDINGS

IANNIS XENAKIS: FORMULA FOR NEW MUSIC

By Jan Maguire

Adolf A. Berle reviews "The New Industrial State" by John Kenneth Galbraith

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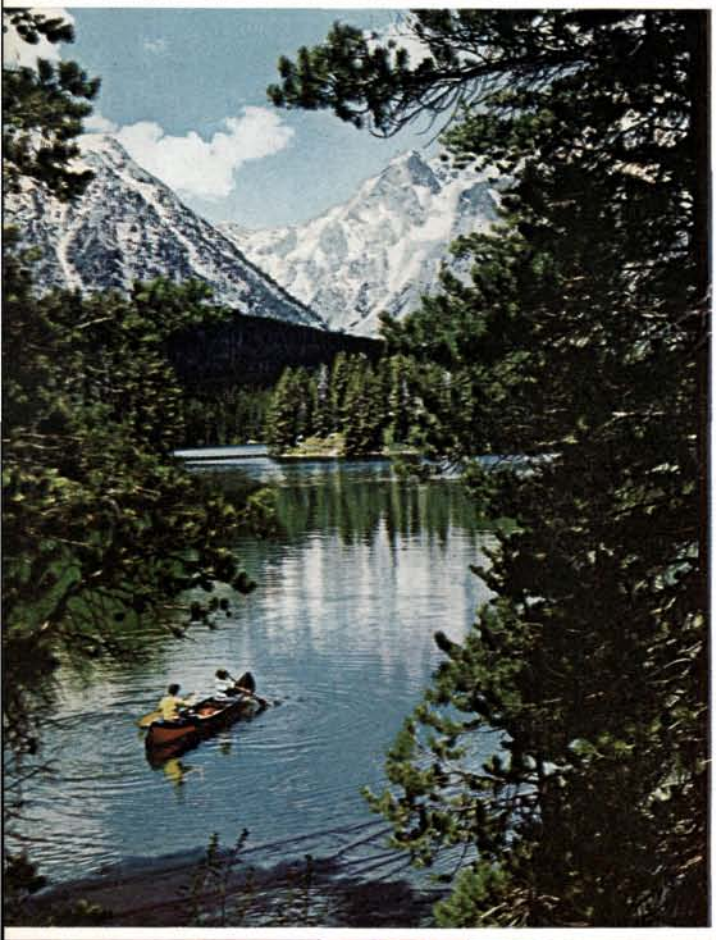

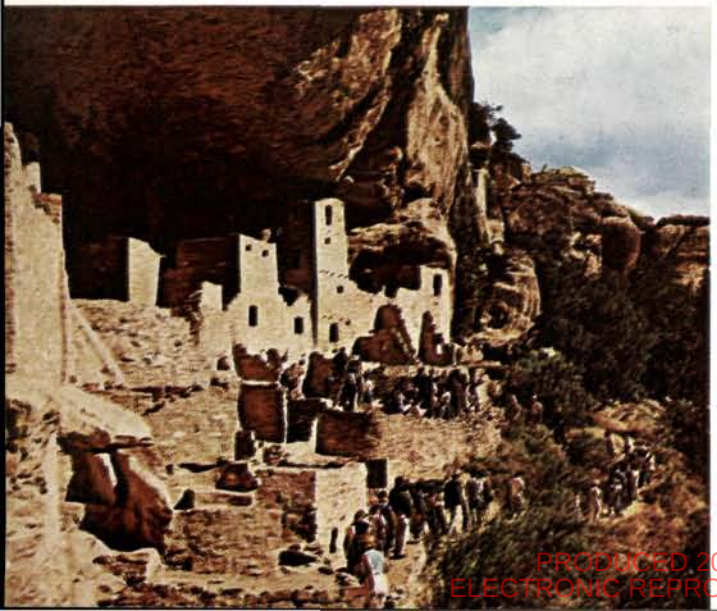

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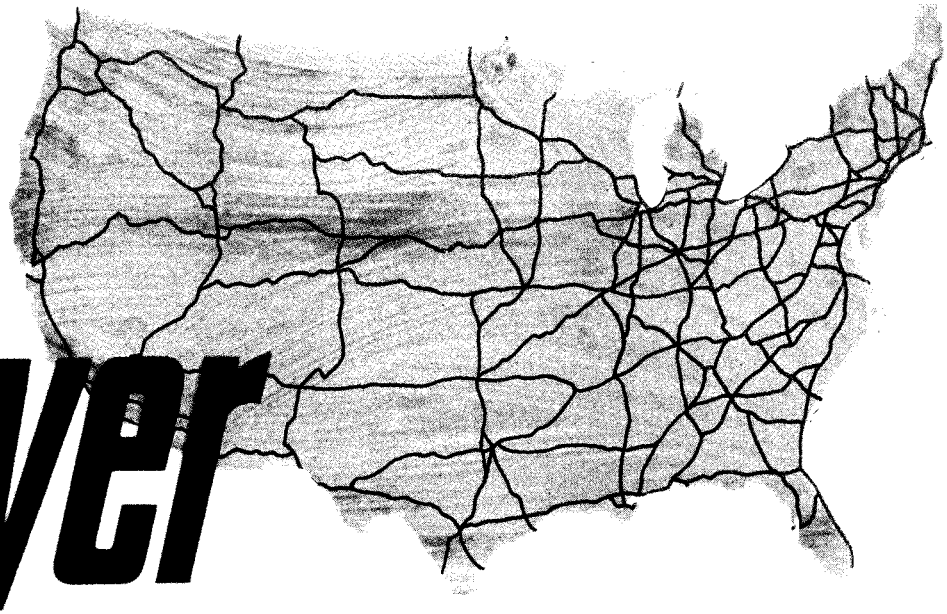

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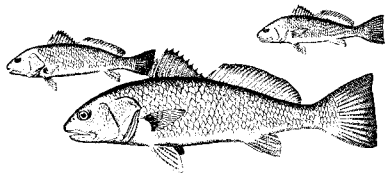

Man would die if it weren't for the lifeline that ties him into nature's cycle with the plants, animals and tracts of unspoiled land that support it all.

On the other hand, man is a multiplying, progressive being who needs more and more homes, buildings, roads and farms that use up the natural land.

The people around Naples, Florida, fought right through the middle of this dilemma. Their battlefield was 4,000 acres of land and water at Rookery Bay. This is a prolific breeding ground for the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, where sport and commercial fishermen get more fin and shell fish than are caught on our West Coast, Alaska and Hawaii combined. Suddenly the area was a real estate target. The word got out, the alarm went up, and the citizenry put up the battle that saved the birds, fish and other wildlife. It also proved that America's real power grows from grass roots.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Lester J. Norris, who got things going by working out options on the land. There was Charles J. Draper, who pulled the effort together into a businesslike organization. George Vega, an attorney, got his neighbors to sign a 50-foot long petition to the County Commission.

A biologist named Joel Kuperberg enlisted willing help from state and private scientists. Nelson J. Sanford, a prodigious fund raiser, outdid himself for the cause.

Many more people and many organizations joined in. Only private funds were solicited. The Nature Conservancy helped with details on how to organize. The National Audubon Society helped purchase the first 1,600 acres and now maintains this tract. Soon, the sanctuary area will include all 4,000 acres, its wildlife and natural beauty undisturbed.

As a company long dedicated to conserving natural resources, Sinclair would like to send you other examples in which private citizens won similar battles. Write Sinclair Oil Corporation, Room 2210, 600 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10020.

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Saturday Review

June 24, 1967

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SR: Ideas

14 The Combustibility of Humans, by Harrison Brown
18 Slaughter on Park Avenue, by Francis Brennan
19 Doris Nash Wortman, 1890-1967
20 What Have We Learned? An Editorial

SR: Recordings

51 Iannis Xenakis: Formula for New Music, by Jan Maguire

SR: Books

23 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
23 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
8 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
10 Trade Winds: Jerome Beatty, Jr.
12 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi
21 Letters to the Editor
22 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin
24 Literary Crypt
30 Literary I.Q.
40 Wit Twister No. 13
42 The Fine Arts: Art Under Mussolini, by Katharine Kuh
44 World of Dance: Walter Terry
46 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton
48 The Theater: Henry Hewes
49 TV-Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
50 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert
72 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1733

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The superb M8 camera is less than $225. See it and the complete line of super 8 KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Projectors at your Kodak dealer's. *Price subject to change without notice.*

Kodak Instamatic® M8 Movie Camera

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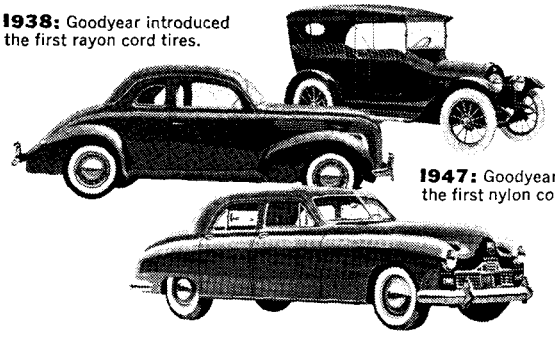
1915: Cars rode on Goodyear cotton cord tires.

1938: Goodyear introduced the first rayon cord tires.



1947: Goodyear introduced the first nylon cord tires.

1967: Goodyear pioneers polyester cord

...and a new long-distance tire is born

The new Custom Power Cushion built with Goodyear Vytacord polyester cord. As smooth riding as rayon. As strong as nylon. Stable on high-speed turns. True rolling for long tread life. 3.5 billion miles of testing prove it.

Not rayon or nylon, but a tire with a cord of a new, incredibly strong and stable synthetic—polyester.

Goodyear's Vytacord.

It's been tested 14 million miles on laboratory testing machines. 25 million miles on Goodyear's own proving grounds. 30 million miles on taxis, airport limousines and rental fleets. Still more testing—3.5 *billion* miles in all.

Here's what the testing proved:

Tires built with Vytacord polyester cord ride as smooth as rayon.

They're as strong as nylon.

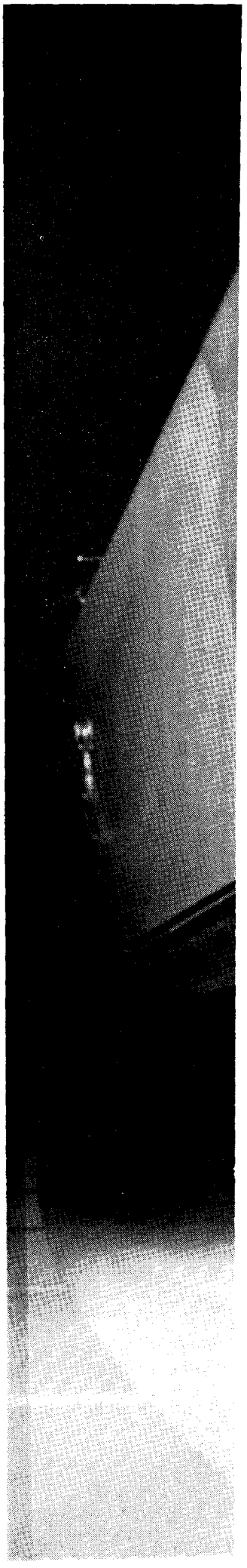
They remain remarkably uniform and stable on high-speed turns for better control.

They fight squirm—lay a true and even footprint on the road—for long tread life.

They won't flatspot when they sit still and then thump when you start out.

It all adds up to a new long-distance tire: the best kind of tire you can buy for today's highway speeds.

And you can get it from Goodyear right now—the popular-priced Custom Power Cushion with Vytacord polyester cord.



GO GO GOODYEAR

Vytacord, Custom Power Cushion—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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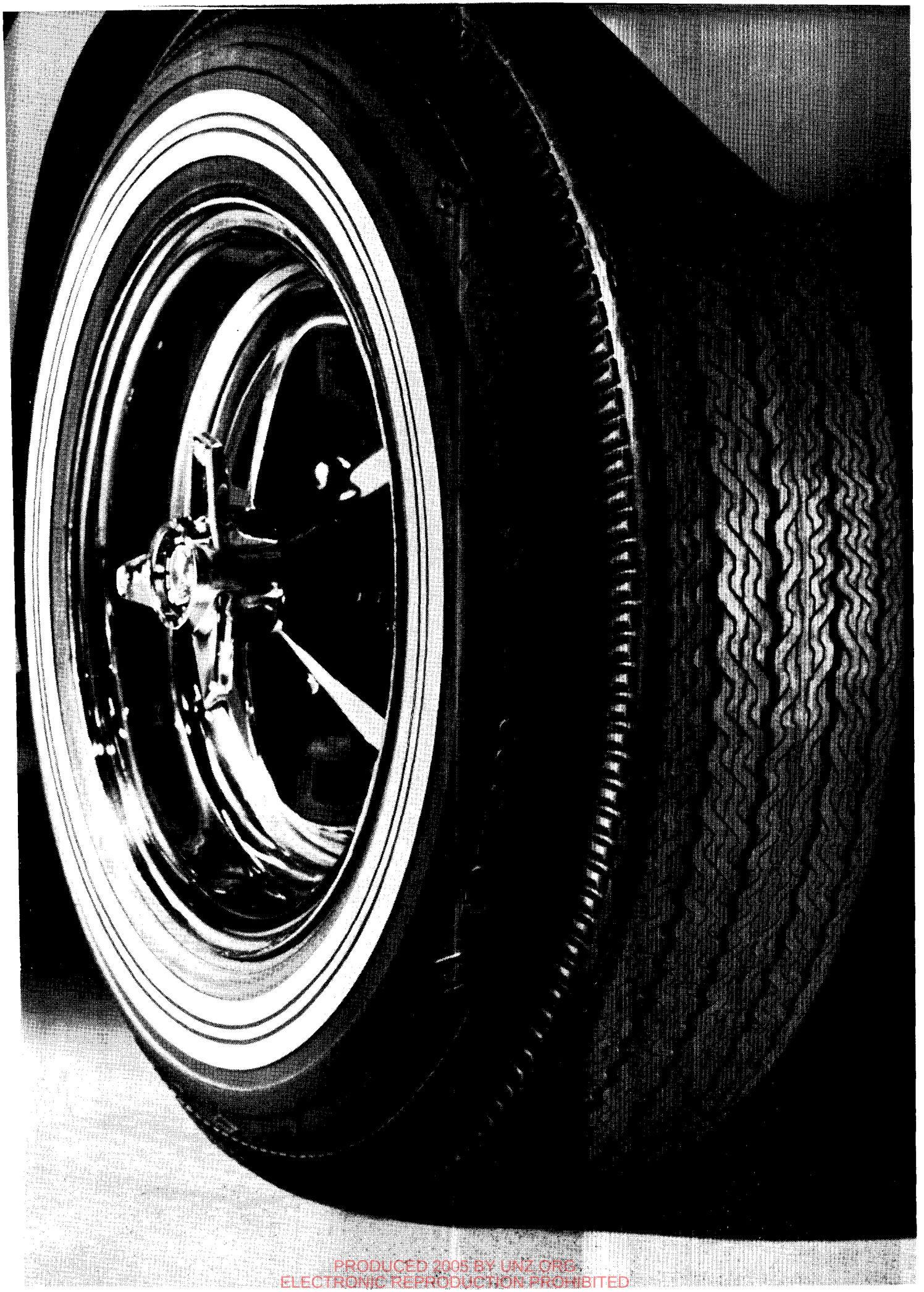

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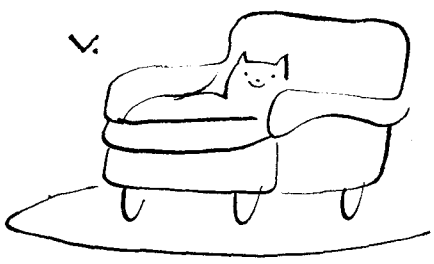
A Tale of Two Husbands

I
The Joyous Malingerer

Who is the happy husband? Why, indeed
'Tis he who's useless in the time of need;
Who, asked to unclasp a bracelet or a necklace,
Contrives to be utterly futile, fumbling, feckless,
Or when a zipper nips his loved one's back
Cannot restore the zipper to its track.
Another time, not wishing to be flayed,
She will not deputize him as a maid.
Stove-wise he's the perpetual backward learner
Who can't turn on or off the proper burner.
If faced with washing up he never gripes,
But simply drops more dishes than he wipes.
She finds his absence preferable to his aid,
And thus all mealtime chores doth he evade.
He can, attempting to replace a fuse,
Black out the coast from Boston to Newport News,
Or, hanging pictures, be the rookie wizard
Who fills the parlor with a plaster blizzard.
He'll not again be called to competition
With decorator or with electrician.
Displaying true Pickwickian Tracy Tupmanship
He proves himself a master of one-upmanship;
At last it dawns upon his patient spouse
He's better at his desk than round the house.



II
No Buskin, All Sock, Makes Laughingstock

I tell the solemn tale of one
Foredoomed to be a figure of fun,
In youth debarred from one-o-cat
Unless he furnished ball and bat,
In college fashion's belated follower,
The lonely terminal goldfish swallower.
At forty he lost his thinning locks,
At fifty he caught chicken-pox.
His days with insults were infested,
His tailor called him pigeon-chested,
The trash-collector called him Bud,
And blood banks wouldn't take his blood.
Bridge was another great disheartener,
Even nitwits shunned him as a partner,
And if to dance he ever chose,
The lady left to powder her nose.
His mouth was where he kept his foot,
His wife had with him up to put.
At table once he sulked and frowned
At meat the butcher man had ground.
Thus did the episode begin
Which capped all previous chagrin.
She said with glance that spoke a tome
She'd gladly grind the meat at home
If he would settle, by himself,
The mouse that roamed the pantry shelf.
Declaring naught would suit him more,
He hurried to the hardware store.
He said he'd like a mousetrap, please,
With warranties and guarantees,
Then added, needing no reminder,
He'd take their costliest meat-grinder.
The hardware man exclaimed, perplexed,
"What diet will they think of next?"

—Ogden Nash.

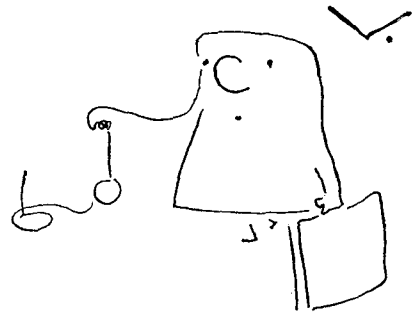
The Other Mencken

August

AUGUST MENCKEN died recently in Baltimore, and *The New York Times* gave him a paragraph at the bottom of the obit page. Six lines. I thought he was worth more than that. In some respects August was as colorful and flamboyant a personality as his celebrated brother Henry. More than that, August was almost a carbon copy of his brother—same contours, same square face, same stride—and the two of them walking together somehow suggested one of those oldtime teams of Dutch comics.

August was an engineer of some attainments but, being exposed for so many years to the dread disease *cacoëthes scribendi*, he applied himself to occasional writing, and one of his books was *By the Neck*, a titillating history of hanging. I used to abuse him heartily for beating me to that one.

He not only looked like Henry, he talked like him. He talked more like Henry writing than Henry talked like Henry writing. Once I was loafing with August in the famous garden back of the Mencken house, an enclosure designed and decorated and put together by Henry himself. I glanced down the fine brick wall which Henry built and noted the whitish death mask set in the brick, and I remarked, "From this angle that looks exactly like Bob Hope's profile." August glared at me and said: "Good thing Harry's not here. He'd throw you down and gnaw off your nose for utter-



ing such a scurrilous crack." The mask was Beethoven's.

August was a bachelor, and when Henry had his stroke in 1948, he retired from business and devoted himself to making his brother comfortable and happy during the remaining eight years of his life. He carried breakfast to him in the little third-floor bedroom, he took him on occasional auto rides and sometimes to the movies; during those last eight years Henry could neither read nor write. Otherwise they just loafed around the Baltimorean brick house at 1524 Hollins Street which, to the world of books and magazines and newspapers, was the best-known street address in Baltimore. It disheartens me to dwell on the meanness in the world which will now permit that house and garden—the center of his universe for H. L. Mencken during almost all of his long life—to be ripped to the ground. There was even talk of razing the whole block while Henry was still alive. I remember his talking about it, saying, "A man can't beat them—the morons of Appalachia are moving against me."

Being brother-companion to H. L. M., and a successful engineer, and author of a history of hanging—August should have had at least one more paragraph in the *Times*. For me, he will be remembered for something else—the last words he ever addressed to me. Earlier this year he wrote from Hollins Street that he had been in the hospital a good deal lately, but that now he was happily in reasonable health. "In the confusion I lost all my teeth," he concluded, "but strangely enough the plastic set I now have, made by a local artist, chop up anything I care to eat."

It takes a well-ordered man to speak favorably of his brand-new store-bought teeth.

—H. Allen Smith.

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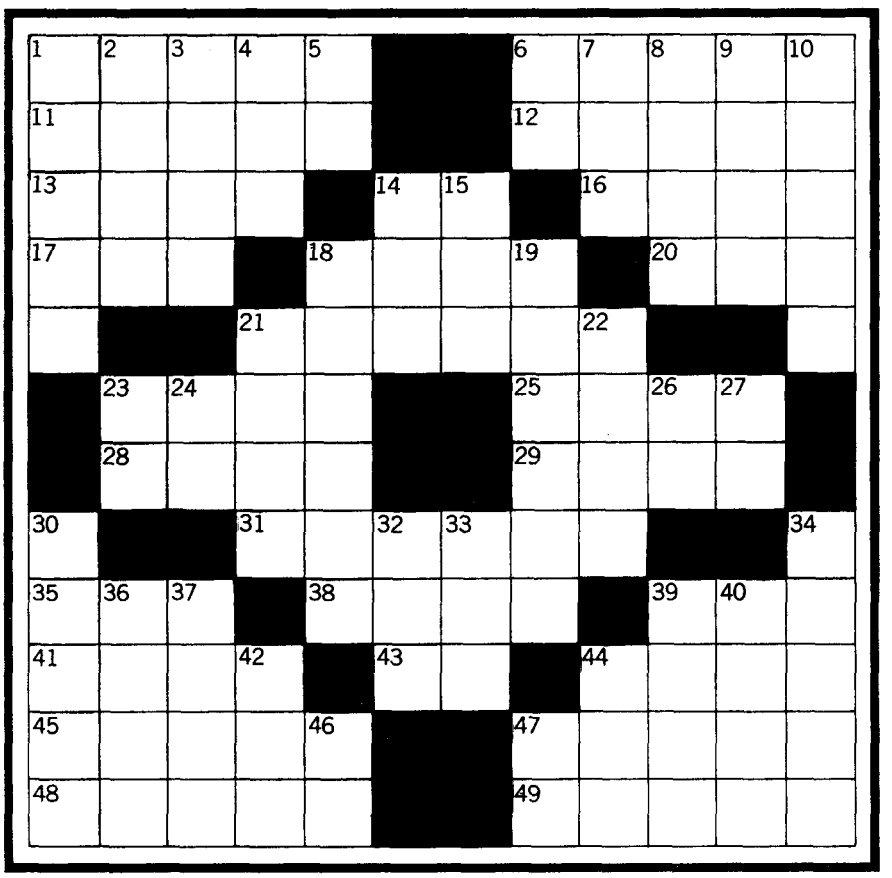
Kill some time while waiting in line at No.1. Compliments of Avis.



Or rent a shiny new Plymouth from Avis. (The line at our counter is shorter.)

ACROSS

1. Rabbit or knockout
6. Florida city
11. Hollywood statue
12. Command
13. Man's first name, Ponce's last name
14. The spirit of____.
16. Kiss Me____.
17. Printed persuaders
18. Couples
20. Non-women
21. Railway stations
23. Sherlock Holmes' Baker St. address
25. Girl's name
28. How many Arabian nights?
29. Metal
31. Bends over
35. A limb
38. Hurt
39. Female deer
41. To judge
43. LXX
44. The Jones and the Sawyer boy
45. Mr. Stevenson
47. A flat cap for men or women
48. Cowboy circus
49. Baked, lima, or jelly____.

DOWN

1. White bear
2. Second-hand
3. Sergeants
4. Tin container
5. Sixty minutes (Abbr.)
6. U. S. State (Abbr.)
7. Annoy
8. First man
9. To allot
10. Girl's name
14. Soft drink
15. Into the valley of death rode the____.
18. Entries of debt
19. Privates have one
21. God (Spanish)
22. Gentlemen
23. Voting age
24. XX
26. Preposition
27. In grammar, an article
30. Electronic eye
32. Killer's license number
33. Gold (Spanish)
34. Lies down
36. Do over
37. Canasta term
39. The dumb girl
40. A portent
42. Girl's name
44. Golf term
46. Downing St. address
47. Ammunition for toy gun

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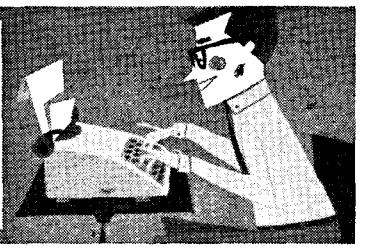
Top of My Head



The Race Is Always to the Swift

IN THE CATEGORY of The Funniest Awards Program of An Annually Continuing Series of One Hour or Ad Infinitum, the nominees are *The Oscar, The Tony, The Grammy, The Emmy.* And the winner is . . . may I have the envelope please. . . . The winner in Hollywood, and New York—is *The Emmy*!

Applause, applause, applause.

Let it be shown for the exalted records of The National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences that on the night of June 4, 1967, the TV writers who authored *The Sid Caesar Special*—Mel Brooks, Mel Tolkin, Carl Reiner, Bill Persky, and Sam Denoff, all of Hollywood, California—won five separate and personal Emmys. While another writer, Sam Clemens, of Hannibal, Missouri, author of a TV special called *Mark Twain Tonight,* was snubbed by the elite members of the TV Academy.

This has to go down in the files of any jokesmith worth his laugh track as the biggest yak in the entertainment media since the time on radio when Jack Benny was accosted by a holdup man who said, "Your money or your life." And Mr. Benny took a beat of one full minute to think it over.

This sloughing of Mr. Clemens came as no surprise to one viewer. Especially after the awarding of an Emmy in the category of Variety Series by the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences and Don Knotts. The choice was between Andy Williams, Dean Martin, Hollywood Palace, Jackie Gleason, the Smothers Brothers, and *Tonight.*

This was won by Andy Williams. The Jackie Gleason show was destined to be a sure loser. For the past season in its new format of instant-musical comedy, it was new, inventive, showed creative work by its story writers, Marvin Marx, Rod Parker, and Walter Stone, and its music and lyric writers, Lynn Duddy and Jerry Bressler.

Mr. Gleason himself had worked diligently to bring this new format to the TV screen, with the result that it was only 100 per cent better than any of his previous seasons' output and certainly fresher than any other show in that category.

It was left to a supporting member of Mr. Gleason's company who won an award to defend the worth of the three Gleason writers in answer to the choice of Mel Brooks, Mel Tolkin, et al., who, won out against Sam Clemens.

The winner, of course, Mr. Williams, did not show up to receive his award. Neither did some others. This new trend of sending proxies may fortunately some day lead to doing the whole thing by phone.

The National Academy of Television Knotts and Sciences program replayed that memorable and classic opening scene of the Sid Caesar special, in which the story graphically showed how Sid Caesar and his co-stars, Imogene Coca, Howard Morris, and Carl Reiner, got together after all those Saturday nights.

There are those who say the story is apocryphal, but legend has it that it happened this way: Mr. Caesar was driving his cart in a supermarket. We were shown him pausing before a wall piled precariously high with canned foods. A setting rife with possibilities.

Miss Coca also came into the market, and jammed her cart into Mr. Caesar. And the canned foods came tumbling down, with an obvious prod by the impatient Mr. Caesar, who also came tumbling down. Miss Coca shouted, "Sid Caesar! Sid Caesar!" And Mr. Caesar said, "Where?"

Before she could answer, in came Howard Morris. And then when Carl Reiner came in they shouted each other's names in greeting and that's when the idea came to them to reunite and do a special on TV.

(This last part is not factual.) Not shown was the supermarket manager, who rushed over into this havoc and shouted: "Sid Caesar! Imogene Coca! Howard Morris! Carl Reiner! You're wrecking my store! If you want to be funny why don't you go on TV where you could win an award from the National Academy of Television Knotts and Sciences?" And Mr. Caesar said to his co-stars, "But seriously, co-stars, he's got a good idea."

This was written by those otherwise talented Huckleberry friends, Mel Brooks, Mel Tolkin, Carl Reiner, Bill Persky, and Sam Denoff. Of course, we all know what Sam Clemens wrote.

—GOODMAN ACE.

This and the sender
Are thine forever
An exhibition of greeting cards and ephemera
plus a short film (of special interest to children)
pertaining to sentiments time worn, but always true.
May 24 to July 20.
Hallmark Gallery
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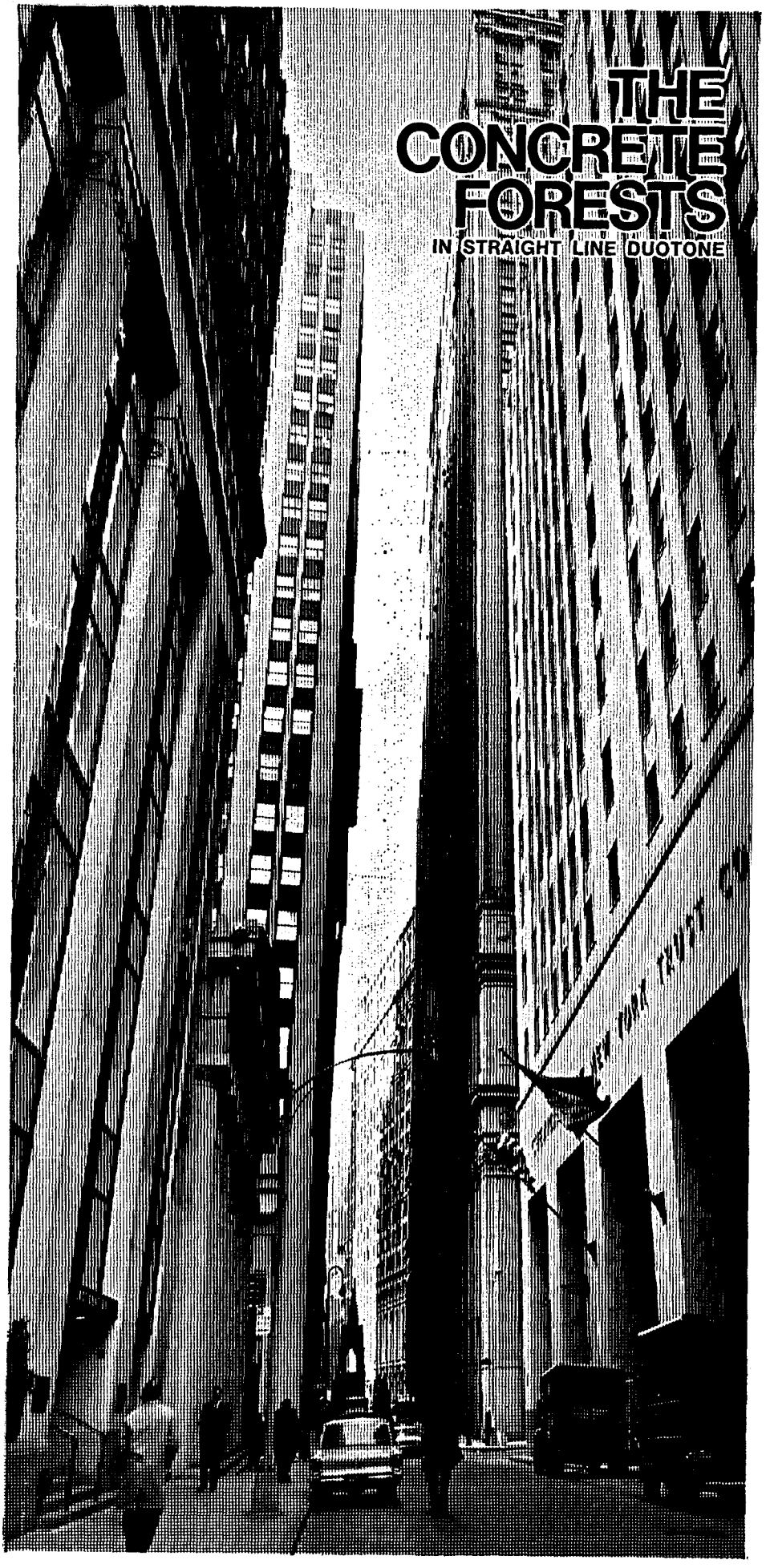

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America's Cities are Bergstrom's Forests

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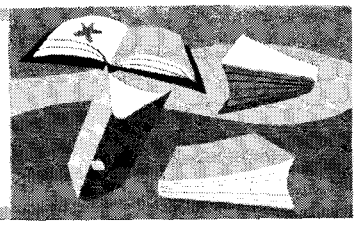
Trade Winds



WASHINGTON.

Gathered here for the annual convention of the American Booksellers Association from June 4 through June 8 were 3,500 booksellers, publishers, authors, artists, reviewers, newspapermen, and other observers and participants. During a lifetime you might run into a publisher here, a writer there, but to find thousands of such people under one roof is to be struck with the vitality and magnitude of the book business, especially in view of the rise of what William I. Nichols, publisher of *This Week*, called McLuhanatics.

The links in the chain, starting with an idea right through to the finished book and the selling of it, are apparent in a situation like this. More than 200 publishers were proudly displaying their titles for the fall and Christmas season. A young man approached the Harcourt, Brace & World booth and asked:

"Do you have a book on Mongolia? On lacrosse? On water skiing? On Asian stamp collecting?" The answer was no in each case, but you won't have much trouble guessing which four subjects are now in the works in the juvenile department of Harcourt, Brace & World.

What business could bring Christine Jorgensen and Martin Luther King to the Shoreham Hotel on the same day in a common cause? Simply this: They both have written books and wanted to talk about them. Christine's is an autobiography. Dr. King's, *Where Do We Go From Here: Chaos or Community?*, is about the future.

I don't think I will often get the opportunity to interview both Christine Jorgensen and Jackie Susann in the same day. That's what happened. Christine explained to me that she is an actress (appearing in *Any Wednesday* on Long Island), and later Jackie revealed that she has a small part in the motion picture version of her book. (Need I give the title?) She plays a newspaperwoman, and if you are not alert you may miss her line: "Miss Welch, you were the last one to see her alive—was she depressed?"

Fred Friendly, former president of CBS News, was here to tell of a typical author's experience that occurred two days after his *Due To Circumstances Beyond Our Control* was published. It was typical up to a point. Rushing to catch a plane at Newark Airport Friendly stopped in fascination at the airport bookshop window to watch a distinguished-looking gentleman take the book off the shelf and leaf through it. Then he replaced it. Then he took it down again. Friendly heard his plane called, but he wanted to see what happened to his book. The gentleman still hesitated. The loudspeaker was now paging Friendly by name. He toyed with the idea of missing the flight, but he didn't have to. The distinguished-looking man made up his mind. He tucked Friendly's book under his arm, and walked out of the shop with it.

Do you recall a *Time* cover story last year that described London as "a swinging city." It caused controversy. A lot of Americans who had been there were surprised to hear the city called swinging, though they weren't sure what the word meant. Londoners scoffed, too. Nevertheless, the young woman who was mainly responsible for writing the piece has now authored *A Swinger's Guide to London*. Her name is Piri Halasz, and she has brown hair, blue eyes, and a delightful personality.

Naturally, I asked her to define swinger. "Well," she said, "it's someone who loves life and has a wonderful time . . . enjoying something when the time is ripe, and not later."

Journalists and politicians are usually swingers, she explained, because swingers are *responsible* people, and one who know what's going on. Churchill was a swinger. John F. Kennedy was. (Bobby and Jackie are not, Miss Halasz said.) Cleopatra was a swinger. There is one satisfying feature to Piri's theories and that is that there are "secret swingers." These are people who are having a wonderful time and we don't know why! That means that, with practice, you and I can join the gang.

Well, this author turned me on, and I have the feeling that it's Piri Halasz who swings, rather than London.

Lest you receive the impression that I dealt with only ephemeral matters, let me tell you what happened to Andrew Jackson while I was here. Allen W. Eckert, who is engaged in writing a series of historical books about our country, of which *The Frontiersman* will be the first, has discovered that Old Hickory was a dissembler. He was illegally elected President, for the simple reason

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that he was not a native-born American.

Go to your reference books. There it states that Jackson was born in Lancaster County, South Carolina, in 1767. Not so, Eckert has found. Jackson's parents came over from Ireland a dozen years before that and Andy was born at sea, three days out. Jackson had no reason to hide the fact. Even as a general, he told people the truth. But when he saw that he had a chance for the White House, he started saying he was twelve years younger than he was and that his birthplace was Lancaster County, South Carolina.

That explains why he looks so old in his portraits. He wasn't tired from hard work at the Presidency; he was simply much older than he said. The question is: Was Jackson legally President? The Constitution requires that a candidate be a "natural-born" citizen. George Romney, there's your precedent!

That's the kind of shock you are apt to receive when you rub elbows with all the highly charged writers that come to these annual conventions. William Bradford Huie, for instance, is an impressive combination of a Southern gentleman, a good reporter and writer, and a tough hombre. His books about such cases as that of Emmett Till, and the three murdered civil rights workers in Mississippi, have brought him constant threats. When he moves around in his home state of Alabama, he is armed to fight for his life.

His new book, *The Klansman*, is a fictionalized story of the Klan. He is tired of fighting court cases over his facts in books about the South, so he calls it fiction this time. Apparently, little of the horrifying story had to be made up.

The book called *The Klansman* that was published in 1905 was made into that renowned motion picture *The Birth of a Nation*. If you have never seen it, you can guess something about its tone by the fact that, according to Huie, it is a part of Klan recruiting drives today.

(More about the convention next time.) —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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A(DELAIDE) C. RACKEMANN:

TOO SEXY, TOO LONG

(Review of James Jones' *Go To The Widow-Maker*; Baltimore *Sun*, 4-16-67)

If this were not the work of a distinguished novelist, one would say: Reduce the book to one-third its present size; cut out extraneous characters; delete repetitious sex; do not limit your vocabulary to four-letter words. For me to say this would be presumptuous, but somebody should tell him.

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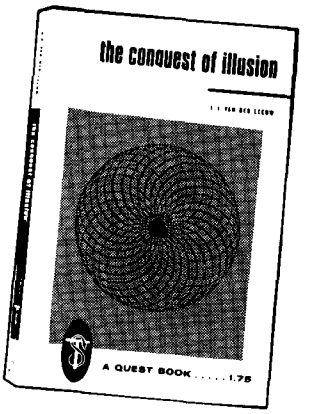

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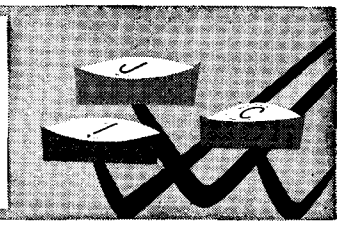
Manner of Speaking



The Sadness of the Performer: *James Kearns has just released twelve finely achieved etchings entitled "The Performers," to be made available as a folio by the Grippi Gallery in an edition limited to fifty copies plus ten artist's proofs* ($300). *Turning the leaves of one of the proof folios, I was captivated by the haunted sadness of Kearns's figures of fun; so much so that I ended by writing the following impression to accompany the folio. I offer it here not as art criticism, but as a chance to propound a question I have often approached but had never been able to frame until Kearns framed it for me, talent being the great asker.*

Somewhere in history there must have been a happy performer, yet it seems impossible to find any such figure in art. The players in *Hamlet* do seem to be honest craftsmen doing the work they are good at and seem to enjoy as the means to a life they live with appetite. But they are only furnishings of the drama, not persons of it. They are not drawn, but only sketched in for Hamlet's use. When, on the other hand, Shakespeare gives us a fully drawn theatrical type, he gives us Falstaff as the tragic-comic clown or Jacques as the wryly sad jester. As it turns out, the gayest figure in all Shakespeare is probably the gravedigger, and his bubbling self-content is clearly the reversal of the cherished formula: the professionally funny fellow must be sad and lost in the amateurishness of his soul's seeking, but the man who digs graves, tossing skulls aside to make room for new corpses, may brim over with songs, jokes, and the joy of living.

It was to this formula that Verdi drew his Rigoletto, and Leoncavallo his Pagliaccio. All painters who have portrayed performing figures of fun seem to have painted to the same rule, going for pathos as Velázquez did in his series of court dwarfs, and as Picasso has done in his paintings of clowns and acrobats. Toulouse-Lautrec did let some of his actresses—May Milton, for instance—emerge as doll-happy glamour girls, but he did so on posters designed to set off a professional image. And though many painters have used actresses as models for love goddesses, what painter has ever painted a strip-teaser (the would-be love goddess at work) without a streak of sleaziness and a touch of pathos? Even Edgar Degas, in his esthetic love affair with ballet dancers, painted aching toes and strained insteps into the graces of their postures.

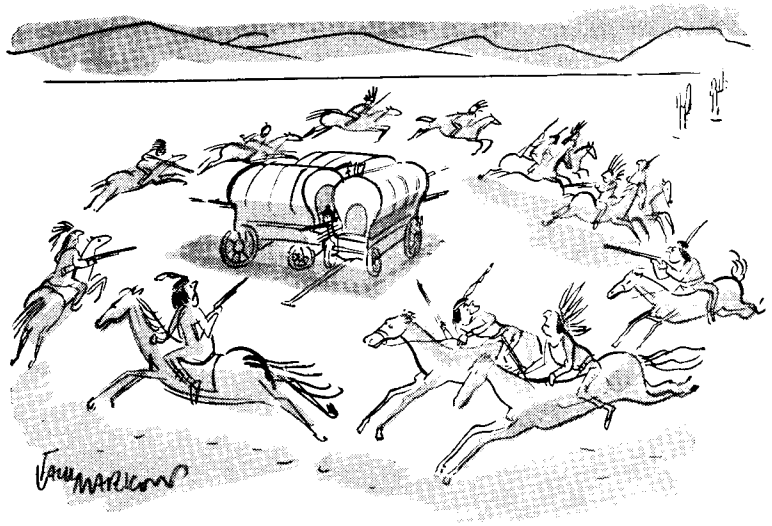
Does it follow that there can be no happy performer? Or is art committed to a conventionalized lie for the sake of which it ignores a whole range of truth in order to go for the part that is dramatically effective? Must every grin become a grimace? Must every performing grace melt into tired flesh? Must every glitter fade into a backstage of tomblike shadows? If it is a distortion to treat all performers in these terms, then art itself stands accused of mere showmanship, and what then of the ancient claim that "Art holds the mirror up to nature," thereby reflecting seemingly real actions in a way that suggests large and abiding truths of the human condition?

Art, of course, will not be forced to abdicate quite so easily. Whatever we mean when we speak of a "happy performer" must seem trivial in the view of art, which is both tragic and compassionate. There can be no thought in it of a, so to speak, "solid-state" happiness.

True, the performer outdoes us all in the moment of his act. The acrobat outflies gravity, the clown outsoars mirth, the stripper outyearns the dream of sex, the dancer outgraces grace, and the tinsel air of footlights and spotlights outshines life itself. Then the curtain sweeps between us and the illusion that had swallowed us, and where are we then, and where is the illusion, and where is the funny fellow, and where is the impossibly perfect glamour girl who shone through it all? Back on this side of the curtain, a man might even look around and identify in the audience one of the impossibly perfect glamour girls of many seasons ago, though now all too possible and all too imperfect and sadly far from the hour of her illusion. Then, if that man has an allegorical turn of mind, he might even imagine that her escort is art itself—which is to say, that frame of mind that responds to illusion and then turns to find itself seated beside the sequel to illusion.

And returning from that illusion a man might even learn that happiness is too bland an emotion for art. It is not happiness that art goes for but joy, always knowing that joy is a momentary catch and soon gone. E. E. Cummings spoke for all art when he described himself—in three equal affirmations—as "a man, a poet, and a failure." For to mean anything high enough and hard enough is to fail, to fail joyously. The triviality of success is in the fact that it can be achieved. The mortal seriousness of art is in the fact that it must reach for the impossible. The reach for the impossible is always a reach for identity, and in some degree for immortal identity.

Perhaps art, too, is a made illusion that the maker can make himself immortal in his creation. The human race has always confused the idea of being a man with the idea of being God. So once the sonneteers promised their ladies eternal life by the act of writing about them. For nothing short of eternal command of an eternal identity will, finally, satisfy the ego. But eternity is, of course, the God idea. And so we are back to original sin. It was not for the taste of it that Eve bit the apple, but to usurp Godhood by usurping God's knowledge. Sadness, it follows, is the condition of being transient and of lack-



"Let's ride counterclockwise. I'm dizzy."

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ing identity and consequence, a condition against which all ego drives.

But if the artist is driven by ego, his art can still teach him detachment. In so doing, art identifies the human condition as a permanent thing, though the observer himself is transient. The performer seriously looked at, on the other hand, is sad because he is so zealously illusory. His pathos is heightened by the fact that he seems so powerful within his performance and, contrastingly, so much more fragile out of it. And it is heightened again by a sense that the illusion he creates seems to confuse him away from even that trace of identity we all cling to.

The clown is certainly the most ancient of performers, and certainly no other figure will stand more readily as the type of the performer. Allegorically, too, he is the most dramatic of performing figures in that, being a man, he has chosen to dress in a grotesque so far from the idea of manhood. Art, of course, is immediately moved to see through that grotesque. Whatever a man is, art seems to say, let him be truly seen and truly stripped of artifice; whatever is left then is mortal, serious, and of us all.

But having stripped the clown of his grotesque, art seems always to come to a point beyond which it cannot reach. Some of the grotesque refuses to come away. At times it seems that a true makeup covers a false face. Or is the makeup a false mask over a true something-else? Or are both faces true and false at once? What man is this? Does he know himself? And can he know?

The answer will have to be imagined but imagination need not strain at it. Imagine a clown to have become as rich as a Medici with the Medici passion for self-memorializing monuments, and imagine him to be supervising the design of his own tomb. There will have to be a sculptured portrait, of course. But of which face? How shall he present himself to the eternity he is imagining in the act of preparing his monumental tomb?

Is it possible to imagine a clown who could build his memorial to either face? They must both be there. And it is exactly to the point that unless both are there, he has no identity. But in needing both, what identity has he?

He is a face with a face hanging from it. As every performer is. As we all are an illusion of ourselves falling away from whatever fact we are. And so it is that all of us are part of the sadness the clown makes more visible by exaggeration. We need that performer as an allegorical figure, and we need to see him through that compassionate eye of art, because in that view alone is our hope of detachment from what is illusory and grotesque in us.

—John Ciardi.

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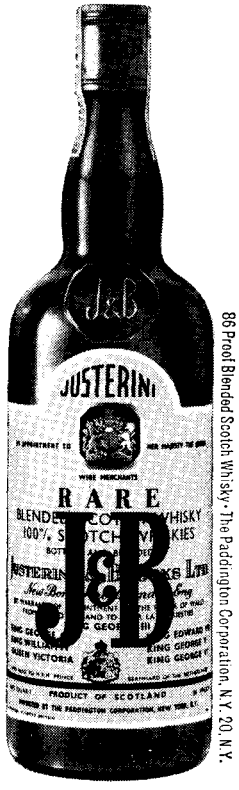

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Saturday Review
June 24, 1967

The Combustibility of Humans

Can a coming world famine and population crisis be avoided? Not by present programs, warns the National Academy of Sciences' foreign secretary. What must be done?

By HARRISON BROWN

THE UNITED STATES Government has now been in the business of providing technical and economic assistance to a number of the poorer nations of the world for about twenty years. It seems likely that had we not become involved with assistance programs, certain countries would be worse off economically than they actually are. And the Agency for International Development points with pride to Taiwan as an example of a country in which our efforts have been so successful that it is no longer necessary for us to continue them. Yet when we look at the plight of the poorer countries today we find that from certain points of view they are worse off today than they were twenty years ago. In particular during the last ten years the situation has been deteriorating at an alarming rate.

Although the economies of both the richer and poorer countries have grown at about the same rate during the past decade—about 4 per cent per year, the economic well-being of the average individual in the poorer countries has not improved very much. The reason for this is the relative rates of population growth. Although rates of population growth in the richer countries have dropped to an average of about 1.1 per cent per year, those in the poorer countries have risen to an average of about 2.5 per cent per year and are still growing. Indeed, in some regions rates of population growth are approaching 4 per cent annually. Thus, while on the average the economic well-being of persons in the richer countries is improving at the rate of nearly 3 per cent per year, that of persons in the poorer countries improves at a rate of but 1.5 per cent per year—a rate too small to raise the hope of the individual. The ratio of annual per capita incomes in the richer countries to those in the poorer ones, which stands at about 15 to 1 today, is increasing at the rate of about 1.5 per cent annually, giving rise to what Patrick Blackett, the president of the Royal Society, calls "the ever-widening gap."

FAR more serious, however, is the situation with respect to food production. The economic growth in the poorer countries is in large part a reflection of the growth of the industrial sectors in those countries: increased production in the agricultural sector has failed to keep pace with population growth. Today the average person in a developing country has a little bit less to eat than he had ten years ago. Indeed, in Latin America, per-capita food intake appears to have decreased continually during the past five years. When we combine this with the fact that even before this decline death from malnutrition was widespread in the world and that more people went to bed hungry than well-fed, we begin to appreciate the magnitude of the problem which confronts us.

By contrast, food production in the richer countries has increased more rapidly than population. Today the average person in these countries has about 10 per cent more food available to him than he had a decade ago. While the poorer nations are becoming hungrier, we are becoming fatter.

CAREFUL examination of rates of population growth and of the problems involved in increasing agricultural production indicate strongly that the situation may get worse before it gets better—that in another decade the people in the poorer countries may be even hungrier than they are today. At the same time, the actual situation is even worse than the bare statistics indicate. As the populations in these countries have grown, the pressures on the land have increased and the rural areas have become inundated with underemployed farmers. Many of them have moved to the cities where not enough jobs are available to accommodate the migrants. Away from the land—which at least provided a peasant with some food—unable to find a job, and consequently unable to obtain money to buy food, more often than not the migrant leads a life of abject misery. The plight of the unemployed, unemployable peasants living in the slum areas which threaten to engulf most major cities in the poorer countries is so horrible as to be unimaginable to most Americans.

Hungry persons are combustible. In the last decade some 500 million hungry, combustible human beings have been added to the world population. On

Harrison Brown, an *SR* editor-at-large, is foreign secretary of the National Academy of Sciences.

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the basis of the evidence, it seems likely that the roster of combustible people will increase by at least another 600 million in the decade ahead.

Combustible people are, understandably, willing to take almost any action which they believe might mean more food for their families. Add to this the glimpses they get of the abundant life in the rich nations. Add to this the feeling of hopelessness concerning the rate of improvement of their personal situations. They see little change for the better from year to year (particularly with respect to food); they see changes for the worse. Given these ingredients, is it really surprising that we in the richer nations find ourselves confronted by fellow human beings whose social and political organizations are tumultuous, who search endlessly and usually to no avail for political panaceas, and who themselves view the affluent societies of the world with a hatred which becomes more intense with every passing year?

Cuba, the Congo, the Dominican Republic, Ghana, Indonesia, Nigeria, and Vietnam are examples of countries which have recently been torn by strife and bloodshed. That list is destined to become much longer unless something dramatically new is injected into the international picture. We must ask: If we double the number of combustible people and magnify their personal agonies, how many explosions will we experience in the next decade? Perhaps ten? Twenty? Thirty? We must ask further whether these new explosions can be policed. In particular, can an explosion be policed if another major power is nurturing it, with expectations of political and military advantage?

One of the wonders of the modern world is that we in the richer countries permitted ourselves to get into this predicament in the first place. The handwriting was on the wall in clear, bold strokes twenty years ago. Yet, aside from a brief burst of energy in the late Forties and early Fifties, we have managed in effect to do less and less about the problem each year. Seemingly we prefer to wait for the explosion, then to spend more money and effort attempting to achieve a resolution of the problem by force than would have been required had we attempted long ago to achieve on a substantial scale a peaceful economic, social, and political revolution. Our current annual military expenditures for Vietnam are now about ten times greater than the entire nonmilitary assistance program in the world.

Today the earth's inhabitants number some 3.3 billion and the rate of growth probably exceeds 2 per cent per year. Largely as the result of the rapid development of new techniques of public health and their widespread application, we can expect the average rate of growth in the poorer countries eventually to approach and perhaps even to exceed 3 per cent per year. It would be optimistic for us to expect a world population numbering fewer than 7.5 billion persons at the turn of the century. It is now difficult to believe that world population in the long run will be stabilized at much less than 15 billion persons—more than four times the present number.

"It's nothing personal, Prescott. It's just that a higher court gets a kick out of overruling a lower court."

THIS tremendous potential for increase in numbers of people is largely the result of our ability to apply science and technology intensively to the problem of postponing death. Our success has depended primarily upon the fact that as new techniques for combatting the major killers in these regions have been developed they have been applied on a vast scale. These applications have not, in the main, required the education of large numbers of people. The primary motivation has been direct and simple: living longer. Teaching full-time crews how to spray the walls of village huts with DDT once each week is a far cry from teaching hygienic habits to an entire population.

By contrast, it is much more difficult to decrease birth rates or to increase agricultural production. In both cases one requires the necessary technology—but equally important, if birth rates are to be lessened and agricultural yields increased, individual motivations must be strong and the knowledge of the techniques must be widespread. Death control is easier to apply than birth control. And both are relatively simple when compared with the problem of increasing agricultural production.

What, then, can be done about the situation? Here, it is tempting to look for the easy way out. Why not, for example, spray contraceptives around the countryside, much as we now spray DDT? Today, attempts are being made to do just that. The intrauterine device (IUD) has been looked upon as a large part of the answer because it is inexpensive, easily inserted, and effective. Overlooking for a moment the fact that some women can't tolerate foreign objects and expel them, and that the devices cause bleeding and pain in other women, IUDs nevertheless seem to work. They appear, for example, to have been a major contributing factor in the reduction of the growth rate of the Korean population from about 3 per cent to 1.9 per cent in the last few years.

We should also look at the worldwide prospects for the spectrum of steroid contraceptives, more widely known as "the pill." These have apparently already had profound effect upon the

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birth rates in the United States and other Western countries. The present cost of $2 to $4 per month (by prescription), however, is much too high to permit widespread use in developing countries. Nevertheless there is every indication that the cost as well as certain of the biological inconveniences can be greatly reduced, in which case "the pill" could in principle play a role in lessening some of humanity's current difficulties.

There are strong indications, however, that even with the "perfect contraceptive"—one which costs virtually nothing, is convenient to use, has no side effects, and is completely effective—it is by no means clear that it would be used in developing countries on a sufficient scale to reduce the rate of population growth to tolerable levels. There is a real doubt that the masses of people in the poorer countries would have the motivation to use the "perfect contraceptive" regularly on a continuing basis. Within most of the poorer countries, for example, children represent the only real form of social security. The man and wife who do not have children to support them in their old age face a horrible future. And most persons know empirically, from the experiences of countless generations, that if mother and father are going to have one or two male children who live long enough to support them in their old age, they must start with seven or eight children. Starting with only two or three would involve intolerable risks.

Statistics tell us, of course, that mother and father need no longer have seven or eight children to have a good chance for a male child to live long enough to support them. But what does the poor peasant care for statistics? He must be shown that such a change will benefit him rather than endanger him. "Habit," said William James, "is the enormous flywheel of society."

I suggest that a condition for securing truly widespread voluntary use of contraceptives in the poorer countries on a scale which is commensurate with the need is an improvement in the average family's lot at a rate sufficient to enable mother and father to see clearly that their children will live in a better world than that into which they were born. This means that infant mortality and death rates must go down still further, that food production must go up, that economic growth must take place at a more rapid rate than in the past.

The poorer countries must, of course, do everything they can to secure the use of contraceptives on as wide a scale as possible. We in the more technologically advanced countries should do everything we can to develop more effective, less expensive contraceptives which are easier to use. But we cannot look upon contraceptives as the "quick fix," the cheap and easy way out. There also must be enough overall economic and social improvement to enable the individual to see clearly that conditions are changing for the better.

WHAT about food production? Is it not true, for example, that were India only to do what the Japanese have done it could double its yields of rice? This is true and it sounds simple. But let's examine the ingredients used by the Japanese.

The most important ingredient is time. Starting with the Meiji Restoration in 1868 about fifty years were required to double rice yields per acre. To this we must add the use of fertilizers and pesticides which must be produced in factories. Factories require steel, concrete, fuel, and technology. The fertilizers and pesticides must be transported. This requires trains, trucks, and roads. Add to this the scientists who must develop strains of rice which can accept the fertilizer and thrive in a particular ecological environment. Add to this an economic condition which permits the farmer to buy the fertilizers and pesticides and use them. Add to this an educational program which teaches the farmer the new agricultural technology and which convinces him that he can change his farming habits without undue risk. Add to this an economic situation which motivates him to *want* to use the new techniques.

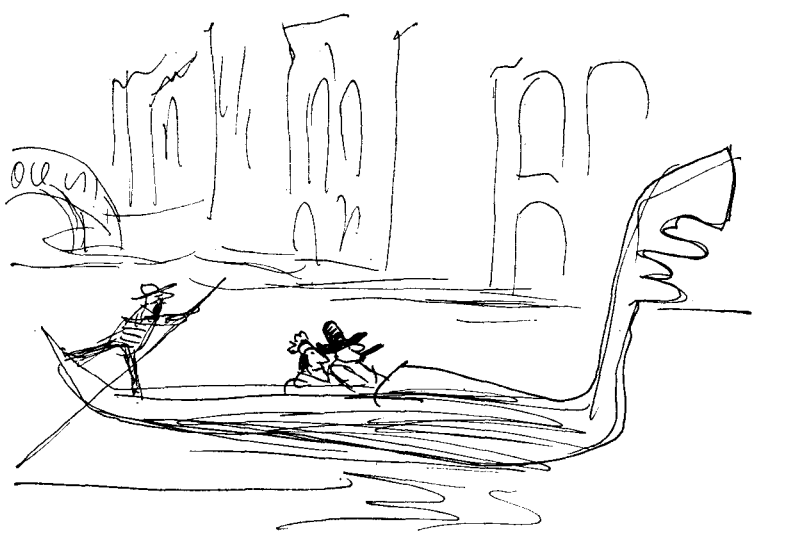
We must conclude that just as there is no simple solution to the problem of population growth, there is no simple answer to the problem of food production. The two problems are related. For their solution both require economic and social development on a broad front.

Unfortunately, our knowledge of how to develop a poor country into a less-poor one is not very good. We can learn some basic lessons by examining the economic, social, and political histories of countries which have recently made the transition, such as the United States, the U.S.S.R., and Japan. We can learn more by examining success and failures in countries which are now attempting to transform themselves. From these experiences we know that large quantities of capital are required. There must be a resource base which can be utilized. There must be a transfer of technology enabling effective utilization of the resource base. There must be education, the development of technical and administrative skills, the evolution of technical, economic, and social "problem-solving capacities" (i.e., local research and development capabilities). And ever-present is the question of social organizations—old ones must be changed and new ones must be created.

No one today knows enough about the development process to say just what the most effective "mix" of these ingredients should be for a given country. But certain conclusions can be drawn.

First, a great deal of time is required for the transition. Thus far, at least, there is no such thing as "instant development." We must think in terms of many decades rather than of years.

Second, most of the poorer countries appear to have reached the point where they simply cannot, without help, extricate themselves from the vicious circle in which they now find themselves. Population growth rates have grown too high, per-capita food production has fallen too low, and the crushing problems of urbanization and industrialization have become too great. Certainly few, if any, of the poorer countries are in a position to develop by themselves at rates which are sufficiently rapid so that the economic and social well-being of the



"*'Home, home on the range—where the deer and the antelope play. . . .'*"

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average individual improves visibly during his lifetime.

It seems clear that in the absence of truly substantial help from the outside, the poorer nations are headed squarely toward famine, pestilence, revolution, and bloodshed on a massive scale—with consequences for the rest of the world which are difficult to foresee. But in addition to being substantial the help must be sustained. And if it is to be effective it must be balanced. Thus far, development efforts in the world have not been large enough, nor have they been sustained, nor have they been adequately balanced.

Official help from the industrial countries of Western Europe, North America, and the western Pacific—which, with less than one-fifth of the world's population, produce and consume more than half the world's product—now amounts to about $6 billion a year. Our experience thus far suggests that this is woefully inadequate. Yet in proportion to the incomes of these nations aid contributions have actually decreased from 0.8 per cent to 0.6 per cent during the past five years.

In 1950 the nonmilitary economic aid given by the United States as grants and loans amounted to 1.3 per cent of our gross national product. Only about 4 per cent of the help was then in the form of loans. By 1955 our contribution had dropped to 0.5 per cent of our GNP; by 1960 it had dropped further to 0.4 per cent; by 1965 it had dropped to 0.3 per cent of our GNP, and more than 50 per cent of the help was by then in the form of loans.

As to the quantity of economic assistance which the richer nations might make available, it seems clear that the poorer nations could almost immediately absorb effectively several billions of dollars worth of capital and technical assistance each year above the present level. I personally am sympathetic to a suggestion made by Barbara Ward that the industrialized nations ought to agree to provide each year 1 per cent of their GNPs for economic assistance. Using such a formula the United States' share of the burden would decrease with time.

Given some such formula for determining the quantity of economic assistance we would then be faced with the problem of maximizing its *quality*. What proportion of the available funds and effort should be channeled through international organizations? What proportion should be handled on a bilateral basis? What countries should receive the greater share of the support? What should be the proportion of outright grants relative to loans? What fraction of the total effort should be devoted to technical assistance?

Considering the poorness of our understanding of the development process these are extremely difficult questions to answer. Yet they are questions which the United States, by virtue of its vast economic power in today's world, must take the leadership in answering. We must help improve the effectiveness of economic assistance channeled through international organizations. We must above all improve the quality of our own bilateral efforts. We should make certain that as much thought, ingenuity, research, and planning go into the development of our own programs of economic assistance as now go into our defense effort.

"Well, that's democracy for you. My vote nullifies your vote."

These considerations raise a further critical question. Were the United States really to decide to embark upon a substantially increased nonmilitary program of economic assistance in collaboration with other countries—an effort which would be commensurate with world needs—would our existing governmental institutions be adequate for the task? Could the Agency for International Development together with the Department of State, to which the Agency is attached, cope effectively with a $7 billion budget which might exceed $10 billion in ten years and exceed $15 billion in twenty? Could they together develop the needed tactics and strategy?

I HAVE been privileged during the past six years to travel widely in the developing countries. I have worked with AID in Washington and have spent a great deal of time with some of its missions overseas. I have come to know well many dedicated, selfless men and women in the organization who work night and day trying to keep essential programs going and trying to make sense of a situation the magnitude of which dulls the senses. But a man, no matter how dedicated he might be, can be little more effective than the organization within which he works.

AID, in its various structures and forms, has been so beaten upon and derided over the years, particularly by our Congress, that it simply is no longer an effective organization. It has built so many defense mechanisms within and around itself that it is a wonder that it functions at all. The political pressures force the Agency to think in short-range rather than long-range terms. Long-term planning becomes increasingly difficult with each passing year. Research is often looked upon as something nice to talk about but too far out to be of use.

I place much more responsibility upon Congressional attitudes (which reflect public indifference) than I do upon the Agency itself for this sad situation. At the same time, it seems to me that we have reached the point where another name change, another retrenchment, another reorganization will only compound the difficulties. Recently the Agency went through yet another reorganization, stimulated by a new slogan, "War on Hunger." I seriously doubt that this reorganization will result in any substantial increase of food production in the hungry regions of the world. But it already has resulted in the virtual destruction of AID's research program, which many of us have attempted to nurture during the past five years and which until this recent reorganization seemed to be a program of great potential effectiveness.

I believe we have now reached the point where we must profit from past experiences, both good and bad, and create something entirely new in the way of governmental institutions to guide our nation's efforts in economic assistance. Because the problems of economic development are fully as impor-

(*Continued on page* 66)

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SLAUGHTER ON PARK AVENUE

A battered taxpayer laments the plight of a growing professional class: the Affluent Poor.

By FRANCIS BRENNAN

A FEW months have passed since the annual dry-cleaning of that battered hero of the Western World, the U.S. taxpayer. Now the lethal purr of the computers is heard across the land, and the Mitty-like dreams of cutting out to tax havens in the Canaries or disappearing into Micronesia have slowly dissolved for yet another year.

But while the pungent smell of naphtha still hangs on the summertime air, let us consider the plight of a growing class of tax-ridden Americans who may be described as the *Affluent Poor*. These virtuous, wretched folk are, for the most part, the hard-working, well-paid professionals, trapped in the squirrel cages of high-income, high-outgo. They can't quit. Ever. Their commitments are profound and, like trapeze artists performing without nets, they swing through the years sustained by naught but eternal hope and nerves of steel. Their lives contain not two certainties, but three: death, taxes, *and* debt. Never have so many earned so much and retained so little.

When comes Black April, however, the Affluent Poor bolster themselves with a couple of belts in the local pub, pay a call on their friendly neighborhood Shylock, and take out new loans in order to lower the installments on other loans which, in turn, were incurred to pay off even older loans long since consumed by back taxes. Indeed, here are the hearties who *really* move the money and, in so doing, move the nation and the world.

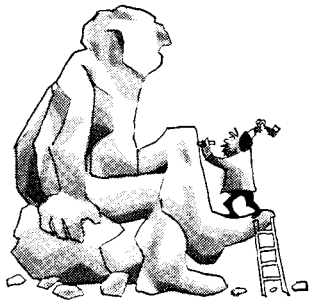
Still, as the Affluent Poor lie fretfully on their pallets, staring wide-eyed into the night, they ponder the futility of their worthless futures and struggle with their desperate little questions:

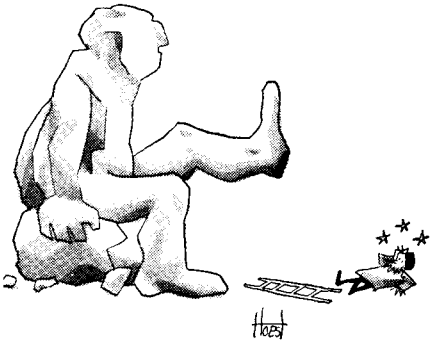
►If it is considered fair and equitable for great corporations to make at least a 6 per cent profit after taxes, why is it not also fair for an individual to make a 6 per cent profit after taxes?

►Everyone knows that the $600 deduction allowed for dependents would barely keep a goat alive, so why can't THEY legalize a deduction that will keep a human being alive? Tie it to the cost-of-living index for example?

►When a man decides to give his children an education above and beyond the ordinary capacities of the public school system, why can't he get at least a modicum of encouragement from his government? Surely, no national resource is more precious than a well-educated mind, so why aren't the parental sacrifices involved worth some recognition?

Let's see now, how many bites can we remember? First, we have the federal income tax. Then depending on where you live, there's the state income tax and the city income tax. Next, we have the payroll or Social Security (hah!) tax, quarterly payments on the estimated taxes (i.e., on earnings that cannot be invested otherwise, without paying a 6 per cent penalty), the sales tax, liquor tax, tobacco tax, gas tax, personal property tax, durable goods tax, real estate tax, water tax, license plates, tolls, phone tax, utilities tax, entertainment tax, luxury goods tax. And, if you have only a part-time mother's helper, there's Social Security and the state unemployment tax and (unless you want to be sued for dishpan eczema) workmen's compensation insurance. Then, if you happen to be a "small businessman" or a consultant, there is also the *un*incorporated business tax, state and city. And finally, hard by the elbow of the undertaker, THEY stand waving their claims for death taxes and estate taxes; provided, that is, you retained a few marbles somewhere along the line.





Isn't there some great White Hunter who can lead us out of *this* surrealist jungle? Isn't there some da Vinci out in that expensive RAND think-tank who can figure a way to put the annual loot into one package and send us one straightforward, "convenient" monthly bill? Maybe THEY could save a little of our money by getting together and simplifying the extraction process. What are computers for anyway? Let THEM argue about how to split it up.

Oh, America has problems all right. And terrifying dilemmas. Vietnam, space, Great Society programs, foreign aid, veterans' aid, pollution, poverty, traffic, transportation, slums, and you name it. But don't THEY *understand* that the Affluent Poor are now at the end of the line? Their safety margins have long since been exceeded and they are in hock as far as even the most generous of the money-lenders can allow. Prudence, family budgeting, "cutting down" are futile gestures, for whenever an extra buck is in the bank, THEY hear about it and invent some new regulation for removing it. Let THEM beware. Liberals are being transformed into crusty reactionaries overnight.

Don't THEY have any big ideas? Like working up a cost-engineering study to show the Russians how much easier and cheaper it would be to get to the moon—not just as Russians *or* Americans, but as Humanity? Or like finding a modern realistic alternative to our dead-end policy of "containment"? Who can pay for containing the world? And who ever actually voted to contain whom in the first place? Why can't we search for ways to spend our substance on world trade and building projects instead of on bloody fireworks? Suspicious as they are, the Russians seem ready to listen. Already they've been listening to our advertising experts and they wanted to build some turbines for us. We might wind up with a two-way program called "Peace Through Spare Parts."

Every day we read about billions for this and that. The mind glazes and perspective wobbles. For just in time, not dollars, *one* billion seconds equals 31.7 years! Next year's federal budget is $169 billion. Last question: What good is a bankrupt patriot?

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DORIS NASH WORTMAN, 1890-1967

THE NEWS of the passing of Doris Nash Wortman brought great sadness to the offices of *Saturday Review* on June 8. The phone message was cryptic: Mrs. Wortman had died in her sleep the previous night at her summer home in Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

When Elizabeth S. Kingsley, the creator of the Double-Crostic, retired in 1952 after producing 973 puzzles in eighteen years, she was succeeded by Mrs. Wortman, who had been working closely with her for thirteen years in the preparation of the weekly *SR* D-C and the D-C books. For the next fifteen years, Mrs. Wortman measured up to the standards of her distinguished predecessor in producing hundreds of puzzles and many books, published by Simon & Schuster, for an ever-growing readership.

Mrs. Kingsley and Mrs. Wortman were both imbued with a great love of words, a sensitivity to the nuances of English literature, and a towering respect for the intelligence and literary involvement of *SR*'s readers.

As N.C. wrote at the time: "Double-Crostic is to crossword puzzles what chess is to checkers. It utilizes the basic form but contains an extra dimension that enables the squares to emerge into a striking quotation. Mrs. Kingsley quickly became an institution. When she pronounced judgment on the meaning or derivation of a word, that was the end of the argument. Her interest and predilections, reflected in her choice of quotations and definitions, ranged from Greek mythology to music and contemporary baseball heroes. Sometimes she would spend three or four days in concocting a single out-of-the-way definition to bedevil her valiant but often helpless readers. She encouraged her followers to use reference books. She said, 'I use reference books to make the puzzle. I see no reason why the reader shouldn't use them, too.'"

When Mrs. Kingsley passed on to Mrs. Wortman the scepter of the queen in her field, a new D-C era began. Mrs. Wortman had many of her own distinctive qualities and created her own inimitable controversies. Like her predecessor, Mrs. Wortman was a woman of titanic indefatigability, immeasurable enthusiasm, and a deep-seated conviction that she must never yield an inch in defending her handiwork.

The richest reward of both Mrs. Kingsley and Mrs. Wortman was the correspondence they received from all over the world. In the April 1967 *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, Mrs. Wortman (Class of 1911) remarked:

Doris Nash Wortman

"You name the place—Jakarta, Izmir, Lebanon, Spain, Venezuela, Sarawak, Antarctica; it's in my letter files. Not only do solvers write, they write at once like long-established friends. Many of them start right off using my given name, which used to startle my fairly Victorian soul, but titillatingly. One started off 'Dear Brains'; another, quite correctly, 'Dear Mrs. Wortman,' and then 'WOW!' Another letter consisted of, 'Come, come, Miss Wortman! What do you mean by planting on us this word *skeppist* as a beekeeper? A beekeeper is an *apiarist* as anybody knows. (Well, yes, dear girl, but on page 2353 in *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*, you will find that a skeppist is really both of those things.)

This feeling of established friendship seems characteristic of Double-Crostic solvers. One girl wrote Mrs. Wortman fifteen years ago: "To solve a Double-Crostic on a bench in the park, or on the subway, or in a deck chair, or on a plane, is better than having along a beautiful baby or a charming dog to tempt some nice stranger to speak to you—somebody whom you feel to be a friend immediately. You are so much farther along, without having had to cross all those thresholds of friendship!"

Letters have come from the young, the old, the ill, the sorrowing, the one about to go on a cruise but who will "wait for the new book of D-C's so as to take it along," even one who is slated to go to the hospital but says she will not go till she has the new book to cheer her expected convalescence, once in a great while from somebody evidently "disturbed," from a few in prison, from a few just out of prison who need "something to keep their minds off" for a while.

One letter which moved her greatly was from a nurse in a large mental hospital, evidently so dedicated to her work that she could no longer get away from its demands for her own necessary refreshment. "I used to be able to relax by going fishing," she wrote, "but lately I don't seem able to think of anything but my patients, as fishing has become mechanical. The only thing which can command my full attention, enough to rest me, is to work at the toughest D-C I can find, even a diagramless one."

One who signed himself "a weary IBM executive" wrote that he felt "grateful relief" for Double-Crostics, as being "one area which is susceptible to a complete, accurate, and single, unique solution." A feminine version of his feeling was expressed in the same mail by a woman who wrote: "I can't tell you what pleasure they've given me; and they aren't fattening, immoral, illegal, or bad for the health."

Mrs. Kingsley established a great tradition and a great following for the Double-Crostic puzzle; Mrs. Wortman, as her inheritor, met the challenge and enlarged the tradition.

Both women were such a vital and charming part of the *SR* family that it is difficult to adjust to their absence for all who held them in such esteem and affection.

Mrs. Wortman, who was for a time president of the National Puzzlers' League, won several awards, including the League's title of grand champion puzzler one year for turning in the highest score in a test composed of knotty questions.

Before her death, Mrs. Wortman was ahead in her work for *SR* by six puzzles, which will be published in the coming weeks. Arrangements for continuation of the puzzles will be announced later. —J.R.C.

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What Have We Learned?

WHAT HAS been learned? What have we learned from one of the most instructive weeks in human history? If we have learned well, it is possible that the human race stands a fair chance of securing to itself the blessings of reason and fulfillment on earth to a greater degree than has been possible so far. If we have learned poorly, then it may be only a short time before the onset of new eruptions from which there can be neither recovery nor appeal.

The first lesson proceeds out of this question: Suppose Colonel Nasser had had nuclear bombs at his disposal? Would he have withheld the use of such weapons if they could have prevented defeat? Even if we assume he would have been willing to forgo the enormous advantage of a lightning atomic blow as part of a surprise attack on Israel, would he have persisted with such restraint at the point of military disaster and humiliation?

Similarly, suppose the Arab armies had overrun Israel? If all that stood between Israel and the annihilation of her dream of a free and independent existence was her use of nuclear explosives, is it likely that those explosives would have been kept in their sheaths?

These questions are hypothetical only in point of time. It may be no more than three to five years before Egypt and Israel—and at least half a dozen other small nations—come into possession of nuclear weapons. When that happens, the possibility that regional nuclear war can be kept from mushrooming into world nuclear war will shrink almost to the vanishing point.

The continuing spread of nuclear weapons means that the future of the human race may well depend on a decision by a Colonel Nasser to see his country die rather than to use nuclear weapons and thus run the risk of world destruction. Such restraint presupposes a quality of spiritual strength and moral splendor—not an invariable characteristic of military men at the heads of governments—or any men, for that matter, in positions of national power. Would Adolf Hitler have hesitated to use atomic bombs—if they had been available—regardless of the incalculable price to humanity?

A lesson to be learned by recent events, therefore, is that the world is confronted by the grimmest of all deadlines in preventing the spread of nuclear weapons and in bringing existing stockpiles under effective control. Until such control is an accomplished fact, humanity will exist in a condition of almost total peril. How will the control be achieved? There is no real steam behind present official efforts to bring about nonproliferation. The reason for this is that the men who are at the head of the nuclear nations are not eager to give up anything, and many of the smaller nations do not wish to be prevented from becoming as powerful as anyone else. The fate of nonproliferation and control of nuclear weapons, therefore, is in the hands of men whose surrounding circumstances incline them to possession and spread rather than to reduction and control.

Nuclear nonproliferation can be achieved, therefore, only if enough people set up an irresistible demand for it. The political penalties for indifference to such a demand must be sufficiently stern to be respected.

A second great lesson of recent events concerns the United Nations. It is now clear that the peacekeeping function cannot be separated from the peacemaking function. The United Nations was able to stop the fighting in the Middle East in 1956 but it was unable to create the conditions that could keep the war from recurring. It couldn't prevent the Arab armies from massing on Israel's frontiers. Hence the U.N. was on shaky ground in demanding that Israel withdraw without effective guarantees that the peace of the entire area would be assured.

Whether it welcomes the fact or not, therefore, the United Nations is confronted by the need to create the conditions of peace and not just to cope with problems created by the outbreak of war. But the U.N. Charter never envisioned the need to deal with basic causes of war. It is this tragic fallacy—the fallacy that there can be a separation between the pursuit of peace and the control of war—that could become the obituary of the U.N.

From the very inception of the U.N., the world's statesmen have insisted that the U.N. could never be more than a realistic reflection of the attitudes and tempers and ideological diversities of its members. Why should this be so? Why shouldn't the whole of the U.N. be greater than the sum of its parts? The need in the world is not for a magnifying mirror for the unilateral and erratic behavior of individual national powers but for a control mechanism that can compel responsible and noncombustible behavior in the world arena. Certainly the United Nations must have a corporate body of its own, with authority adequate to its functions in the field of world law. Just as there is a deadline for preventing the spread of nuclear weapons, so there is a deadline for revamping and upgrading the philosophical and physical being of the U.N. Voices of the past will insist it is impossible to give the United Nations enforceable authority in matters concerned with world law, for they have become so hypnotized by ideological differences and by tradition that they have no sense of vital change or the forward thrust that comes from advocacy.

Fundamentally, a lesson to be learned from recent events is that any attempt to make peace or keep peace, or any attempt to invoke law, must rest on abstract, objective concepts of justice, self-evident to a world consensus if not to some of those directly affected. The Israelis cannot be expected to relinquish the gains of their astounding victory un-

(*Continued on page 63*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Rights and World Revolution

I FIND Arthur Larson's analysis, "The Real Nature of the World Revolution" [*SR*, June 3], most significant.

The United States, having developed uniquely, naturally finds it hard to understand problems of class stigmas, nationalism, and human rights in other parts of the world. In its overzealousness against Communism, it is frequently finding itself on the wrong side of the human rights movement. A military or economic effort, however colossal, cannot win over developing nations unless accompanied by sympathy toward the prevailing tide of nationalistic aspirations.

GEORGE VARGHESE.
Beaver, Pa.

I WAS GREATLY interested in Arthur Larson's article. What worries me is that in the present world situation, Communism has been able to exploit human rights or national independence issues to manipulate popular support and to establish a totalitarian government. In the present situation, the human rights issue is only a secondary issue which is capable of being exploited by the more powerful nations to further the more powerful nations' ends.

In trying to provide for a mutual allied defense, the United States is frequently confronted with the problem of recognizing an undemocratic government. But it is naïve to think that the United States' recognition of a potential ally can always be made with the United States "found on the side of human rights." We must respect a nation's self-determined government.

Moreover, if we did refuse to recognize a nation's undemocratic government but instead supported an underground human rights movement in that country, we should realize that the Communists might defend the established government. The danger of a long military involvement would still be present.

RICHARD F. THOMPSON.
Richmond, Va.

Rising Decibels

IN REFERENCE to Millicent Brower's "Noise Pollution: A Growing Menace" [*SR*, May 27], I do not agree with the statement: ". . . in ten years New York City and other cities will be twice as noisy as now." It is much worse than that.

The decibel is defined as ten times the common logarithm of a power ratio. Thus, twice the power is represented by 10 x log 2 = approximately 3. If the yearly decibel increase is 1 dB, we will double the noise power every three years. After ten years it will mean a 10 dB increase.

ULRIC J. CHILDS,
The Rockefeller University.
New York, N.Y.

Summer Repertory Addendum

In the Summer Repertory Schedule, 1967, [THE THEATER, June 3] the APA Phoenix should have been listed as appearing at the Huntington Hartford Theatre, Los Angeles, from July 10 through September 16, with these plays: *The Wild Duck*, *Right You Are*, *The Show Off*, *Pantagleize*, and a new play, to be announced.

In Henry Hewes's commentary, there could have been included the variety of attractions at the Greek Theatre in Griffith Park, Los Angeles: *The Land of Smiles* and the LADO (Yugoslavia's folk-ballet group), both of which will appear earlier at Expo 67, as well as the National Ballet of Mexico (Folklorico).

LETA DALPORTO-DARWIN.
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Perhaps you don't realize just how well off you are, Mr. Pemberton, but we do."

The U.S. Pavilion

KATHARINE KUH'S REACTION to the American Pavilion at Expo 67, as expressed in "Art and Its World at Montreal" [*SR*, May 27], was ours exactly. The crucial thing is to reach the right people so that the trivia within that beautiful dome may be replaced with strong, trenchant exhibits about the essence, not the veneer, of America.

LEAH AND CLARK FITZ-GERALD.
Castine, Me.

HOW RELIEVED I was to read such a respected opinion as Katharine Kuh's in her indictment of the U.S. Pavilion at Expo.

As an American living in Montreal, I have been truly troubled to see the pavilion of the United States treat such an important affair as a First Category World Exposition to such trivia. Are we a nation whose head is filled only with movie stars, Op, Pop, and crackle?

DIANE DEVRY SIMARD.
Montreal, Canada

The Noble Redwoods

I WOULD LIKE to thank *SR* and Michael McCloskey for the article "Why Worry About the Redwoods?" [*SR*, June 3]. I wish more information had been given—for example, the names and states of Congressmen on appropriate committees and the House and Senate bill numbers—so we could request support.

The article did not explain the redwoods' shallow and interlocked root systems so the reader would realize that to preserve one or a few is impossible, that many must support and protect others. All the poetry ever written, all the music ever composed, all art carved or painted or danced or dreamed, can only approximate the redwoods' charm, beauty, inspiring majesty—incomparably earth's noblest life. I would like to do what I can to insure their survival.

MRS. KAY KEENAN.
New Canton, Va.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Karajan at La Scala, Basie at the Lirico

MILAN, ITALY.

THE FIRST, fundamental fact about La Scala is that contrary to any implication in the name, there are no steps on which the neophyte approaching the shrine can genuflect, prostrate himself, or otherwise render suitable homage due to it as the center and mainspring of the operatic world. It is St. Peter's without a square, Mecca without a temple, Mt. Sinai reduced to suburban propriety.

The next thing to be noted, once the breathtaking beauty of the auditorium with its five ranks of boxes and a pox on those huddled above, is that the audience may, in some circumstances, provide a more illuminating commentary on matters operatic than the performance itself. The reference is not to the audience for those premieres or galas at which the distinguished Milanese appear in proper attire to merit each other's scrutiny. Premieres and galas are the same the world over: Faces may change, but the attire remains the same, subject only to local vagaries.

The reference is, rather, to the concentrated attention, the expectation and high hopes with which a Scala audience approached so unexceptional a matter as Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* in a circumstance when it had so exceptional a participant as Herbert von Karajan as conductor. The suitably belated curtain rise was heralded by a series of blinking warnings in the auditorium as well as in the foyers. Miraculously, what had been a barely populated auditorium became, almost at once, densely occupied. The presumption must be that Biffi Scala, the adjoining café, had simultaneously turned from full to empty.

There was a smashing burst of applause when the trim figure of Karajan came into view. It proclaimed the audience receptivity for a major miracle, come what may. What came from the pit, was, in large part, keenly detailed, cleverly organized, orchestrally much above average. It had, however, a curious kind of negative-positive relationship to what was happening on the stage, where Fiorenza Cossotto as Santuzza, Gianfranco Cecchele as Turiddu, Giangiacomo Guelfi as Alfio, and Adriano Martino as Lola were pouring out the fullest kind of Latin fervor on behalf of Mascagni.

Here were all the highlights and contrasts of the positive print: Karajan's values were mostly inverted, pale when they were strong, and vice versa. To a degree, the audience response to what was presented recalled an occasion when Sir Malcolm Sargeant conducted a series of Sibelius programs in Helsinki with the touring BBC Orchestra. It wasn't terribly good Sibelius, but it came from an important source, which, of itself, gratified the Helsinki listeners.

It would be insulting to the Milan audience, vis-à-vis Mascagni, to equate them with the Finns in terms of Sibelius. But there was a suggestion that the applause was for Karajan rather than Mascagni, that his svelte, carefully measured, masterly controlled effort did not really penetrate to fundamentals. Altogether, I would have preferred something more elemental, seething, and uncalculated. Cossotto, whose youthful figure is filling out along with her voice, was easily the best of the principals; the others ranged from impressive in action if somewhat light of voice (Cecchele as Turiddu) to massive in sound but not so potent in action (Guelfi as Alfio).

Luciano Damiani's scenic concept concentrated on a distant perspective of a slate-roofed Sicilian village, sans café, sans church, sans everything, really, but a stone wall. The choral singing, according to La Scala's tradition, was excellent; but much else was less than compatible with its splendid history, as visible in the adjoining, marvelously organized Museo Teatrale alla Scala and the superb surroundings of the interior structure. One wondered, indeed, how much time Karajan would put in conducting *Cavalleria* at La Scala were there not a recording, familiar these many months in the American market, of the same work with mostly the same singers, bearing the joint imprints of La Scala and DGG.

Alternating currently with *Cavalleria* in the Scala plan is a familiar *Falstaff*, whether one has seen it here or not. That is to say, it brings together such practiced specialists as Anselmo Colzani in the title role, Luigi Alva as Fenton, Fedora Barbieri as Quickly, Rolando Panerai as Ford, and Ilva Ligabue as Alicia. The backgrounds of Filippo Sanjust are much of the painter's type—decidedly less striking, in a theatrical sense, than the Franco Zeffirelli production seen in Holland a few years ago or its improved version now in the Metropolitan's storehouse. Margherita Wallmann's stage direction is traditional and uncomplicated, Antonino Votto's conducting traditional.

Indeed, against the reputation of *Falstaff* as a theater piece played for ensemble and character, it is, in this Scala production of recent date, very much a singer's opera. To judge from this effort, as well as others encountered elsewhere, Votto is the kind of conductor singers find "comfortable." This is another way of saying that he adjusts to their tempi rather than insisting on his own, devoting himself to liaison functions between stage and pit rather than imposing a strong conception of his own on the performance as a whole. Thus Colzani's "L'honore! Ladri!" in Act I was rather more of a set piece than an incident of the drama revealing Falstaff's character; Quickly's "Reverenza," as pronounced by Barbieri in Act II, was something verging on an aria. In suitable relation was Ford's "E sogno," of which Panerai has long been an ardent exponent, and the beautifully spun "Dal labbro il canto" of Alva.

However it may have digressed from proper dramatic proportions, Barbieri's Quickly suggested that this grand singer, whose first Metropolitan season dates back to Rudolf Bing's own and who will soon be seen again there, is in prime voice and elegant spirit. Or, in the interests of accuracy, it may be truer to say that she sounded to be in prime voice in La Scala, which is decidedly a singer's theater.

Colzani, for example, sounded like a more overpowering singer, with more fur on his sound and brr in his resonance, than he has customarily been in the Metropolitan, new or old. No doubt the nearby, friendly walls, which provide a more immediate acoustical bounce-back than either of those, have a part in this result. Similarly, there was an accretion of effect for Alva, singing as fine a Fenton as may be heard today. It was observable also that the participants went out of their way to lend aid to Maddalena Bonifaccio, a young, distinctly talented soprano who replaced the scheduled Margherita Rinaldi as Nanetta. She honored their consideration with a lively effort, suitable to the surroundings.

Falstaff being a short opera, there was opportunity on the same evening to attend the later-starting Milan debut of "Count" Basie and his great band at the Teatro Lirico, a short walk away. The mood was high, the response keen when the Lirico was reached, post-11. Basie's band is currently engaged in a hard, closely scheduled tour of the Continent, but to judge from the tightly knit, tautly controlled effort they put forth, the warm weather currently prevalent in Milan brought out the best in them. And that, as all good jazz fans know, is the most aristocratic form in which American goodwill comes.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Upper Hand," by John William Corrington, and "A Far Cry," by Earl Rovit
24 Letters to the Book Review Editor
25 Perspective, by J. H. Plumb
26 "Herakles: A Play in Verse," by Archibald MacLeish
28 "French Novelists of Today," by Henri Peyre
28 "Philip Freneau: Champion of Democracy," by Jacob Axelrad
29 "The New Industrial State," by John Kenneth Galbraith
31 "The Cool Millennium," by Gerald Sykes
32 "Washington, D.C.," by Gore Vidal
33 "Looking for Baby Paradise," by John Speicher
34 "Peace Is Possible: A Reader for Laymen," edited by Elizabeth Jay Hollins
34 "Soldiering for Peace," by Major General Carl von Horn
40 Criminal Record
41 Check List of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

"If There Is No Big Daddy"

SOME first novels seem completely successful—Robert Crichton's *The Secret of Santa Vittoria,* for example, in its way, and Chaim Potok's *The Chosen* in a way that is very different. More common, however, is the first novel that is full of faults and full of promise. Three years ago I was impressed by John William Corrington's *And Wait for the Night* (*SR,* May 23, 1964), a serious, well-planned, and well-written novel about the Civil War, which suffered from the fact that the author had a thesis and sometimes sacrificed his characters to it. Two years ago I was fascinated by Earl Rovit's *The Player King* (*SR,* June 12, 1965), but in the end I felt that Rovit's brilliance had got out of hand and wrecked the novel.

Now both Corrington and Rovit have completed second novels, and each has taken a new and surprising direction. In *The Upper Hand* (Putnam, $5.95)—to be published July 20—Corrington has written about vice in New Orleans. Earl Rovit's *A Far Cry* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95) shifts back and forth between fifteenth-century Venice and twentieth-century New York.

The Upper Hand describes the experiences of Christopher Nieman, a man of thirty or so who is running away from the priesthood. In a compartively short time he becomes involved with a number of bizarre and for the most part unsavory persons: an apparently lighthearted and completely amoral prostitute, who relieves him of his by now burdensome virginity; a Bible Belt Priapus of bisexual inclinations; the operator of a whorehouse, who was once a tycoon in the pornographic motion picture business; an abortionist and head of a drug ring, formerly a Nazi torturer; a woman of genteel birth who has become a tough and foul-mouthed pusher of drugs; one of her victims, a Negro who wages war against a God whom he holds responsible for all his miseries; another Negro who is a man of all crimes.

The novel is full of violence and obscenity, but from the first page, which is sprinkled with words not used in polite society, the reader realizes that Corrington has a serious and, so to speak, righteous intention. For one thing, the name of the renegade priest is Christopher Nieman, which immediately reminds one of the name of the hero of Henry James's *The American,* Christopher Newman. There, of course, the American visitor in Paris was a new man, and he was also a kind of Christopher Columbus in reverse. The fallen priest is a nobody (German *Niemand*), but he is also a Christ-bearer.

The first part of the novel is called "Catabasis," a going downward; the middle section is "Là-bas" (down there), and the third, which runs to three or four pages, "Anabasis." With incest and complicity in a murder Christopher touches bottom, but he refuses to permit the committing of an abortion, and thus begins to rise. Except for the brief conclusion, the novel is a description of the hell into which Christopher falls when he loses faith. "If there is no Big Daddy," Christopher asks himself, "do you go to killing automatically?" "The answer comes as quickly as the question. Yes. Not everyone all at once. But yes. Sooner or later they go to killing. No reason not to. A million reasons, but no Reason." Corrington begins by quoting from Camus: "Does life's absurdity require one to escape it through hope or suicide?" And ends by quoting Tertullian: "I believe because it is absurd."

I find it hard to suppose that the religious argument will convince anyone not already committed to orthodox Christian theology, but the story in which Corrington has endeavored to embody it has a truly infernal quality. As I have said with regard to Flannery O'Connor, those who are secure in their own faith can contemplate evil without flinching. Although Corrington lapses now and then into melodrama, his vision of hell cannot be easily forgotten.

Rovit has told two stories in alternating chapters, as Faulkner did in *The Wild Palms.* Thematically the two stories are related, and the relationship, a matter of contrast, may be emphasized by this kind of juxtaposition. I suspect, however, that each story might be more effective if one read it straight through without interruption.

ONE story concerns another Jew of Venice and another beautiful daughter. Lazzaro dello Strologo is accused of the murder of a Venetian nobleman, stabbed to death in the ghetto. Tortured by experts, including a sadistic Monsignore, he dies before the *auto-da-fé,* the death by burning, that is planned for him. (We and Mr. Corrington are reminded that there were killers in the Age of Faith.) Rovit's narrative drives ahead with great power, and the writing is the best he has done.

The other story is told from the point of view of Sheldon Pfeist, a man of fifty-six who is dying in a hospital. By fits and starts he reviews his life, which has been, he now feels, a series of failures. He remembers his experiences as a volunteer on the Loyalist side in Spain, his two marriages, a succession of business ventures. He believes that he had something to give the world, but there is nothing to show. Throughout his recol-

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lections he refers to the one achievement of which he is proud, his Angels, and at last he describes his creation of a cult, with himself as god, that was intended to transform women and thus the world. This, he tries to tell himself, would have been a success if there had not been outside interference.

The point of the book, of course, lies in the contrast between the two deaths. Because of his faith and his sense of the community of true believers, Lazzaro is able to come to terms with himself and his fate, to endure great suffering, and to die peacefully. Sheldon, with nothing more to sustain him than a makeshift and egocentric religion, dreads death, and, though the miracles of medicine reduce his physical sufferings, his mental anguish is acute. Lazzaro is alone except when he is in the hands of his torturers, but he does not feel lonely. Sheldon is surrounded by doctors and nurses and visiting friends, but his loneliness overwhelms him. His visitors have nothing to say to him and no interest in what he tries to say to them.

I do not feel that Rovit is an advocate of orthodox Judaism, as Corrington is an advocate of orthodox Christianity. He simply suggests, no doubt with some nostalgia, that death could be better endured when men were able to believe in God. What makes the novel impressive is his success in breathing life into two such different characters, each of them representative of a particular period in history. Both deaths moved me in a way that Father Christopher Nieman's supposed redemption did not.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1246

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1246 will be found in the next issue.

WJ WZ AUJJUI JY DSKU FYSCUB

SGB FYZJ JDSG GUKUI JY DSKU

FYSCUB SJ SFF.

—ESNUZ JDPIAUI

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1245

One of the advantages of being disorderly is that one is constantly making exciting discoveries. —A. A. Milne.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

How Innocent Marihuana?

In his article "A Drug Is a Drink Is a Smoke" [*SR*, May 27] J. H. Plumb spreads the false and extremely dangerous view that marihuana is harmless. If people like Mr. Plumb could only witness *some* of the tragedies unfolding almost daily today in the secrecy of a doctor's office! Motivated often by nothing more than idle curiosity and assertions that marihuana is harmless, people whom the physician knew as healthy and happy individuals are changed within months into emotional wrecks by the use of "innocent marihuana."

Franz E. Winkler, M.D.

New York, N.Y.

Mr. Plumb states: "However, we are not alone in our folly; after all, Islam permits marihuana and bans alcohol." This is partly a false statement. Islam does not permit the use of marihuana or for that matter any other intoxicating drugs. According to the Koran all intoxicants be they alcohol or drugs are prohibited. . . . I wonder from where Mr. Plumb gets the information that Islam permits the use of marihuana.

M. Mazharul Huq.

New Bedford, Mass.

1+1=2=3

I'm afraid Charles Philbrick missed the point in his hurried reading of Robert Creeley's "A Piece" [*SR*, June 3]. Here is no "doodle," but a succinct statement of short life's quick essence. Thus, as every parent knows, the miraculous equation: "One and one, two, three."

Although the title suggests the obvious slang reference to a sexual object, as well as denoting an art form, I interpret it as the key to the basic equation: 1+1=2=3. Thus the process needs only one man and one woman to produce a child. These three form one family (as Creeley's three lines form one poem)—each a *piece* of each other: each *a piece* of the family; each *a piece* of the unbroken genetic thread of the family of man which, as the myth has it, reaches back to Adam (formed from *a piece* of earth) and Eve (formed from *a piece* of Adam).

Lloyd Rodnick.

Flint, Mich.

Mask of Imbecility

Alexander Donat expresses what he obviously sees as a contradiction in Jean-François Steiner's description in *Treblinka* of the inmates' ineptness and their subsequent acts of revolt against their masters [*SR*, May 13]: "How such a bunch of imbeciles was able to carry out a revolt requiring coordination, caution, and intelligence is again a mystery," says Donat.

Many former concentration camp inmates have written about this phenomenon, including John Holt, in *How Children Fail*:

> . . . and his fellow prisoners, trying to save both their lives and something of their human dignity, and to resist, despite their impotence, the demands of their jailers, evolved a kind of camp personality. . . . They adopted an air of amiable dull-wittedness, of smiling foolishness, of cooperative and willing incompetence—like the good soldier Schweik. . . .

After the war, the author did a good deal of work, in many parts of the world, with subject peoples; but not for some time did he recognize, in the personality of the "good black boy" of many African colonies, or the "good nigger" of the American South, the camp personality. . . .

Subject peoples both appease their rulers and satisfy some part of their desire for human dignity by putting on a mask, by acting much more stupid and incompetent than they really are, by denying their rulers the full use of their intelligence and ability, by declaring their minds and spirits free of their enslaved bodies.

Edwin A. Kartman.

Chicago, Ill.

Who Is Really Who?

For all us ignoramuses—us non-"in"-people—won't someone publish a book telling who is *really* who in the modern novels? I refer to those Drury novels, through the latest Vidal—and even *Giles Goatboy*, about which I have heard conflicting opinions as to who is who in "real life." Or at least, how about a book of opinion poll results showing who is "thought" to be who by the general public, or the specialists in the particular field?

This is not in jest. I have seen more than one cocktail party break-up caused by a "He is *not*"—"He is *too*" fracas concerning the real man behind the fictional mask.

Janet Thomas.

Biglerville, Pa.

Change of Mind

In August 1966 you published a letter of mine in which I made a complaint about an opinion that had been expressed by Telford Taylor on a certain aspect of the Battle of Britain. . . . I have just read the review by Louis L. Snyder of Telford Taylor's new book, *The Breaking Wave* [*SR*, Mar. 18], which covers in a unique way the period of the Battle of Britain. I have also read the book, and it is with the keenest pleasure that I should like to tell you that I endorse all that Mr. Snyder has to say about it. This is a splendid book, and Mr. Taylor is indeed "a gifted historian."

Robert Wright.

Sussex, Eng.

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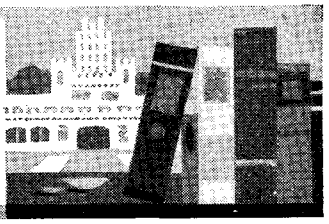
Perspective

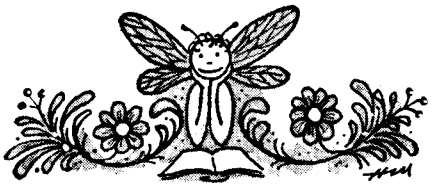


Silenced Saviors and Saints

IDEALLY the books should flow smoothly across the Atlantic, and each month, towering over the stream, should be one of sufficient significance to rivet the imagination so that one may brood for days about the past, its strangeness as well as its continuity. Instead of which huge bags of them drop out of the sky like pterodactyl's eggs, littering one's bathroom, let alone one's study—books on everything and nothing. And May-June is not a good time for a don: three lectures a week; twelve importunate graduate students; examination papers to mark and remark, stacks of them; chairmanship of the faculty, with endless committees; visiting scholars (eight formal dinners in a row), and editing never stops (two major series is bad enough, but in addition there are manuscripts rattling in from Penguin and advice demanded by *Horizon*, for both of whom I act in an advisory capacity). At times one feels like a juggler whose partners have slipped off the stage, leaving him with their clubs as well as his own in the air. So this month has gone by fits and starts.

William McPhee's *Oranges* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50), a short, attractive book full of recondite knowledge about the cultivation of the orange from antiquity to the present day, nearly started the motor working: what better illustration of man's ingenuity or of the splendid imaginative intelligence of neolithic man, as ingenious as any entrepreneur of the Industrial Revolution? How fabulous was the rapid and complex domestication of fruit and vegetables! I felt, however, that we had been over the ground before, and in any case, historically speaking, the orange has not the richness or human significance of the potato. No primitive tribes have dyed themselves to look like oranges in the same way that Amerindians cut and slashed their faces to look like potatoes: nor has the orange caused famines and devastated nations. Better wait for the potato, or rather a reissue of R. N. Salaman's wonderful book, *The History and Social Influence of the Potato*, one of the minor classics of our time and one of the least known. Every student of history should read it, every university lecturer discuss it.

Oranges gone, down flopped *A Man Called Lucy*, by Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet (Coward-McCann, $5), which looked as if it might provide a nice lead-in, not only for the long history of spies, treachery, and cryptography but also for the fictitious element in history—for this story is like an iceberg with an artificial, plastic cap above water, while below, buried from sight, lies a huge mass of true ice. The elaborate cover-story, which concealed one of the greatest intelligence successes of World War II, is swallowed whole by the authors. Streams of the most secret operational material from Hitler's headquarters flowed through a spy network in Switzerland to Stalin in Russia. It was supposed to have emanated from ten highly placed German, anti-Nazi spies in Hitler's headquarters, spies who were never caught, never named, and who vanished into limbo once the war was won. But such is human gullibility that this story will become a legend, which even when the actual source is revealed —as one day it must be—will remain to hoodwink a credulous world. In any case, many people, and I expect Stalin



was amongst them, will have a pretty shrewd guess about the true source. But the ease with which myth proliferates and roots itself in conviction is too harrowing a subject. *A Man Called Lucy* would not do.

MORE promising far, Konrad Lorenz's *On Aggression* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.75)—provocative, creative, dubious. Little of the author's theorizing has ever, the zoologists told me, been put to quantitative analysis; most of it is imaginative speculation by an accurate observer of detail. Lorenz is a thinker of sensitivity, of deep human concern, but one removed from the controlled, accurate, impartial, quantitative scientist. Maybe the zoologists are right, but Lorenz's views on aggression are wonderfully stimulating to the historical imagination. Stimulating and depressing, for if aggression is as essential to human life as it is to the animal world, the outlook is bleak. So long as we have Koreas, Vietnams, and other "limited wars," is the world safe from the atomic holocaust? If aggression runs so deep in mankind, is it possible, as Lorenz optimistically hopes, to rid ourselves of it through combative sports? Adaptation is a part of animal evolution, but can the violent aggression to which communities of men have always been addicted become so ritualized that it is rendered as harmless as the teeth-baring ceremony of friendly Japanese? It would seem unlikely while males, always difficult to domesticate amongst mammals unless gelded, dominate the human race. Lorenz made the tragic situation of man seem fragile, tenuous, and very short. Perspective, indeed, foreshortened to an evolutionary disaster: for if mankind blows itself into oblivion, how brief will its existence seem as the earth rolls down the millions of years ahead.

AND yet, disparate as they were, these books—*Oranges, A Man Called Lucy, On Aggression*—had much in common; they illustrated man's exceptional ingenuity, his capacity for loyalty, for self-sacrifice combined with greed, his cruelty and addiction to violence. And this for the thoughtful historian is one of the most depressing features of his trade—the contrast between man's intellectual ability and the grossness of his appetites. Individual acts of charity, of loving-kindness, of tolerance and compassion litter human annals and give it a momentary radiance. But how often have communities of men acted in any similar way? Has any nation given all it has to the poor? Or turned the other cheek (unless fearful of having its head blown off unless it did)? An act of generosity or charity by a *nation*, if not unknown, is rare, and even rarer when performed without desire for reward. A nation that can live quite comfortably with its own poor and rejected is unlikely to be overworried by the destitution of India's millions. Better to search for the stars and blow a nation to hell than sacrifice money and prestige in order to give the world justice at the most primitive level—that all should have enough to eat.

And we as individuals are little better than nations. Grief is personal and familial, rarely national, even more rarely felt for humankind. In the days when God dominated the universe saviors and saints arose who, by example and by the passion of their words, touched the hearts of men, drawing them from self-involvement to a larger sense of man's need. But even then saints were quickly obliterated by institutions; and greed, tyranny, persecution soon cluttered the way of the savior. Now with God dying, if not dead, neither saints nor saviors are likely to speak again to mankind. Like the dinosaur, their day is over. They be-

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longed to the world that is nearly lost: the world of peasants, farmers, craftsmen, traders, with their kings, noblemen, and priests, the world that stretches from the first cities in the river valleys 7,000 years ago to this century.

In spite of the immense diversities of human experience, the myriad varieties of personal and public morality, I suspect that in a few more decades this era will seem to possess an underlying unity, an age of man as clearly marked and defined as the age of hunting and fishing which preceded it. In this age religion, constantly revitalized, permeated all life for good or ill as did history itself, for man was caught up in the drama of his living gods. Life began, reached its crisis in the life and death of the Savior, and its apocalyptical end was always close at hand. Man was involved in this drama, which could be explained only by history. Religion and history were one. But the grip of religious history loosened in the eighteenth century, to be replaced for a time by the need for national history, which justified a nation's "manifest destiny." Often this was little more than religious history in a secular guise, just as apocryphal, just as myth-ridden, just as enclosed as what it replaced.

Now "manifest destiny" is fading, and nations require explanations of the past less and less. The result for history is a loss of emotional force, and so it dwindles into social nostalgia, entertainment, and academic professionalism. Explanation for society and its problems is sought elsewhere—through science, statistical sociology, economic models. This, at least, is true of the West. For Russia somewhat and for China emphatically, history is still a powerful social force, explaining and justifying belief, but we in the West are witnessing the death of the past.

Two professional books, both scholarly and wise, added force to these views—Peter Gay's *A Loss of Mastery* (University of California Press, $4.50) and Patrick Collinson's *The Elizabethan Puritan Movement* (Jonathan Cape, London, 63s). Compared with our puritan ancestors, whose ideas both authors skillfully trace, we have certainly lost our sense of the past or of man's personal involvement in the drama of history.

Paradoxically, the world may gain. History that has been more myth than truth has always been a danger to man, too often a cloak for tyranny, persecution, and subjection. Yet there is one cruel loss. A sense of purpose in man's unfolding destiny becomes more difficult to sustain when, in the light of eternity, the individual's life becomes as brief and as pointless as a gnat's. How to get it back into a world wiped clean of myth is our greatest need.

—J. H. PLUMB.

Was This the Promised End?

Herakles: A Play in Verse, *by Archibald MacLeish (Houghton Mifflin. 91 pp. $4), places the mythical Greek hero against a foreground of modern Athens. Louis Untermeyer wrote "Lives of the Great Poets."*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

APART from his other accomplishments, Archibald MacLeish has occupied himself with revitalizing classic legends and historic happenings. There was *Conquistador,* based on Bernal Díaz's *True History of the Conquest of New Spain.* There were *The Trojan Horse* and *The Fall of the City,* plays intended for radio or for reading without scenery. There was the controversial *J. B.,* a modern morality play paralleling the Book of Job. There was even *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish.* And now here is a half-mythical, half-modernized treatment of the last days of the broken but still defiant Herakles.

MacLeish's versatility, sometimes rising to virtuosity, has from time to time been held against him. He had to absorb a diversity of influences before he achieved a sound and style of his own. Overtones of Pound, Eliot, and the French Symbolists are present in the early *Pot of Earth*; echoes of Aiken and Robinson are heard in the somewhat earlier *The Happy Marriage*; a Whitmanic-Sandburgian voice filters through the declamation of *Colloquy for the States.* It took *New Found Land,* which contained the sometimes elliptical but eloquently lyrical "You, Andrew Marvell," "Memorial Rain," "Epistle to Be Left in the Earth," "Immortal Autumn," and "Not Marble Nor the Gilded Monuments," followed two years later by *Conquistador,* a dexterously built saga-poem, to convince critics that a major poet had arrived, although murmurs of dissent persisted. Here and there a reviewer objected to MacLeish's "loose rhetoric" or found fault with the "unrhymed" cadences in *Conquistador,* whereas that poem was strictly built on an adaptation of *terza rima* freshened with a mixture of full rhymes and assonantal half-rhymes: barren-narrowly-Aragon; things-wind-insolent; say-naked-awakening.

As a public figure MacLeish was all the more vulnerable for being conspicuously successful. More than a few librarians protested the choice of a creator rather than an expert technician when he was appointed Librarian of Congress. Conservatives scoffed at his "socio-economic grafts" on poetry when he became chairman of the National Congress of American Writers in its war against Fascism and wrote *Air Raid* and *Panic.* Members of the Radical Right were even more incensed when, as one of President Roosevelt's chief advisers, MacLeish directed the newly created Office of Facts and Figures. He had to suffer the slings and arrows of certain colleagues for his outrageous good fortune when he received the Pulitzer Prize for the second time upon the publication of his *Collected Poems: 1917-1952,* a volume that also won the National Book Award and the Bollingen Prize. Six years later the much-debated *J.B.* was awarded a Pultizer Prize.

Herakles is neither as spectacular nor as searching as *J. B.* In *J. B.,* MacLeish took the biblical past and brought together in a circus tent not only Job and God but also Satan. In *Herakles* the poet places the mythical Greek hero against a foreground of modern Athens complete with tourists and a guide.

There are two short acts. The first is little more than a rather puzzling prologue. It takes place in the drawing-room of an elegant Athens hotel suite with a view of the Acropolis. Enter the world-renowned professor Hoadley; his wife, "a handsome haunted woman in her thirties"; his daughter, Little Hodd, "a spoiled girl of thirteen"; Miss Parfit, a British governess, and the hotel manager, who, honored by the visit of the famous prize-winner, keeps quoting passages from Hoadley's Stockholm acceptance speech. Hoadley is delighted; he abets and encores him—"Good, wasn't it?"—but Mrs. Hoadley, who has heard the well-groomed sentences too often, is less pleased. She does not share her husband's glamourous picture of "those wonderful old Greeks." Hoadley, she maintains, is the victim of a childish imagination, "that innocent optimism of the ancient mind."

She mocks her husband, drinking glass after glass of champagne; while he compares himself to Theseus she continues to taunt him with phrase after phrase from his speech. When she asks why they came to Greece he mentions

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Herakles, and she laughs. "So that's it! . . . You wanted Herakles to play with!" "I wanted . . . time," Hoadley replies, "the timeless time."

> Men don't live their lives in history.
> They live their lives in the eternal tale,
> the oldest story: the heroic
> mutinous, revolted man
> who will not eat his bread in suffering,
> will not get his kind in suffering . . .
> will not tolerate in God the terible,
> slow, cold sloth of suffering.

The dispute goes on. It culminates in a bitter quarrel concerning what Herakles had accomplished—"there must be something else beyond the doing," cries Mrs. Hoadley. "Let's find out . . . We'll go tomorrow and we'll find the stones. They'll tell us how the end goes in the story." Hoadley prefers the dream to reality, the dream of human perfection, the power of the triumphant mind, and drags her toward the window to look at the marble columns on their hilltop, "Our signal to the stars, our purest, proudest signal." When he continues to twist her toward the window, she throws her wine in his face. He sits "grinning up at her, the wine shining on his face," and drops out of the play.

The second act opens on a deserted hilltop with marble ruins scattered about and a huge closed door between stubs of enormous columns. The instructive Miss Parfit informs Mrs. Hoadley and Little Hodd that this is the *adyton*, the door to an oracle, and that it was to this oracle that Herakles was supposed to come after he had completed his twelve labors. Here he was to receive the promised gift of immortality. Little Hodd, who has learned part of her lesson, recalls some of the tasks imposed on Herakles, whereupon the customary professional guide comes on the scene to explain the place and round out the story. Although no shift in time is indicated, Megara, Herakles's wife, appears among the stones, "a fine woman in the full of life," not unlike the sophisticated, man-wise Mrs. Hoadley. She is waiting for Herakles, who has been away for years; he is bound to come here to learn his promised future from the oracle. Megara says:

> He has his oracle.
> We all have, every one of us: we'll die
> but not quite yet, and in between
> we have the sunlight on the green a
> little.
> warmth beside us in the bed at night,
> hands that touch hands, our little,
> leeward
> lifetime where the cold sea wind
> that blows the world down will not
> blow—
> not yet . . . not quite.

Herakles lunges in, "a great, battered, tattered, bearded, time-scarred, triumphant man." Somehow he suggests Professor Hoadley, not only because their names bear the same initial but because they share the same sense of self-seeking and self-satisfaction. Herakles has performed all the labors required of him. He has slain invulnerable monsters, killed ferocious flesh-devouring birds, man-eating mares, and the hundred-headed hydra; he has cleaned out the Augean stables in a single day by diverting a river so it flowed through them; he has conquered the dragon that guarded the treasure of the Hesperides and has come back with the golden apples; he has descended into hell, challenged Death itself, and has tied up and carried away Cerberus, the watchdog of Hades. He has shouldered the sky and made over "the mucking world." But where's his welcome? He expected

> screaming trumpets,
> roaring crowds, ascending eagles
> circling into sun, the god-thank
> spoken and the hero home.

Instead he has found nothing but an apathetic city with dogs and dust as usual, and all his enemies "leaping, laughing, big as bullocks in the blundering light." He calls upon the oracle for justice, for his reward. Although he hurls himself against the enormous door, he cannot force a reply. Megara urges him not to demand the answers.

> Come with me! Oh, come away!
> We need the edge of ignorance to live
> by,
> the little, ignorant unknown of time
> that lies beyond and can be
> anything . . .

But Herakles persists. He rails until the huge door buckles and, on a golden tripod, an old woman sits, blinking at the light. She has no reward, no happy oracle for him. On the contrary, he learns that the fancied enemies were his own sons, that he had killed them when he was struck with madness in punishment for committing excesses and assuming the privileges of a god. Herakles refuses to defend himself. "A man is made for anger, isn't he?—to stand up, strike back." He shouts, "By god, I'll give the oracles myself! I'll see and say and say and say . . ." The play ends on a note of bitter desperation as the forlorn Mrs. Hoadley-Megara cries:

> Let me go back to my life wherever
> my
> life was or is or will be waiting
> wandering up and down from the one
> morning to the other morning,
> from the one despair to the next, from
> the hope in
> this day to the hope in that one . . .
> Oh, release me from this mortal story!

As a play *Herakles* is as uneven in plot as it is in poetry. There are moments of great intensity as there are spasmodic bursts of eloquence. MacLeish has always had a mastery of suspense. Sometimes the suspense has been taut and intensified in so small a compass as the sonnet "The End of the World." Sometimes it has been accomplished by suspended rhymes, broken images, unfinished implications, and a mounting series of interrogations. *Herakles* combines MacLeish's manners with his mannerisms and, in its interrogatory suggestiveness, prompts nagging questions.

As with *J. B.*, is the "meaning" sufficiently conveyed or sufficiently convincing? Is the tragic end compatible with the almost trivial beginning? Is *Herakles* an invention, a new vision, or is it merely a revision, a rearrangement of a familiar tale? Is it an important contribution to the drama, or is this dramatized myth-fable-parable a play at all? Whatever it may be, it is an ambitiously conceived revaluation, an idiosyncratic and unflaggingly interesting re-creation.

"Well, of all the narrow-minded, bigoted, stuff-shirted little editors! He published your letter."

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Critic's Choice

French Novelists of Today *by Henri Peyre (Oxford University Press. 484 pp. $10), ranges from Proust and Gide to the "anti-novel." Thomas Bishop teaches contemporary French literature at New York University.*

By THOMAS BISHOP

HENRI PEYRE has long been one of the most astute, keenly intelligent, and readable critics of French literature in this country or, for that matter, anywhere. His numerous books and articles encompass with consummate ease widely diverse aspects of French writing into which they afford a wealth of meaningful insights. Nowhere has Professor Peyre's contribution been greater than to the field of contemporary letters, and particularly to the novel.

His *Contemporary French Novel,* published in 1955, was universally hailed as an exceptional analysis of a half-century of French fiction. The present volume is a new version of that work, updated to include titles of the past dozen years, and containing revised appraisals of earlier writers. With these changes, *French Novelists of Today* is even better than its predecessor. It is a superb book, an absolute must for anyone even remotely interested in modern French literature.

The strength of Mr. Peyre's work is contained in his formidable command of his subject, the precision of his judgments, and his willingness to express definite opinions. Mr. Peyre is not one to throw praise around indiscriminately; he approaches the great names of the modern French novel without awe but rather with refreshing iconoclasm and a determination to re-evaluate even the most revered figures. This is all to the good, since it serves no useful purpose to perpetuate attitudes that may now seem out of all proportion, even if merely because they were accepted by previous generations.

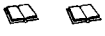
In a general first chapter Mr. Peyre ranges over the past and present of the French novel, with frequent comparisons to British, American, and Continental literature. His frame of reference is dazzling. Refusing to imprison himself in any one system of criticism, he opts for a pluralistic approach that avoids both dogmatism and obscurity; it rests on the author's understanding and urbane taste. Not every reader will find himself in agreement with Mr. Peyre. Quite on the contrary; it is more likely that most readers will disagree with this or that judgment, but they will generally appreciate both the strength of the conclusion and the point of view that leads to it.

Thus, for instance, one need not necessarily share Henri Peyre's great admiration for Jean Giono to value the entire chapter devoted to him as a representative of an era's dissatisfaction with modern society. Nor should the most faithful admirers of Camus be shocked to find him treated here as less than a messiah. If Mr. Peyre is not convinced by Camus's philosophical positions and is somewhat skeptical about his permanent niche as a novelist (he acknowledges *The Stranger* as only a "minor masterpiece"), he recognizes his greatness as a *moraliste,* struggling with his own doubts and fully sincere in his total commitment to his age.

The author's highest admiration is reserved for Sartre. Perhaps because he refuses to become enmeshed in overly obscure analyses of existentialism, Mr. Peyre succeeds in appraising Sartre's contribution as a creative writer while not forgetting that he is also "at his best . . . the most superb essayist of our age." Like many others, Professor Peyre considers *Nausea* and some of the short stories of *Intimacy* (*Le Mur*) as masterpieces; unlike many, he claims that *The Age of Reason, The Reprieve, Troubled Sleep*—the three oft-criticized novels of the unfinished tetralogy *Les Chemins de la liberté*—are among the outstanding novels of the midcentury. For him, the originality of Sartre's fiction is in its language as well as its opposition to Naturalism and Proustian analysis, and in its basic optimism (despite the fact that some nearsighted critics have mistakenly considered Sartrean existentialism pessimistic).

NO one can accuse Mr. Peyre of being a blind follower of trends. At a time when Céline's literary star is on the rise, only a part of a chapter of *French Novelists of Today* is devoted to him, and they are scathing pages in which Céline's works are assailed as merely the monotonous and artificial vituperations of a mythomaniac exhibitionist. Nor is Professor Peyre overly kind to the current vogue of the "new novel," to which he devotes most of the long last chapter entitled "Main Trends Since World War II: The 'New Novel'" (the most useful chapter of all, since it brings the reader completely up to date). He is not insensitive to these "anti-novels," but he is dismayed by what he considers excessive claims made for them by idolizing critics. He recognizes Robbe-Grillet's virtuosity but bemoans the very cleverness of his technique for hiding lack of substance. He is more appreciative of Michel Butor and Claude Simon. But among all the recently published novelists he prefers J. M. G. Le Clézio, author of *The Interrogation,* and Violette Leduc, who wrote *La Bâtarde*; the former is on the fringe of the new novel and the latter not at all concerned with innovation in technique.

SINCE *French Novelists of Today* covers the years 1920 to 1965, the author naturally had to make a series of choices as to which writers should receive a whole chapter, part of a chapter, be barely mentioned, or left out entirely. Mr. Peyre's judgment in this difficult task has been almost unerring, though I do regret that he did not include Samuel Beckett. But this one lapse is more than made up for in a unique fifty-page section entitled "Panorama of Present-Day Novelists," in which he discusses, briefly but with great incision and with the admirable wit evident throughout, scores of novelists whom he could not treat in the main body of the work. Together with the extensive general and chapter bibliographies, this "Panorama" will be an invaluable reference help. Both the noninitiated and the specialists will find *French Novelists of Today* accessible, interesting, and extremely valuable.



Pamphleteering Poet: It's easy to understand why Jacob Axelrad found Philip Freneau fascinating enough for a book-length study. Freneau (who was born Fresneau in New York in 1718) was one of America's first satirists, the poet of the American Revolution, and for many years the pamphleteering voice

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of the democratic way of life, as opposed to Hamilton's favoring of government by the rich and well-born.

Philip's roommate at Princeton was little James Madison, and his classmates included Aaron Burr and Henry Brackenridge. He knew everyone worth knowing on either side of the great battle over whether America should be a democracy or a dictatorship, and Jefferson chose Freneau to edit *The National Gazette* in opposition to the great Tory journals. For an editor of anything in those days "crack-brain," "blackguard," and "salamander" were among the least offensive of epithets. Freneau usually slung his own mud in verse, and pretty dreadful doggerel it was, at that, though he did write some sensitive nonpolitical poems.

All the elements for a good book are present in *Philip Freneau: Champion of Democracy* (University of Texas Press, $6.50), and, I suspect, all the research, too. What depresses the reader is the humorless stolidity of the writing, the utter failure to breathe life into such giants as Madison and Burr and Hamilton and Jefferson, let alone a minor figure like Freneau. Even George Washington is hidden in an anomalous fog, which is pretty hard to do.

About the only place where either Freneau or his era come alive is in that section devoted to his capture by and suffering aboard a British prison ship. The memory of his degradation (Captain Bligh is a Florence Nightingale compared to this crew) stayed with Philip Freneau all his life, gave his soul a purpose from which it never thereafter wavered, and probably saved him for posterity. His loathing for the British became a fixation thenceforth, to the benefit of the American cause. The pity is that the swing and flavor of his times escape us here, though, heaven knows, Mr. Axelrad has gone to all the sources, possibly to the detriment of the narrative. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

Analyzing the Corporate-Complex

The New Industrial State, *by John Kenneth Galbraith. (Houghton Mifflin. 427 pp. $6.95), maintains that today's giant corporations more resemble socialist polities than Liverpool merchants, that trade unions are withering away, and that the law of supply and demand is now largely contrived by enormous "technostructures." Adolf A. Berle's many books include "The American Economic Republic," "Capitalist Revolution," and "Power Without Property."*

By ADOLF A. BERLE

FOR SOME years John Kenneth Galbraith has been poking, prodding, and irritating America toward a measure of understanding of its economic life. His sardonic *Affluent Society* devastated one section of sanctified generalizations. This time he has tackled the more serious task of laying out an economic theory corresponding to its major facts. The book is long overdue. *The New Industrial State* will make economic history.

Not, I think, because Galbraith has uncovered massive new fact-bases underlying the present industrial system. These have been fairly known for some time. A few big corporate-complexes account for most American industrial production and distribution, and dominate its economy. Operations of these

John Kenneth Galbraith—"no ivory tower in his record."

giants do not follow and cannot be fitted into the hallowed formulas of market-economists. Neither they nor their costs, prices, and product behave as when countless small enterprises compete with each other. The giants "make" their markets, administer their prices, control their suppliers, and as far as possible plan their course of action for years ahead. They like and accrue profits but are more interested in growth. They "innovate" by becoming expressions of evolving technology—which, by the way, requires them to be huge. Quaintly, economic theorists still recognize their existence by calling them "firms"—as if they were typical nineteenth-century partnerships.

VARIOUS outsiders, like the reviewer, have tried for some time to make professional economists recognize that their explanations did not explain, their theories did not account for what happened; their attempt to force modern industrial economics into the mold of Adam Smith, David Ricardo, and Alfred Marshall was a failure. I for one attempted it in *The American Economic Republic* four years ago and before that in the *Capitalist Revolution* and *Power Without Property*. No use; they kept on cramming a left foot into a traditional right shoe.

Galbraith accepts the theory of the corporate revolution. But he goes further. He maintains the changes are not quantitative but chemical. Men working in corporate-complexes do not act like units of capitalism—because they are not capitalist. His chapter "General Theory of Motivation" discards conventional profit "incentives": instead, men seek identification and adaptation. Galbraith finds power neither in capital nor in labor nor in entrepreneurs, but in the association of men of diverse technical knowledge organized effectively for corporate goals. In sober print, a licensed and practicing professional economist has recognized the dilemma. Of greater importance, he has proposed a new theory. This makes news.

More than academic study underlies it. Our author vibrates between the world of Washington power and the world of university thought. Canadian by birth, a graduate of the University of Toronto, Galbraith received his doctorate from Berkeley, his added study from Cambridge, England, his early academic recognition from Harvard and Princeton. Head of the Office of Price Administration during World War II, he later edited *Fortune* magazine, left to be a professor of economics at Harvard—and became a close friend and the most trusted personal adviser of the late President John F. Kennedy. He put in a spell as Ambassador to India, then returned to Harvard, but also served as president of Americans for Democratic Action. Prolific as a writer, in demand as an administrator, he is active in that twilight and lightning-ridden zone where national politics dangerously intersect turgid academic ferment. No ivory tower in his record. Happily, Galbraith has kept his sense of humor and stuck to his study of economics.

Two inescapable phrases in his new book will stick in American language as did his earlier "conventional wisdom" and "affluent society." These are his title phrase "industrial state"—a fair description of America, Britain, and Western

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European countries—and "technostructure," his capsule word for modern corporate-complexes. We shall hear a lot about both in the next few years.

In the economics business, abandoning the theory of "market structure"—the assumption that the only motivation of business and businessmen is maximizing profits, that prices are determined by competition, that buyer-consumers' desires and wants control the show—means blasting the foundation out from under the skyscraper. Yet the skyscraper of economic organization obviously is there, and some foundation must exist. What is it? Galbraith builds his own quite different explanations. This is a major contribution to theory. Space permits mention of three of his new bases, though others not mentioned are important.

FIRST, "motivation." What holds these huge structures together and gives them their going power? Classicists said, desire for profit and to maximize it. But, clearly, the big and little people in corporation jobs draw salaries more or less irrespective of "profit" though, of course, the concern has to make money to stay in business. Galbraith says they work not merely for salaries but because they "identify" themselves with the goals of the corporate organization. Some also hope to affect and alter its goals according to their own ideas, as, in fact, men work in government departments. Since corporations increasingly need and are staffed by scientists, technicians, and engineers, they increasingly attract just such people. They become more like socialist States (to which Galbraith pays ironic respects) than like Liverpool merchants. In any case, Galbraith thinks corporate decisions are made by committees or groups, excluding the simplicist individual motivations dear to older economic theory.

Second, trade unions and the price of labor. Unions, Galbraith points out, are fading. They have been, he thinks, virtually assimilated into the corporate economic complex. Like corporations, labor unions want not free but controlled markets, and (believe it or not) control of the wage-price spiral lest raise in wages be lost as prices rise. So the unions, as their numbers proportionate to the total labor force decline and as technicians replace them, work in some measure with the corporate managements.

Third, with a courteous snort, Galbraith dismisses the fiction that "the consumer is king." Technostructures plan their markets as well as their factories. Through Madison Avenue strategy and mass-media advertising, corporations manipulate the consumer's "demand" by calling desires into being and then satisfying them for a price. A technostructure worth its research and development expense takes few chances: the amounts risked cannot be left to the hazard of consumer whims. It will tickle, flatter, stimulate, or intimidate enough consumers into wanting their next mouthwash, tail fins, miniskirts, or linoleum floors *before* these artifacts are shoved into the market. That is "demand" today. "The industrial system," summarizes Galbraith, "reaches out comprehensively to win the belief that validates its planning and which wins acceptance of its goals."

To do all this, both in production and marketing, technostructures penetrate university life. While campaigning for academic freedom, they contract for the services of the most useful scientists and steadily recruit their trained graduates—both being essential to the enterprise's organization and operation.

One need not accept all these generalizations: "power," for instance, needs more analysis, but that is not an economist's job. Why men "identify" with one or another corporation—if they do—is still something of a mystery. The important consideration is that Galbraith deals with realities instead of fiction. This may not make him popular—but from here out no serious scholar will be able to skate along on past assumptions. Specifically, he will not be able to ignore Mr. Galbraith.

MINE is an inadequate summary. The relation of the technical structure to the State, to the educational establishment, to the artist, and the prime question of the motivation of men are all discussed. Galbraith's conclusion—he sticks tongue in cheek about himself as about others—is not far from my own in *The American Economic Republic*. An economic system is not an end in itself. Esthetic and intellectual goals come first.

Freed from industrial domination, education can and must give priority to these goals. But esthetic achievement is beyond reach of the industrial system and may be in conflict with it. Here, the State must be called in. Working with the government, the "educational and scientific estate, as it grows in power, will encourage and enforce more exacting esthetic standards."

This has been said before, but now a first-rate scholar has translated it to coherent economic theory. Doing that, as the late Lord Keynes observed, is dangerous, because people take economic writers seriously. They cannot avoid taking Galbraith seriously—and will not.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

SHAKESPEARE'S ZOO

You are invited to take a walk through the menagerie and pick the animals that Shakespeare used in these lines from his plays. Our zoo-keeper is Irene Spears of Provo, Utah, who agrees to open the cages on page 48.

Cry to it, Nuncle, as the cockney did to the _____ when she put 'em i' the paste alive. *(Lear)*	ape
I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly _____, and you lie. *(Henry IV, I)*	boar
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall, Which _____ vile with bloody mouth did stain. *(Mids. N. D.)*	calf
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feathered raven! wolvish-ravening _____! *(Rom. & Jul.)*	deer
It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a _____ there. *(Hamlet)*	dog
Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which, like the _____, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head. *(As You Like It)*	eels
Drest in a little brief authority . . . His glassy essence, like an angry _____ . . . *(Meas. for Meas.)*	hare
By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills _____. *(Love's L. L.)*	hind
O damn'd Iago! O inhuman _____! *(Othello)*	lamb
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds, Rage like an angry _____ chafed with sweat? *(Tam. Shrew)*	lion
How like a _____, strucken by many princes, Dost thou here lie! *(Julius Caesar)*	sheep
If I fly, Marcius, halloo me like a _____. *(Coriol.)*	toad

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The Woe of Wealth

The Cool Millennium, *by Gerald Sykes (Prentice-Hall. 280 pp. $5.95), divides our technological society into "Aztechs," the men of power and action, and "Toltechs," the creators and intellectuals. Nicholas Samstag is the author of "The Uses of Ineptitude."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

WE ASK the King, "How're we doing?" and he answers, "Fine, fine! We've got lots of money, lots of things, lots of power. But we'll lose them all unless we work hard and think the right thoughts and pay our taxes and do what I say."

We ask the High Priest, "How're we doing?" and he answers, "Our humanity is in danger. We are so rich in things of this world that we are becoming things ourselves. Our civilization decays as we banish Chaos and lose our Sacredness. We are too ordered, too safe from Nature. Turn from Possessions and Power and join me in Prayer that we may be spared the Woe of Wealth and stay human!"

But when we ask Gerald Sykes, "How're we doing?" he gives us an ambivalent answer. Although, he says, we are indeed being seduced by the products of our technology to the point of becoming "technolators," there isn't much that we *can* do or really *want* to do about it. For possessions are delicious and nobody is proof against their allure. But we mustn't lose our humanity either, or we will suffer from acedia and bad dreams and the psychosomatic collywobbles. I guess he means that what we need is a combination King-and-High-Priest to preside over us in this new time of compromise so humiliating to the human race. And, mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's best qualified of all? Modesty prevents G. S. from providing a definitive answer, but here is his book.

Indeed, we might do worse. For Mr. Sykes has wit and wisdom, the self-control to be temperate on causes scorned, and the vigor to be passionate on those espoused. What is more, his latest work, like the Talmud, leaves the impression that it covers every phase of the human predicament. Observing that "the millennium is here and its social abundance, contrary to expectations, prevents private abundance," this (his sixth book) explains where we went wrong. "The world," he sighs, "seems to be divided into those who can concentrate powerfully on unworthy ends and those who cannot concentrate at all well on worthy ends." As a result of this disparity, "the Toltechs find themselves happily in bed with the Aztechs." His book, he says, is about "why a few others won't climb in with them."

His Toltechs are, of course, today's creators and intellectuals, and his Aztechs today's men of power and action. The "few others" sound suspiciously like the band of devoted intellectuals who were the subject of his last book, *The Hidden Remnant.* You will note that he has changed the spelling of Toltec and Aztec (he is a great neologizer). This has been done to indicate that technology has made the major difference between those two tribes of old Mexico and the two human types that face one another everywhere today: the practitioners of what Hannah Arendt calls the *vita activa* and the *vita contemplativa.*

On page one of this book we find the line, "Man rushes first to be saved *by* technology and then to be saved *from* it," and, thirty pages later, we find out why – because the undilutedly Aztech way of life leads to "colitis, ulcers, desperation, and pointlessness." Having observed that "the intricate effects of advanced technology on human beings has been neglected as a study," the author then asks, "Why should not a tycoon try to discover why he can't make it with his wife?"

All this may leave the impression that what Mr. Sykes calls the "technicization" of the world is the villainous process against which he tilts. But it isn't that simple. He admits the inevitability of technicization (concedes the yumminess of air conditioning, the comfort of wonder drugs, the greater physical dignity of more affluent living), and he lauds the intelligence and skill with which today's Aztechs handle their unprecedented power. Mostly he admires the way the man of affairs has discovered the Technique of the Great Absorption: "If he makes a mistake that can be avoided in the future by getting criticism, he puts a critic on his payroll." (By which he means a Toltech.) To rivet his point, the author adds, "If Socrates were alive today, he would be expected to be at ease in the new Hilton Hotel in Athens."

So effective have the modern Aztechs been that they seem to have won the half-support of Sykes himself, who now feels that the future is bearable only if the Toltechs learn to value the Aztechs for their vitality and leadership and the things they alone can contribute, instead of hating them implacably as the Toltechs and Sykes, too, seem to have done in the past. As for the Aztechs, they must try harder to control their immemorial tendency to milk the Toltech of his ideas and then hang on to those ideas too long, grimly rejecting (to the whole world's danger) the revisions suggested by the next Toltech generation.

The book consists mostly of edited lectures connected by a chain that somewhat galls this reader by purporting to tell the running story of three of Sykes's students. Two of these *dei ex machina* he names after characters in Chekhov's play *The Cherry Orchard.* The first, Trofimov, is a lean, spectacled, melancholy Toltech, drifting from cause to cause and disaster to disaster, brilliant in

"I thought you said left at the Matterhorn!"

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flashes, pessimistic by habit, and deadly afraid to graduate and enter the arena of the market place. Lopakhin is plump, vigorous, well-groomed, and status-conscious, an up-and-coming, somewhat insensitive pragmatist destined to be a mover and shaker of the world. The third character completes the triangle. Nellie Rankin probably represents the proletariat (rank'n'file?), for she becomes pregnant by Lopakhin and is, predictably, abandoned by the cad. Ho-hum!

But one ho-hum doesn't make a humdrum book. Take "the raincoat mind," an attitude that sheds all ideas threatening its bovine serenity. Take "cortical conceit," "the belief that man can rule his body with culture-inspired directives that originate in the outer layer of his brain." (The cortically conceited ignore the inner brain layers that control their "lower impulses" and thus do themselves in.)

Sykes poses a series of ten searching questions called "An Invitation to the Personal Scrutiny of Personal Behavior" which could become a parlor game among people who never want to see one another again. In fact, you can use a lot of *The Cool Millennium* to put down your friends. Who said, "We have all forgotten what horses are?" How did the Indians react when they were forced to punch a primitive time-clock in the ancient Palace of Cortez? Can you fill in the missing word in this sentence: "—— is more directly important to Power than conquest or manufacture"? Define "desacralization." What makes it likely that the time is coming when only the purchases by outcast Negroes and Puerto Ricans will sustain the economy? Is it possible for a student to understand books without keeping it a secret from his college? What did Sartre do to Heidegger? What did Camus do to Kafka? What does the triple play Proust-to-Gide-to-Genet mean to heterosexuals? How soon will American technology utterly take over the cultures of France, Britain, Russia? How did Huxley resolve the renowned C. P. Snow-F. R. Leavis controversy over the two cultures?

Lively and witty as it is, however, the book is profoundly pessimistic. The fact is that this teacher, philosopher, and writer, after many years of fighting the good fight, has resigned himself to the death of truth. He asserts the triumph of the man of action and proclaims the bankruptcy of the intellectual, subsumed by bribery. Where once he was a Jeremiah sounding the tocsin, he is now in a lost world keening a dirge.

In these pages five years ago, during an otherwise admiring piece on *The Hidden Remnant*, this reviewer said that Sykes was a wholehearted snob. It is apparent that he is no longer a snob, that he has again written a book we can all admire—and that his heart is broken.

Brutus on Capitol Hill

***Washington, D.C.,** by Gore Vidal (Little, Brown 377 pp. $6.95), portrays the nation's Capital as a cultural-political wasteland. Jeffrey St. John is a former White House correspondent. His nightly radio news commentaries are heard over WRFM, New York City, and overseas in 100 countries via Radio New York Worldwide. He is also a regular columnist for Nation's Business magazine.*

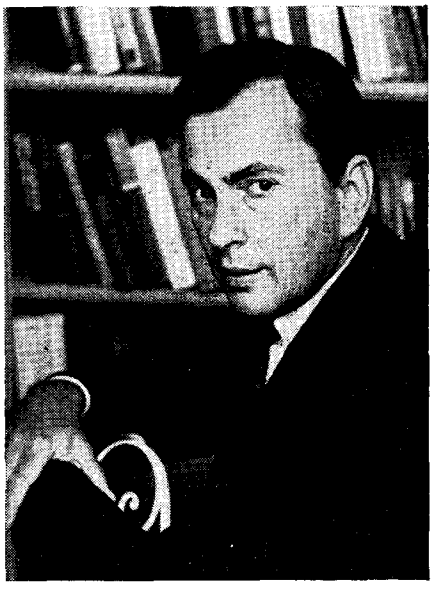
By JEFFREY ST. JOHN

GORE VIDAL's new novel starts with a rainstorm that promises literary lightning. Instead, Mr. Vidal has produced a squall that spends itself on a sea of sex, self-destruction, and cynicism, and ends by dismissing the human race as "no more than bacteria upon a luminous slide." His characters all but drown themselves in clichés and predictable situations, which make his work neither heroic, tragic, nor humorous—just tired and threadbare. Although *Washington, D.C.* is saved from total bankruptcy by occasional flashes of fine prose, the book leaves a lingering frustration because Mr. Vidal's diagnosis of our democratic dilemma is too pat and all surface, as the plot and characters clearly indicate.

The cast, which romps through a period of political history from 1937 to 1952, is a mixed-up if not sick lot. Senator Burden Day, an FDR-hating conservative who consults spiritual mediums, is paired with Clay Overbury, his Adonis-like and ambitious young administrative assistant. "Clay was always practical and Burden wondered if he believed in anything."

Burden Day takes a bribe to fund his ill-fated Presidential campaign against FDR in 1940. Years later, after manufacturing a phony war record, Clay confronts his patron with Day's past crime to keep the Cicero-quoting conservative from seeking re-election, and thus he may have a shot at Day's Senate seat. "Burden smiled at his assassin. He had treated Clay as a son who would, as was proper in legend, strike him down and take his high place."

This bedroom-hopping, modern-day Brutus is aided in his aspirations by the equally power-hungry publisher of the Washington *Tribune*, Blaise Stanford. As planned, Clay weds Blaise's daughter, Enid. She turns to drink, while



—*Jerry Bauer.*

Gore Vidal—"occasional flashes of fine prose."

brother Peter Sanford takes up overeating and starts a Socialist magazine.

Blaise and beautiful Brutus maneuver Enid into a madhouse to keep her insistence on a divorce from wrecking Clay's political career and father's plans. Enid's end comes when, after fleeing the asylum, her car collides with a truck toting cows. Brother Peter seeks revenge, more out of hatred for Clay than remorse for sister and cows, and publishes the facts about Clay's phony war record. But Brutus evades the trap by marching off to the Korean War to play Hannibal. Which proves to Peter that people want winners, not truth. Towards the end Vidal writes, "Now of course hardly anyone even pretended to worry about right and wrong. Today's man knew no motive but interest, acknowledged no criterion but success, worshiped no god but ambition. Clay was most suitable for the times."

Clay Overbury certainly epitomizes the modern political con man; Burden Day is a burnt relic of the political past. This leaves Peter Sanford, who may or may not be Mr. Vidal's hero. A good example of the intellectual neutral, he is the victim of the modern-day philosophy of relativism who becomes the sneering, jaded sideline spectator.

> Everything must be weighed upon the fine scales of a moral sense that never slept. At first Peter found this seriousness sufficiently refreshing to imitate it. . . . He got so that he could

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play the game; yet in playing he soon realized that for him it was a sport and not, as with Aeneas and his friends, the true purpose of life.

If *Washington, D.C.* is intended to show what a cultural-political wasteland the Burden Days and Clay Overburys have created, Gore Vidal has succeeded. But intellectuals like Peter Sanford must also answer for this ruin—be it in Mr. Vidal's novel or in contemporary America. It is not a question of irtellectuals sharing or not sharing in the process of power, but how they use power to improve and strengthen the democratic system. And, most important, power must be fused with a clear set of political philosophical principles.

Negation or relativism is nothing more than the bald admission by Peter Sanford and many Western intellectuals today that they have neither ideas nor a philosophy of how an open society can flourish with individual freedom and responsibility. Every age of man has made it mandatory that intellectuals lead—not shirk that obligation by moral cowardice and then call it "alienation." Just as the journalist should act as a free society's watchdog, so it is the intellectual's duty to rigorously perform his historical role as the cement that keeps a civilization from crumbling—and not shift the burden or blame to the "system."

Washington, D.C. could have been as powerful a warning as *1984* and a worthy contribution to our understanding of the causes behind the corruption and confusion of our times. The chaos and decay are there, but the way out of this wasteland is not. And it surely is not to be found in Peter Sanford's words: "There is no virtue in any of us, Senator. We are savages. . . ."

We are savages only if we choose to be. It is sad that Mr. Vidal never gave his characters a chance to choose.

Blind Man's Bluff

Looking for Baby Paradise, *by John Speicher (Harcourt, Brace & World. 200 pp. $4.50), shows the impotence of a social worker's good intentions to save a young delinquent. Daniel Stern's latest novel is "After the War."*

By DANIEL STERN

IF THERE is such a thing as the modern American trauma—and I believe there is—it is the shocking realization that good intentions are not enough, even when they are backed with money and power. Nothing in the American Dream has prepared us for recent disappointments abroad and in the fight against poverty at home. If good will and money are not enough, what is?

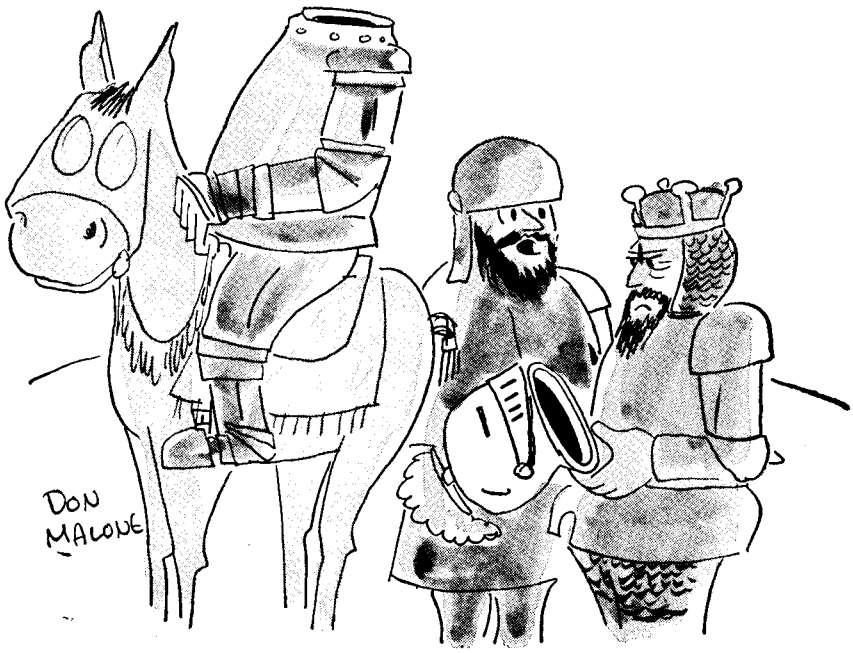
The question is seriously raised in a tragic but funny first novel by John Speicher. The hero (or anti-hero), Charles Converse Kremmel III, is a social worker assigned to an area of about fifty blocks in Washington Heights. Here he is to lead the youngsters to some form of structured life, some sense of meaning to replace the chaos and violence with which their days and nights are filled. Kremmel's boss, A. C. Morrison, has "a virulent occupational disease common among social workers: chronic abhorrence of the manners and motives of the poor." So Kremmel tells us early on, leading us to believe that he himself is in truer contact with the youngsters he lovingly refers to as "my punks."

One of these "punks," Hernando Paradiso, known also as Baby Paradise, stabs a sixteen-year-old kid, thereby affording a chance to see Kremmel in action as a self-styled authentic leader; though his affectation of a cane and dark glasses and resulting nickname of Blind Man tell us with thundering symbolism that we may have a case here of the blind leading the halt. As a matter of fact, despite my reference to Kremmel as an "anti-hero," he is that subtle sort of spokesman found, for example, in Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*: a narrator whose tone of voice, confidence, and command create a slowly growing sense of doubt as to the reality of what we are being told.

Kremmel's superconfidence notwithstanding, the Paradise case gets away from him. No rules work and, in desperation, he turns Paradise over to the police. This in turn leads to a greater débacle involving some tragic mayhem on the streets and the death of a number of Kremmel's kids. But the real horror is in the disaster to his good intentions. For Charles Converse Kremmel III of Lawrenceville and Princeton we are clearly supposed to read the well-meaning middle class. (Street-level self-help seems doomed, too, in the symbolic person of Ray Jimenez, head man of SCAR—Spanish Committee Against Racists—who is presented as a self-serving, cynical trickster.)

We are up against a blank wall. Had Baby Paradise behaved reasonably, as Kremmel wished him to, all could have been saved and tragedy avoided. But if the Paradises of our streets responded to simple calls for reason, then our poverty-stricken ghettoes would not be the terrifying jungles they are.

Speicher has set down this problematical tale with authority and a fine sense of irony, if a bit too much obvious imagery. Charles Kremmel had a tiger by the tail and it devoured him. Our fate may be the same, Speicher seems to be saying. His cautionary voice, pungent and powerful, compels our attention.



"That's the fourth desertion this week."

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Reason Can Prevail

Peace Is Possible: A Reader for Laymen, *edited by Elizabeth Jay Hollins (Grossman. 339 pp. $6.50), begins with Hiroshima and ends with a question mark about the future. George N. Shuster was director of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in 1954 and is the author of "Cultural Cooperation and the Peace," as well as other books.*

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE REFLECTIVE, stimulating pages by the editor of this anthology give unity and movement to what might otherwise be just another collection of essays about peace. Most of them are worth reading, and some are among the best statements yet made about what Buckminster Fuller has termed the human race's unavoidable choice between oblivion and utopia. Elizabeth Jay Hollins, who is associated with her husband in the program of the World Law Fund, has sought to present in outline all aspects of the problem of peace including those which have so far baffled statesmen and philosophers.

Grouped into four sections, the papers range from Robert Jay Lifton's analysis of the experience of those who survived the Hiroshima disaster to Richard A. Falk's account of the court's reasoning in the famed Shimoda and Others *vs.* Japan trial of 1963. Thus the grim stage is set for a drama that begins with the first A-bomb and ends with a question mark about the future. Part III brings to the foreground the *Pacem in Terris* letter of Pope John XXIII and a number of the commentators at the convocation dealing with it that took place in New York during February 1965. Here one will find what Paul Tillich, Abba Eban, and others said at the time. All told, just a few years are under consideration, but they are the most ominous as well as most creative in the history of mankind.

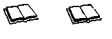
Nevertheless, the mood of Mrs. Hollins's book is not pessimistic.

When Grenville Clark and Louis Sohn published the second edition of *World Peace Through World Law* in 1960, the core of which is included in this volume, they said that they were offering "a set of definite and interrelated proposals . . . to strengthen the United Nations." Writing five years later, Hans J. Morgenthau thought that a "drastic" experience would be required to "make clear to all concerned that the United Nations is neither a luxury nor a nuisance but a necessity." What sort of experience would now be effective is not difficult to imagine. Instead of inching along to disarmament with the assistance of the United Nations we seem to be on the verge of a new spiral in the arms race. It is against that somber and alarming background that the book before us must be read.

Naturally Mrs. Hollins does not put on blinkers. Gunnar Myrdal's essay, for example, includes this comment: "I fear we are becoming accustomed to living on happily . . . while not giving much thought to the possibility or probability of the unthinkable ahead of us." There is much else of this kind in the book, by Emery Reeves and others. But Mrs. Hollins believes that reason can prevail, though it demands no less than this: "We must eradicate the institution of war itself."

Anyone who reads the book will not come away feeling that the problem is simple and that all we need to do is to sit around the table and discuss it. Nor will we be led to suppose that the situation is hopeless and that all which remains for us to do is read Sartre or Heidegger. Perhaps the total impression is similar to that created by good Pope John. Peace is possible.

THE array of authorities is too impressive to catalogue here. But at least it ought to be reported that nothing better has been written about the national security and nuclear armament than the paper by Jerome Wiesner and Herbert York. Psychology has its fascinating stories to tell in the contributions by J. Glenn Gray and Jerome Frank. In short, it would be difficult to think of a book about peace which would prove more effectively that many of the best and most gifted men of the time have tried to beat on other drums than those of war.



Collector of Grievances: According to the publisher's jacket blurb, in *Soldiering for Peace* (McKay, $6.95) Major General Carl von Horn "assesses the role of the United Nations in world affairs and its strengths and weaknesses as an international peace-keeping organization. . . . Beyond the general's personal experiences—which are always colorful—is the sense of vision and dedication that shines through this book. . . ."

Well, speaking for myself as a mere newspaperman who has for some years tried to report objectively on the U.N. and all its works, I feel free to say that General von Horn's book, far from having a "sense of vision and dedication," and far from assessing the strengths and weaknesses of the United Nations, is a negative and biased book.

From it the author emerges as a cantankerous and small-minded man, a collector of grievances who apparently expected to find every military convenience "laid on" for him in such trouble

spots as the Congo and Yemen, and who complained constantly to U.N. officials in New York about being "let down."

Had this Swedish officer had any campaign experience at all, he might have realized that every field commander has to improvise with inadequate tools. Instead, he criticizes his civilian superiors for not giving him the supplies, troops, and aircraft that in a perfect world might have been at the disposal of a U.N. commander. He also reproaches such men as Dr. Ralph Bunche for taking political decisions in the Congo which clearly were beyond von Horn's comprehension.

The author's bias is most strongly shown in his account of the part he played in the Middle East as chief of staff to the United Nations Truce Supervisory Organization. He blames Israel and its officials for the continuing tension and friction along its borders, and he virtually absolves the Arabs from any responsibility.

As an instance, the account given in this book of the shooting and killing of Colonel Flint, a Canadian observer with the U.N., on Mount Scopus in May 1958 differs radically from the official reports transmitted at that time to United Nations headquarters in New York by the general himself. In the book it is implied that Israel was responsible for the killing. In his comprehensive reports submitted immediately after the event von Horn stated flatly: "It is thus to be concluded that Colonel Flint was shot by a bullet fired from Jordanian-controlled territory."

But this is a minor point. The main point is that General von Horn has written a pettyfogging, buck-passing, cross-grained book, one that contradicts the whole ethos of soldiering for peace.

—ERIC BRITTER.

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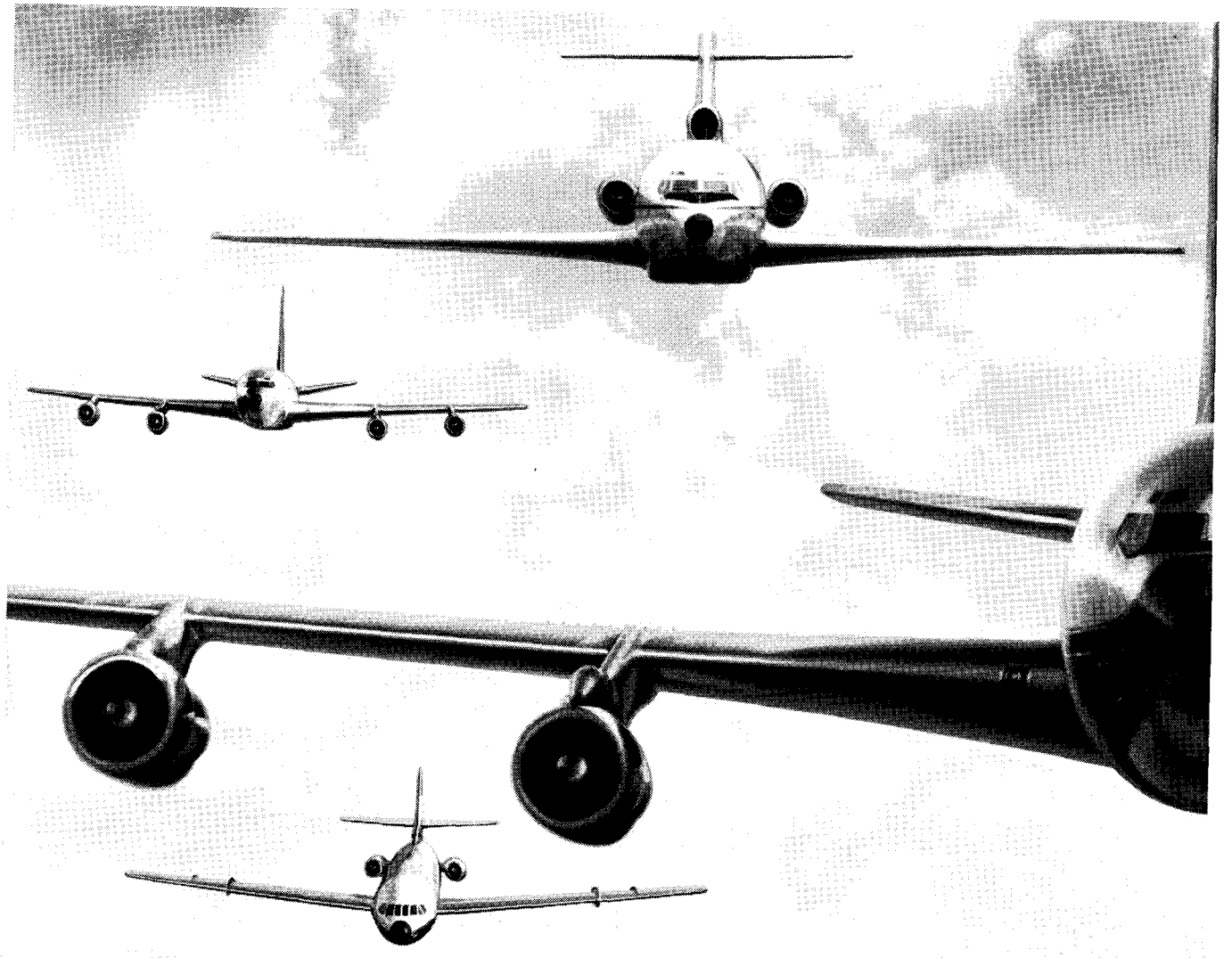

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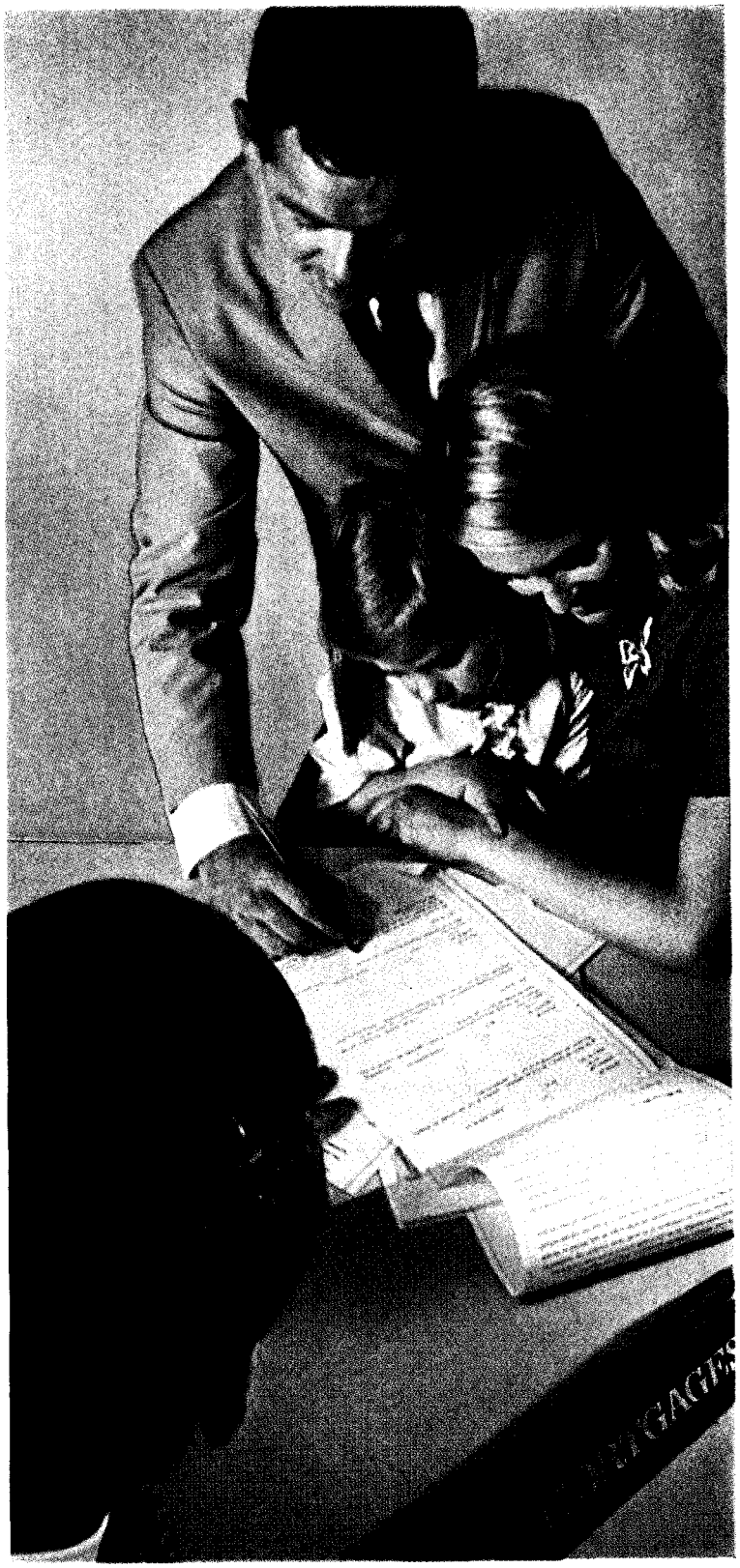

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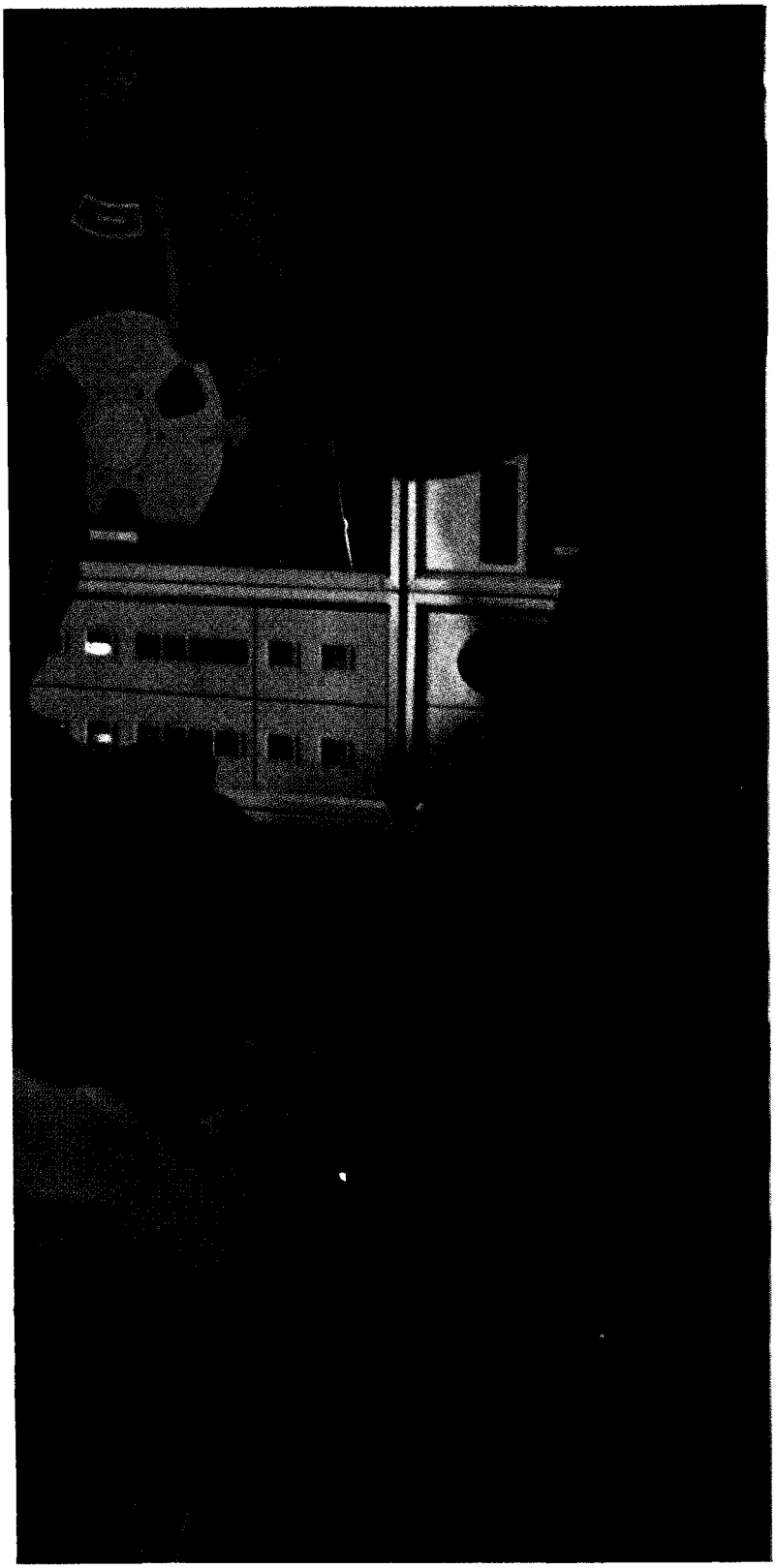

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The Ocean Depths: Solution to Many of Man's Problems

by C. O'D. ISELIN
Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution

Life undoubtedly originated in the sea. And, as population increases, it will become increasingly important in sustaining human life. The oceans exchange energy with the air above in many subtle and interesting ways. As we learn more about them, we should be able to harness their vast potential for our own uses.

The expanding population of the world is expending the non-renewable resources of the land at an ever-increasing rate. The biological and chemical resources of the ocean, on the other hand, renew themselves naturally. It is the management of these potential resources that is the challenge of the young science of oceanography. Already oceanography is on the verge of solving at least some of the more immediate problems facing mankind.

Perhaps the first real breakthrough will be tying oceanography and meteorology together in such a way as to provide useful world-wide weather forecasts. Large electronic computers and modern communication systems make such a mating possible. To what benefit? Almost every form of human activity, particularly agriculture, would profit through better and longer range weather predictions.

The next logical step would be actually to manipulate the oceans so as to "make" weather. Hopefully we could even distribute rainfall more evenly or more abundantly on the land. This step alone would relieve the present food shortage in many parts of the world and permit farming over vast land areas now hardly used.

The biological management of the oceans themselves so as to produce the maximum sustained yield of food presents a more formidable problem, both politically and scientifically. But it is a problem, I believe, that can be solved.

The total yield of the ocean fisheries has been increasing very rapidly, doubling about every ten years. This trend can be expected to continue. Nevertheless, the potential biological yield is very much greater. Traditionally man has taken only a small percent of his diet from the sea. There are a number of reasons for this—simply, in some cases, because people don't like fish—but perhaps the most important is that fish are not easily or cheaply preserved. Chemical engineering has advanced to the point where this no longer need be an obstacle.

Strangely, the efficient management of the natural biological productivity of the sea is more of a political and social problem than a scientific one. There is the distinct possibility of the marine equivalent of agriculture. Yet until now, except for some specialized cases of shellfish production, we almost completely lack practical experience in this field. Especially we lack the equivalent of cheap fencing on land. Even now, however, there has been some experimentation with acoustical fences, and Maine sardine fishermen are using "bubble" fences—simple pipe with holes through which compressed air is forced. Fish are not inclined to pass these bubble fences. Not until such fencing is in universal use will fishermen become farmers.

Politically the barriers to aquaculture are even more formidable. The traditional lack of ownership of existing or potential resources of the salt water environment impedes practical experimentation. The concept of freedom of the seas, which developed gradually because the waters were considered almost worthless except for transportation and naval warfare, is diametrically opposed to their wise utilization. Even pilot plant operations are not practical under current law or local customs.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that for the most part scientists interested in the oceans have had to limit their efforts to understanding the marine environment rather than turning it to our use. While it cannot be claimed that this has yet been fully achieved, a vast store of mostly unused knowledge has been accumulated.

Very recently agreement has been reached as to the ownership of the subbottom resources of the North Sea; similar explorations by commercial companies are beginning in other areas, and there is every hope that similar agreements will be reached. These particular resources, oil and gas, are not renewable. The real challenge for the future is to solve the political as well as scientific problems and tap the many marine resources that cannot be destroyed by man. Solving these problems could well be a key to survival for millions.

C O'D. Iselin

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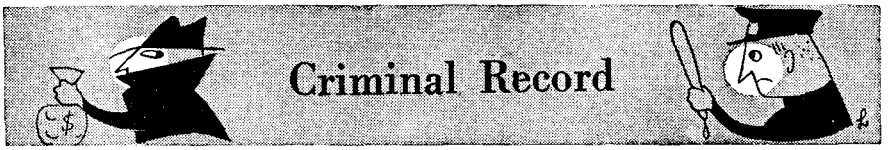

The Baron of Arizona. *By E. H. Cockridge. John Day.* $6.95. This is the factual story of what must be the hugest land swindle ever perpetrated (12 million acres); the victims included some of the shrewdest financiers of the time (the Eighties and Nineties) and the Union Pacific Railroad. The Baron—he picked the title himself; his real name was James Addison Reavis—was a smooth operator, and his life history is here smoothly and capably set forth. A reporter dug up the clue that led to the culprit's undoing.

Vicious Circle: The Case of the Missing Irish Crown Jewels. *By Francis Bamford and Viola Bankes. Horizon.* $5.95. The Dublin Castle jewels were first missed on July 6, 1907; as of this morning they are still missing. Politics, religion, arson, murder, libel suits, homosexuality are blended in a devil's brew that makes fascinating reading, even though the authors, through no fault of theirs, are unable to tie everything together in a neat knot.

The Killing Season. *By John Redgate. Trident.* $4.95. A savage spy thriller revolving around three American agents in East Berlin, one of whom is about to defect, this is a real humdinger. Action centers also include London, New York, Missouri farm country, Los Angeles area, north of England.

The Warlock. *By Wilson Tucker. Crime Club.* $3.95. This top-notch espionage recital takes in Gdansk (formerly Danzig), Moscow, East Berlin, West Berlin, Washington, St. Louis, the Ozarks. (Note to author and editor: p. 182, for *Frank L. Stimson* read *Henry L. Stimson.*)

The Seersucker Whipsaw. *By Ross Thomas. Morrow.* $4.95. Author of *The Cold War Swap* scores again (but not quite so heavily) with a lively yarn about an American political genius who takes his talents to sub-Sahara Africa. Runs the gamut from bawdy to bloody.

Let's Choose Executors. *By Sara Woods. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Goddaughter of well-heeled English widow is tagged for murder when her benefactress is poisoned; Antony Maitland, alert London barrister, handles case with his usual aplomb. Trial scenes are well up to snuff.

Death Is a Friend. *By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.50. English factory payroll heist plan goes sour when one member of trio conks out; woman trouble also a handicap. Well written, with fact action passages.

Code Name Sebastian. *By James Johnson. Lippincott.* $4.50. Wisconsin parson, touring Holy Land, survives plane crash only to find that one survivor is an Israeli spy, another a Russian agent. Moving and dramatic, with much soul-searching.

Weave a Wicked Web. *By Paul Kruger. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. Rural Colorado attorney takes on female client who won't tell all, but he gets the answers anyway; double crosses abound in noisy family chronicle; there are dead.

The Hochmann Miniatures. *By Robert L. Fish. New American Library.* $4.50. European free-lance smuggler accepts assignment that confronts him with ex-Nazi hatchet man whom he has sworn to kill. Ingeniously plotted performance includes tour of Lisbon.

Otley Pursued. *By Martin Waddell. Stein & Day.* $4.95. Out-of-the-rut undercover agent (British) and his mob post from London to Hastings to Ostend to Bruges in who's-on-first-who's-on-second embroilment; gals club boys—and vice versa? A real wild one.

Phantom Lady. *By William Irish. Introduction by James Nelson. Norton.* $3.95. First published in 1942, this book was followed by eleven others with the same by-line, but William Irish is really Cornell Woolrich. Happy reissue!

Follow the Toff. *By John Creasey. Walker.* $3.95. When organized crime collides with the Honourable Richard Rolleson, English gentleman eye, somebody's bound to get hurt. Here the villains are a counterfeiting mob. Superhot pursuit number. —SERGEANT CUFF.

WIT TWISTER #13

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:
How patiently she — — — —
the field
In hope of harvest's fullest yield!
One — — — — agape, her
— — — — home-spun,
She toils, serene, till work is done.

(*Answer on page* 62)

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE ART OF SPYING. By Enrico Altavilla. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

BLESSED ABOVE WOMEN. By Angus MacLeod. Roy. $3.50.

DARK INTERVAL. By Joan Aiken. Doubleday. $4.50.

ELLERY QUEEN'S ALL-STAR LINEUP. By Ellery Queen. New American Library. $5.95.

FLYING FINISH. By Dick Francis. Harper & Row. $4.95.

GOD SAVE THE MARK. By Donald E. Westlake. Random House. $3.95.

THE INSIDERS. By Susan Morrow. Doubleday. $3.95.

Current Affairs

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE: Chaos or Community? By Martin Luther King, Jr. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Fiction

END OF THE GAME AND OTHER STORIES. By Julio Cortázar. Pantheon. $5.95.

FIRE FROM HEAVEN. By Michel Bataille. Crown. $5.95.

THE FLAGELLANTS. By Carlene Hatcher Polite. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

THE FLAMINGOS. By Robert Somerlott. Little, Brown. $6.95.

GALAHAD AND I THOUGHT OF DAISY. By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $1.95. (Reissue.)

ORBIT 2: The Best Science Fiction of the Year. Edited by Damon Knight. Putnam. $4.95.

THE GLORY TENT. By William E. Barrett. Doubleday. $2.95.

PSYCHOGEIST. By L. P. Davies. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE SAILOR FROM GIBRALTAR. By Marguerite Duras. Grove. $5.95.

THE SECRET CIRCUS. By Richard Frede. Random House. $4.95.

'SIPPI. By John Oliver Killens. Trident. $5.95.

THE TICKET THAT EXPLODED. By William S. Burroughs. Grove. $5.

WOLF AT THE DOOR. By John Yount. Random House. $4.95.

History

AFTER VICTORY: Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, and the Making of the Peace. By William L. Neumann. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE COMING OF THE ITALIAN-ETHIOPIAN WAR. By George W. Baer. Harvard University Press. $9.50.

FLIGHT FROM THE REPUBLIC: The Tories of the American Revolution. By North Callahan. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.50.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY. By Russell F. Weigley. Macmillan. $10.

THE NEAR EAST: The Early Civilizations. By Jean Bottéro *et al.* Delacorte. $8.

THE ORIGINS OF MALAY NATIONALISM. By William R. Roff. Yale Univ. Press. $8.50.

ROAD TO MANDALAY. By Geoffrey Rawson. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR: A Military History; From Munich to Hiroshima. By Basil Collier. Morrow. $8.95.

THE SWASTIKA AND THE EAGLE: Hitler, the United States, and the Origins of World War II. By James V. Compton. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

THREE POPES AND THE JEWS. By Pinchas Lapide. Hawthorn. $6.95.

WILLIAM C. BULLITT AND THE SOVIET UNION. By Beatrice Farnsworth. Indiana Univ. Press. $7.50.

International Affairs

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION: Russia 1917-1967. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford Univ. Press. $3.75.

Literary History, Criticism

THE CORRESPONDENTS' WAR: Journalists in the Spanish-American War. By Charles H. Brown. Scribners. $8.95.

FICTION WITH A PURPOSE: Major and Minor Nineteenth-Century Novels. By Robert A. Colby. Indiana Univ. Press. $9.50.

THE LITERATURE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY RUSSIA: A History and Anthology. Edited by Harold B. Segel. Dutton. Two vols., $5.95 each.

RUDYARD KIPLING: Realist and Fabulist. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

Miscellany

THE EROTIC TRAVELER. By Sir Richard Burton. Edited by Edward Leigh. Putnam. $4.95.

KATE SIMON'S PARIS: Places and Pleasures; An Uncommon Guidebook. Putnam. $5.95.

LORE OF THE DOG. By Patricia Dale-Green. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

Personal History

ALEXANDER HAMILTON: A Profile. Edited by Jacob E. Cooke. Hill & Wang. $5.95.

THE BILLY MITCHELL AFFAIR. By Burke Davis. Random House. $7.95.

THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN: Volume Two, 1934-1939. Edited by Gunther Stuhlmann. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

A FORTUNATE MAN: The Story of a Country Doctor. By John Berger and Jean Mohr. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

THE JAIL DIARY OF ALBIE SACHS. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

MEMOIRS. By Clara Malraux. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.95.

A MEMORY OF VERMONT: Our Life in the Johnny Appleseed Bookshop. By Margaret Hard. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

A PRELUDE: Landscapes, Characters and Conversations from the Earlier Years of My Life. By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.50.

SIX FRANKS ABROAD: One Man's Sabbatical. By Charles E. Frank. World. $5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE ECUMENICAL REVOLUTION: An Interpretation of the Catholic-Protestant Dialogue. By Robert McAfee Brown. Doubleday. $5.95.

A MODERN PRIEST LOOKS AT HIS OUTDATED CHURCH. By Father James Kavanaugh. Trident. $4.95.

NEW FRONTIERS IN THEOLOGY: Discussions among Continental and American Theologians. Volume III: Theology as History. Edited by James M. Robinson and John B. Cobb, Jr. Harper & Row. $6.

THE NEW NUNS. Edited by Sister M. Charles Borromeo, C.S.C. New American Library. $4.95.

WORLDLY THEOLOGY: The Hermeneutical Focus of an Historical Faith. By Carl Michalson. Scribners. $5.95.

Sociology, Economics

BANKS OF THE WORLD. By Roger Orsingher. Walker. $10.

THE END OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE? By Georges Friedman. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY: Three Essays on Ideology and Development. By Raymond Aron. Praeger. $4.95.

THE SHAPING OF THE ARABS: A Study in Ethnic Identity. By Joel Carmichael. Macmillan. $7.95.

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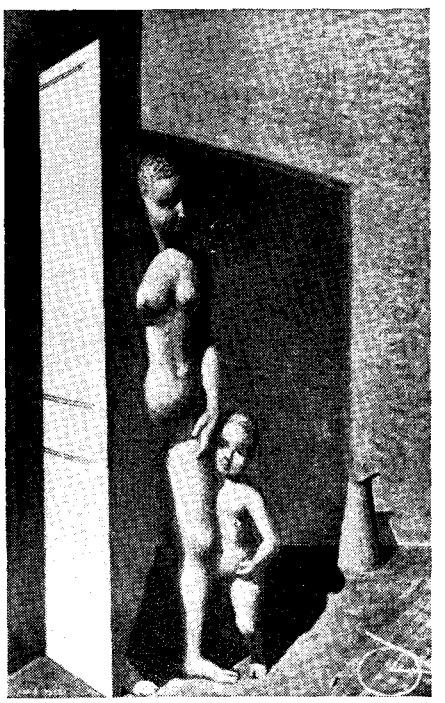
Art Under Mussolini

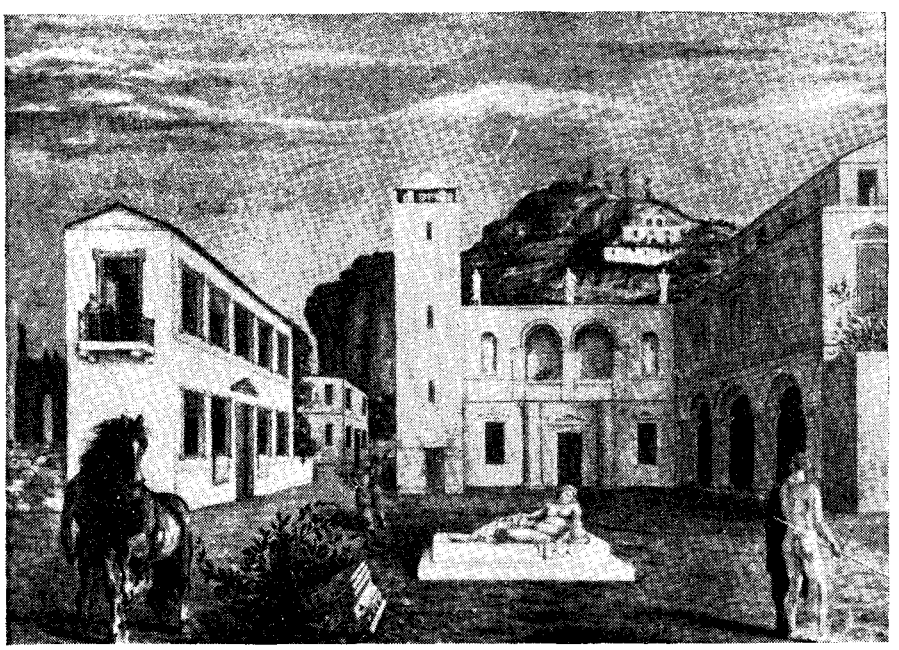
IN FLORENCE this spring the Italians installed an immense art show of considerable historic if not always of esthetic interest. Occupying four floors of the Palazzo Strozzi, the exhibition—called "Modern Art in Italy, 1915-1935"—was originally slated to open last November, but was delayed due to the flood. That it opened at all in that desperately scarred city is a testament to Florentine indominance. Limited to Italian paintings and sculpture produced between the two world wars and encompassing some 1,500 works by 250 artists, the show impressed me as over-large. In certain cases, decidedly minor figures were represented by a stream of repetitive examples. Though it was valuable to see several works by each artist, some stringent weeding might have clarified the survey. Then, too, the installation, with its spotty lighting and labyrinthian temporary walls, did not make those acres of art any easier to take.

But even so the exhibition was undeniably important, revealing as it did a full panorama of Italian painting and sculpture under Mussolini. During most of the period involved, starting with 1922, his government was in power. Evidence on the walls indicated that where art was concerned these were awkward years—too late for the great Futurist innovations and almost too late for de Chirico's proto-Surrealist ones, yet too early for the best of Italy's modern renaissance. When one asks why this fallow interlude suddenly wedged itself between two productive periods, the answer is not clear, for, despite political and social changes during Fascism, Italian art remained relatively free. To compare it to Soviet painting and sculpture is to realize how much more permissive was Italy's cultural atmosphere under a dictatorship than is the U.S.S.R.'s even today.

A long Italian tradition, to be sure, has insisted on the supremacy of personal dignity and individual expression. Every palace in Florence bears witness to this respect for the inviolability of humanism, whereas every palace in Russia, no matter how influenced by Italian prototypes, demonstrates the opposite. The Russians, early accustomed to monolithic czarist domination, accepted artistic restrictions more readily than did the Italians. Today only a few clumsy buildings and an occasional posturing statue remind us visually that Mussolini ever existed.

And yet, despite minimal signs of political pressure, the exhibition at the Palazzo Strozzi was characterized by such dull competence that a kind of sterile uniformity resulted. Quantities of happy peasant scenes were to be expected under a paternalistic dictatorship, but why





(Top) *Monument of Objects*, by Alberto Savinio—"Too often Cubism degenerated into decoration. . . ." (Center) *Mother and Son*, by Mario Tozzi—"Why there were so many tiresome nudes is anybody's guess." (Left) *Villa Romana*, by Giorgio de Chirico—"His landscapes, despite the inclusion of symbols he himself had made famous, were reduced to static decorations."

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there were so many tiresome nudes is anybody's guess—perhaps just a habit with the Latins. Certain artists understandably became expatriates during these years—de Chirico, de Pisis, Campigli, and, of course, Modigliani. The latter left the country earlier to spend his entire creative life in Paris. Yet the exhibition proved once again how much he owed to his native land—to the sensitive linear elegance of those early Italian Renaissance panels which still bear traces of Gothic elongations. For any artist, memories of Italy are not easily expunged, least of all for a native son.

To me it came as something of a surprise to read the opinions of Italian art critics, many of whom extravagantly saluted the show. One writer, Marziano Bernarid, critic of Turin's *La Stampa*, went so far as to say, "There are here the keystones of our modern artistic experience which lack only that adequate propaganda, in which France is insuperable, to place Italian art among the European peaks of this century." Such words carry patriotism a bit too far. For, in truth, the exhibition was lackluster except for the work of a few outstanding personalities like Modigliani; Morandi, who even more than thirty years ago produced tender, resolved paintings; Boccioni (poorly represented because his best work antedated 1915); Balla, in dazzling profusion; occasionally Severini; Carrà, here only interesting during 1917; and also de Chirico, only during pre-Mussolini years. Far from leading European traditions, most of the other artists slavishly followed the dictates of Paris.

What struck me repeatedly was how weak and dated the forgotten men seemed, how reassuringly vigorous the renowned ones remain. If nothing else the show demonstrated, counter to *La Stampa*'s critic, that publicity does not make the artist—only time and history do.

Pursuing numerous School of Paris influences, the survey wound through rooms filled with quaint Douanier Rousseau disciples, with dutiful but uninspired devotees of Bonnard, Fauvism, Expressionism, and Cubism. Juan Gris and, for some reason, Gleizes particularly appealed to the Italians at this time. Too often Cubism degenerated into decoration, and, indeed, much of the show was flawed by an emphasis on external ornamentation rather than internal analysis. Not surprisingly, this period also stressed mechanistic symbols, usually borrowed from Futurism but deployed in such obvious context as to neutralize all meaning. Everywhere heavy-handed memories of Cézanne via Derain persisted. During these years the Italians became imitators of imitators. Though they were not cut off from the mainstream of international art as were and are the Soviet artists, still they chose to accept bland substitutes, presumably in order to maintain the status quo.

It is interesting that the impact of Futurism was far more vital than that of Cubism, probably because Futurism originated in Italy. Sometimes, as with Pannaggi, this influence took on prettified modulations that deprived it of vigor. On the other hand, Mario Nannini, Baccio Maria Bacci, and Roberto Iras Baldessari, though now little known, were sprightly if minor disciples of the movement and, like all authentic lesser artists, enhanced the school of painting they followed by revealing its more intimate moments.

Occasional surprises were jarring. Take, for example, a bulky sculptural group of painted plodding figures by Lucio Fontana, an unexpected forerunner to his present-day incisive, immaculate abstractions. Though certain early sculpted heads by Manzù vaguely recalled his elusive ancestor, Medardo Rosso, a group of Manzù's paintings were sentimental enough to qualify as illustrations for Elsie Dinsmore. And Marino Marini's canvases were scarcely better. Judging by their early efforts, it is not surprising that both men gave up painting for sculpture. Incidentally, most of the sculpture on view leaned either toward watered-down abstractions or toward a type of classical pomposity that has always appealed to officialdom. The greatest eye-opener in the show, however, was Capogrossi, whose early work was entirely naturalistic and a far cry from his present bold, stylized patterns.

For me there were as many confirmations as there were unexpected jolts. More than thirty years ago Marini's figures were already showing signs of the artificial antiquity that eventually was to become their trademark, while even then his portrait heads were as penetrating psychologically as they are today. Guttuso was early given to overemotional exaggerations; he still is. De Pisis, a painter I have found overrated at times, emerged from the Strozzi show as an extraordinarily facile technician, but lacking in profundity or invention. Many artists, among them Prampolini, Campigli, Casorati, Mancini, and Sironi, who only recently were warmly recognized internationally, now seemed sadly dated. And still the exhibition was important if only because it revealed the rapid undermining of creative expression during the Fascist regime. Even certain Italians who escaped to France found it difficult to free themselves from the monotonous taint of their recent experiences at home.

During the Twenties, Severini and Carrà were producing little more than potboilers. At that time no evidence remained of those recent years when they and other pioneer Futurists were piloting Italian art to world leadership. In the exhibition, Carrà's paintings of 1917 were infused with a Freudian intensity that recalled de Chirico's metaphysical compositions of the same time, but shortly thereafter Carrà turned his back on experimentation to concentrate on banal figure compositions and saccharine landscapes. As for de Chirico, eight of his early drawings from 1915 underlined how consummately he manipulated ideas and how brilliantly he created a new kind of psychic space. Yet only a few years later, his landscapes, despite the inclusions of symbols that he himself had made famous, were reduced to static decorations.

There is, of course, no proof that Fascism changed the course of Italian art during the Twenties and Thirties, but the correlation of dates with the regression of painting and sculpture at the time is a coincidence not otherwise easily explained.

—KATHARINE KUH.

Painting by Felice Casorati—"only recently recognized internationally, now seems sadly dated."

Coming July 22—

A fascinating illustrated special report by Katharine Kuh on the various techniques being used to restore cultural treasures damaged by last year's disastrous floods in Italy.

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Venture at the 'Y'; Ballet Theatre Finale

GLITTERING surroundings, although contributing both luster and prestige to the dance in America, are not necessarily essential to the exploration, exploitation, and exposure of new dance talent. We have had, of course, both glitter and profound artistry in the engagements of the American Ballet Theatre, the New York City Ballet, Britain's Royal Ballet, and the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico in recent weeks at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater (designed primarily for dance) and the new Metropolitan Opera House. A half-million dance-goers saw new stars, new choreographers, new ballets, new dance adventures in these posh quarters.

Lincoln Center, in fact, has almost become a dance center. But there are, in New York City, more modest centers where American dance has been granted hearty nurturing. Of these, the lovely Kaufmann Concert Hall of the YM-YWHA is one of the most famous and one of the best. Here many major forces in the American dance profession have enjoyed either opportunities or triumphs or both. The newest of the "Y's" dance ventures was called, also modestly, "An Evening of New Dance Works," but it represented a stunning collaboration of young American dance talent in both ballet and modern dance.

The guiding spirit of this important off-Broadway dance venture was the American-born ballet master, choreographer, principal dancer, and composer —a veritable Renaissance man—of Canada's Royal Winnipeg Ballet, James Clouser, now on leave from his home base. Unlike most young dancers who want to go it alone in a New York concert, Clouser pulled a real coup by obtaining the very special talents of a remarkable group of young artists to share in his enterprise. Norman Walker, who heads his own company and who is one of the foremost modern dance leaders of our day, made one of his very infrequent appearances in choreography (Clouser's) other than his own. Also performing was Walker's superb leading lady, Cora Cahan.

Clouser not only engaged the brilliant young star of the José Limón company, Louis Falco, to appear in a new ballet; he also presided over young Falco's choreographic debut. This was a duet which Falco danced with another one of Limón's young stars, Sally Stackhouse. But that was by no means all, for Clouser secured the services of Sally Brayley, a true ballerina most recently associated with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet and a dancer of great dramatic force, the pixieish Linda di Bona of the Boston Ballet, plus the highly gifted Eric Hampton from the Juilliard Dance Ensemble, and several of Clouser's Winnipeg colleagues.

The dancing was absolutely first class and most of the choreography was worthy of its protagonists.

THE only light-hearted piece on the program was the opener, *Blanck*, a satire on the many clichés, the often adorable idiocies which occur and recur in a traditional *ballet blanc*," or "white ballet," such as *Swan Lake*. Clouser's choreographic comments ranged from Petipa to Balanchine, with, perhaps, a bit of seasoning from the way-out avant-garde of the Judson Church dance experimenters.

Blanck, a title which suggests that sometimes a *ballet blanc* can draw a blank, contains dance jokes which, very

Clockwise from top, Norman Walker, Sally Stackhouse, Louis Falco, James Clouser, Sally Brayley in "An Evening of New Dance Works"—"a stunning collaboration of young American dance talent. . . ."

—Jack Mitchell.

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possibly, only knowledgeable dance fans would recognize; thus, despite some good gags in movement, much of it represents self-indulgence on the part of the choreographer.

Profile of Silence, a *pas de deux* danced by Miss Brayley and the choreographer to a score originally composed at "an improvisation happening" by Clouser and Claude Pothier (a European musical director who has conducted for Rudolf Nureyev), is a powerful piece which incorporates in its brilliant and biting movement designs the attractions, the repulsions, the indifferences, and the cruelties, physical as well as emotional, of a tormented man-woman relationship.

The finest theater piece on the program was Clouser's *The Heart of Shame,* an extension of a work originally commissioned for television (and presented with great success) by the United Church of Canada. Its surface story is of Eden and of Adam, Eve, God, and Satan. But its choreographic thrusts probe the human beings of any era and remind us that we are all subject to temptation as well as duty, desire as distinct from love, that both deity and devil do battle within us, and that very often we cannot distinguish between the two.

In this ballet, combining classical ballet movement with a great deal of modern dance and set to one of Clouser's finest scores, the viewer could be stirred not only by the dramatic conflicts of the theme but also by a command of pure form, of choreographic design, of what might be called dance architecture—the choreographic edifice in which dancing has its life—architecture which reminded me on several occasions of the principles set down by the late, great Doris Humphrey in her book, *The Art of Making Dances.* Clouser choreographed well for himself (as Adam) in this new work, but more important, he made excellent use of the highly individual talents of Walker (moving with virile majesty as the god figure), Falco (the devil-serpent), and Miss Cahan (Eve) in a work of purposely disturbing content but of diverting theatrical intent.

Falco's first choreography, *Argot,* set to music of Béla Bartók (Third String Quartet) and with highly effective mobiles, costumes, and lighting by Clyde Morgan, won and earned bravos from the audience. It is about a boy-girl relationship (the Clouser duet, as I noted, is about a man-woman relationship and thus is fiercer, less dewy). Miss Stackhouse and Falco danced it with a movement beauty and a radiance of spirit which attracted the eye and touched the heart. It was abundantly clear also that in Falco we have more than a dancer of remarkable powers; we have a choreographer of great promise.

Before New Yorkers witnessed this challenging and important off-Broadway dance event, thousands of balletomanes were attending the final performances of the American Ballet Theatre at the New York State Theater. Among the highlights provided by a company which boasts, I think, the best corps de ballet in the world, were a revival (and revision) of Antony Tudor's *Undertow* (to the specially commissioned score by William Schuman); an unforgettable performance of Tudor's *Dark Elegies* with its powerful exploitation of the oldest design in dance, the circle (the ancients danced around mysterious, magical, and sacred objects); and the bright emergence of new stellar talent (a regular Ballet Theatre feature!).

—*Jack Mitchell.*

Ted Kivitt—"elegance of line, lyrical flow, and prodigious virtuosity."

Undertow introduced a newcomer, Stevan-Jan Hoff, in the key role of the Transgressor, a part originally created by Hugh Laing. The young man did a superlative job of revealing the torments of a youth driven from rejection to murder. The troupe's prima ballerina, Toni Lander, gave a feral and wonderfully vivid portrait of the dual role of the Transgressor's mother and subsequent victim, Medusa. Impressive, too, was Bjarne Buchtrup as Pollux, the symbol of lasting youth.

GEORGE BALANCHINE'S aristocratic and gloriously patterned abstract ballet, *Theme and Variations,* in one of its final performances of the season, had Ted Kivitt as the *premier danseur,* and this young artist, who has excelled in a variety of assignments, went on to new and dazzling heights in a classical challenge which demanded of him elegance of line, lyrical flow, and prodigious virtuosity. Kivitt is by all odds the best interpreter of this part since Igor Youskevitch, for whom it was created twenty years ago.

Mr. Kivitt, I'm happy to report, was promoted to the rank of principal dancer at the close of the American Ballet Theatre's run. Elevated also were Veronica Mlakar, and that ballerina discovery of the year, Cynthia Gregory.

Incidentally, the American Ballet Theatre will not only return to the State Theater for four weeks next spring, but it will also play an engagement in contemporary ballets only (no *Swan* Lakes, no *Sylphides,* etc.) November 28 through December 10 at the New York City Center.

—WALTER TERRY.

—*Martha Swope.*

Stevan-Jan Hoff and Toni Lander in a scene from *Undertow.*

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On Tour with the Overprivileged

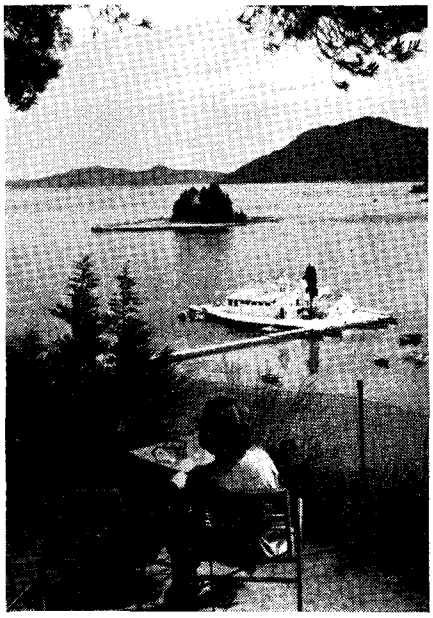
Until now the vast bulk of books on Europe have been pinch-penny theories: they tell you how to live in intelligent poverty . . . to utilize public transport . . . public conveniences and public houses. It is high time that the neglected rich were given a few eclectic pointers on how to have a really good holiday. . . . Personally I hate discomfort and feel no embarrassment about enjoying myself in the most luxurious way I can afford. . . . I can see no reason why people who have worked hard should not enjoy the fruits of their labors to the last pip.

—CHARLES GRAVES, in *The Rich Man's Guide to Europe.*

WELL, THANKS to Mr. Graves and *hommage à Louis XIV*, the overprivileged are no longer being overneglected. Mr. Graves's invaluable handbook for Hohenzollerns and other practitioners of the high life is part of a renaissance, a rejuvenation in thought. It is no longer indecent to worry about the overprivileged, and so there has been an outcropping of handbooks on how to be rich and enjoy it, a number of new travel agencies which advise people how to travel for pleasure though frightfully well-heeled, and a proliferation of agents eager to charter the *Queen Mary* for a private cruise, or sell somebody a private island.

Fellow called Max Grant, who decamps on Miami Beach, for instance, has a 325-acre island in a river near New Smyrna Beach, Florida, for sale at $250,000. He has a seventy-five-acre island near a causeway in Venice, Florida, that's begging for an owner who can raise $150,000. Also a $500,000 island in the Atlantic off Homestead, Florida, which includes quite a parcel of submerged land. Bring your own flippers and sign the contract with a pen that writes underwater. Mr. Grant also has islands in Maine, in the Bahamas, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and even in Fiji. The most expensive listing is none of these, however, but part of an island and some submerged land in Alabama (is that redundant?) that will be turned over to a new owner for $3,000,000.

The New York store of Abercrombie & Fitch harbors an agency called Adventures Unlimited which can dispatch the hitherto neglected rich off to Botswana to bag a springbok, or if not that, a gemsbok, or perhaps a greater kudu. Costs for the twenty-two-day safari begin at $3,600. Adventures Unlimited has summer ski tours for rich neglected teen-agers ($1,750 for forty-eight days), mountain treks to Nepal ($695 for fifteen days plus transportation), and safaris in East Africa with Lt. Col. and Mrs. Hilary Hook, who can take five guests at a time in their house in the ranching country along the slopes of Mount Kenya. Seven miles of trout streams, private African staff, and an opportunity to enjoy one's labors to the last pip (from $1,400 per person for twenty-one days).



—*Silberstein (Monkmeyer).*

Cocktails on Corfu—Cruising the Greek islands aboard a chartered yacht is on every millionaire's agenda.

UP at Saks Fifth Avenue, the travel agency known as Ports of Call stands ready to book those suffering from total ennui aboard a balloon, a helicopter, or a junk; put them up in windmills, houseboats, castles, and monasteries, the latter for men only. It arranges private yachts, private cars, private airplanes, and can produce a list of dog-walkers, taxidermists, and detective agencies anywhere in the world. One of its partners, Miss Susan Stein, once called Mr. Charles Tillinghast, Jr., who is president of TWA, because one of her clients, a Mr. Truman Capote, couldn't get his dog aboard a TWA plane.

Among Ports of Call's offerings this season is a trip to the island of Manua, which can be reached by outrigger canoe from Pago Pago, but even at that, only when the tide is right; a voyage by eskimo-dog train through the Yukon Valley; or a llama pack train trip to the foothills of Chocaltaya Mountain, a hillock in Bolivia inhabited by Aymara Indians. Also, fishing in Lapland, crocodile shooting in Australia, and sky diving in Clewiston, Florida.

BESIDES Miss Stein, daughter of Jules Stein, chairman of the board of MCA, the partners in Ports of Call include Charles de Guigne, son of Christian de Guigne III, chairman of the board of Stauffer Chemical; Christian de Guigne IV, brother of Charles; Miriam Marshall, an Australian born in Israel of Polish parents (her mother is the Countess Sophia Sozanskei), who has lived among the aborigines of Australia and among the tourists of Honk Kong; and Viscount Moore, son of the Earl of Drogheda, managing director of the London *Financial Times* and chairman of the Royal Opera House. These partners do not pale Miss Stein, who studied Chinese at Columbia, played a feature role on Broadway in *Take Her, She's Mine*, sings folk songs in fourteen languages, graduated from Vassar, and went aloft in a balloon over Holland to see if it would be amusing for her clients. She got her picture in *Life*, but so far nobody has signed up to go to heaven in a basket.

Besides a travel agency, Saks, until last month, also had as a travel wardrobe consultant Miss Peggy Scott-Duff, an Englishwoman who parts her last name in the middle. Having lived in Scotland, been to boarding school in England, traveled throughout Europe and South America, Peggy Scott-Duff was advertised as a woman of exquisite taste, fully informed on the peculiarities of dress in every port for any way of life—presumably including parachute jumping in Clewiston, Florida, and ballooning in Holland. She now has the title of fashion coordinator.

Heaven knows how many are left at this juncture of the season, but Wakefield, Fortune, Inc., on 58th Street in Manhattan, keeps more than 100 handchosen boats under contract in Greece, waiting for the charterer. One of the best boats, not to be confused with the S.S. *France*, rents for $7,500 a week for a party of ten, or $750 per person per week, or a little over $100 a day. But that includes meals. It is also possible to lease a Greek *caique* for $2,270. It holds twenty-four people, who pay $95 each for the week. To be sure, one must add the air fare to Greece.

Of course no rich traveler would dip one toe outside the precincts of Grosse Pointe without a copy of *The Millionaire's Dairy* on hand. I was going to say "under his arm," but the ruddy thing weighs about eight pounds, including as

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it does advice on such topics as fox hunting, cruising de luxe, *corsetières*, dog parlours, bodyguards, and whale hunting. It provides such information as the address and phone number of Pheasantry Studios, which has the exclusive rights for the works of Pietro Annigoni, highest paid portrait artist in the world (about $45,000). It knows where to get your face lifted in Berlin (Dr. Gerd Gelinsky, Kurfürstendamm 213), or where to get your dog washed in London (Shampoodle, 9 St. John's Wood High St. N.W.8). How to arrange a wolf hunt by airplane, a practice of Northern Ontario, is within this book's ken, and so is the telephone number (2770) of Allwyn Cooper, Ltd., of New Delhi, which specializes in setting up tiger shoots. In London, Vacheron and Constantin will slit your gold coin in twain, and make of it a watch, all for about $1,200 plus the gold coin.

BESIDES listing the days of the month and the events where one really ought to be, *The Millionaire's Guide* lists such necessities of the traveler's life as restaurants, including a sample menu from the Mirabelle on Curzon Street in London, which would come to about $60 for two:

CAVIAR DE BELUGA
BARSACS A LA CRACOVIENNE
QUENELLES DE BROCHET AU VIN BLANC
EPAULE DE PAUILLAC ROTI
ASPERGES DE LAURIS
PECHES FLAMBEES MIRABELLE

For those who don't wish to be alone in a big city, the book suggests hiring a social secretary; Tappin and Tew at 38 East 57th Street, for instance. Ladies in need of a wig in Paris should consult with Carita, 11 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. Queens and princesses patronize the Carita sisters, who keep a stock of 200 wigs, each with half-a-million human hairs, including the products of blondes from Scandinavia and brunettes from Italy and Spain.

In the final analysis, however, it is Mr. Graves's *Rich Man's Guide to Europe* that is positively brimful of the fine points of traveling first class. He knows that guns on a first-class grouse moor work out at $1,200 a week, that some lodges for shooting in Scotland cost $3,000 per fortnight. The two best pheasant shoots belong to the Marquess of Bristol and Earl Mountbatten, and they cost no less than $400 a day.

In judging a hotel, Mr. Graves sniffs at it. Does it take groups, he may inquire? How big are its bath towels, does it have a public address system? Piped in music? Do its bartenders turn their backs to the customer when mixing drinks? Do the wine waiters ruin good brandy by heating the glass with a flame? He calls the finest hotel in Europe the Schloss Laudon, a seventeenth-century castle restored by Alfred Weiss, a millionaire coffee dealer from El Salvador. In the Graves image, it surpasses Claridge's, the Paris Ritz, Brenners in Baden-Baden, the Hostal de la Gavina in S'Agaro, and the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo. Besides pool and nine-hole golf course, it has a pond where you can catch your own trout, suites decorated in Biedemeier, Empire baroque, and English rococo, its own fruit trees, and a shuttle service to Vienna twenty minutes away.

To be properly tutored, the rich man ought to know, and Mr. Graves tells them, that the smartest nightclub in London is Annabel's, the fashionable game to play at a casino is Tout Va, that German red wine isn't worth drinking (but the cold venison pie is great), and that one doesn't wear a white dinner jacket in the South of France nor mention the Elgin Marbles in Greece. *En voiture,* everyone, but for Pete's sake remember, *Noblesse oblige*!

—HORACE SUTTON.

Lion in Tanzania awaits the well-heeled adventure-seeker —"to bag a springbok . . . or perhaps a greater kudu."

—Philcarol (Monkmeyer).

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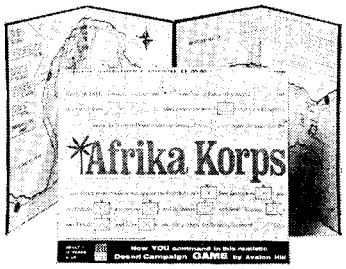

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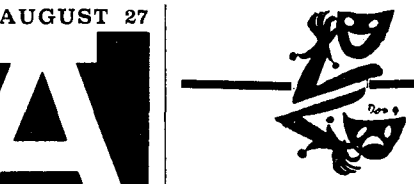

Once Over Lightly

IT IS NOT too surprising when a luxury liner that thinks of everything comes up with the notion of providing live theater for its passengers. Indeed, the S.S. *France* began this back in 1964 during one of its winter cruises. Recently, however, the French Line decided to add a further refinement to the idea by offering the same actors in the same plays first in English and then in French. Since the plays run less than an hour, a theatergoer who has difficulty following rapid French dialogue can acquaint himself with the English version of the play and then, after a ten-minute intermission, experience it more comfortably in French.

Obviously, this "Theatre de *France*," as the project is called, does not always invite comparison with the other Theatre de France, which is the company of Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault. Because it must perform on the shallow front of a stage designed for the showing of motion pictures, Theatre de *France* limits itself to simple productions of short and preferably light plays involving only two performers. Then, too, since these performers are often French actors somewhat unsure of their English, their work is not a fair sample of what they can do. Even in the French version, some of the actors find that at a moment when they are thinking of their next line often the English translation pops into their heads instead.

On a recent crossing, the play was a typical boulevard comedy by André Roussin called *A Woman Who Tells the Truth*. The story goes that Roussin set out to write it as a vehicle for Suzanne Flon, the French star who had triumphed in his earlier play *The Little Hut*. But when Mlle. Flon inquired about the progress of the play a few months later, M. Roussin explained to her: "Suzanne, I have created a woman who is exactly you, all frankness, all directness, all truth. I have begun with a scene between this woman's husband and her lover as they set out to explore her character. When they finish, the doorbell rings. It is you. But unfortunately before you can enter, the curtain falls and the play is over."

During the English performance, in what the French Line proudly asserts is the largest theater afloat (664 seats), actor Jacques Sereys—formerly of the Comédie-Française—as the lover, and Pierre Jourdan as the husband wage a valiant uphill fight with the langauge difficulties. Yet their willingness to make the fight catches the audience's sympathy and in a way makes the characters they are playing seem more attractive.

In French, the actors are much more relaxed, and the audience response is much greater. It is, of course, a very French dish. The husband has a happy marriage with a woman he adores but who no longer interests him sexually. And he permits her complete freedom to take her pleasure with whomever she may fancy, as does he. Suddenly the husband finds a farewell letter from his wife saying that she "will not continue to live a ludicrous lie." Now ensues the amusing paradox that the lover seems to be more upset than the husband. This is followed by a good deal of sophisticated examination of the situation, and one

ironic line is worth remembering. The husband says to the lover: "If she has been playing at love with *you*, then she's been playing at happiness with *me*."

Unfortunately, M. Roussin's play is better at creating such interesting conjectures than it is at arriving at the truth of the matter, which may be why the author had to drop the curtain without letting the woman speak for herself. Yet this little play, and some of the others on the schedule, which includes Sacha Guitry's *Let's Make A Dream*, Jerome Kilty's *Dear Liar*, and *The Awesome Lovers*, should entertain audiences and, more importantly, act as an introduction to sophisticated theatergoing for many transatlantic travelers.

Does the project justify the considerable expense? Statistically, it has been a success, with nearly 90 per cent of the passengers attending. Psychologically, too, it has provided a nice change from the routine of films and TV. And philosophically it is highly visible evidence of the French Line's genuine desire to please its passengers in an original way.

—HENRY HEWES.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

The correct sequence: eels, hind, lion, lamb, calf, toad, ape, sheep, dog, boar, deer, hare.

MR. ZIP SAYS:

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. . . Now, Back to Our Commercial

IS THE DAY soon coming when commercials on television will be interrupted by commercials? If so, viewers will look back longingly to a time when only programs were interrupted by commercials. The gay deception on television wherein an institutional or promotional sell is only superficially costumed as a piece of entertainment is no novelty. The two grandest annual events are the Oscar and Emmy Awards—the one touting the motion picture industry and the other ritualizing the television industry's self-adulation. These are long, glamorous commercials interrupted by short, glamorous commercials. They can be easily avoided precisely because they are so widely publicized in advance.

The viewer may find evasive tactics more difficult in the future, however, because television gives signs of baiting the trap more unobtrusively. Two independent examples, viewed recently within a few prime-time nights of each other, suggest that there may be a trend in the making. One commercial masquerading as entertainment was an ABC-TV feature about Twiggy, the English fashion model on a visit to Hollywood; the other not-so-delicately disguised pitch, on NBC-TV, was an hour long trailer for the forthcoming James Bond movie, *You Only Live Twice*.

Both of these television programs were specials, but the brazenness with which they were presented as entertainment suggests that the program decision-makers at these two networks could be toying with the notion of presenting regular series of sales-within-sales messages. CBS, I believe, has a long-standing policy of not accepting editorial or sales pitches designed as entertainment. The James Bond special, on NBC-TV, was packaged by the producers of the 007 films. Though it bore the title *Welcome To Japan, Mr. Bond* it was as patent an advance sell for *You Only Live Twice* as an old National Screen Service trailer.

A plot line was as feebly woven as in a conventional product commercial. A secretary in 007's home office and a female movie star both wonder who the Ian Fleming hero will marry in his next film. Their respective investigations trigger flashbacks to old 007 scenes that recall his former flames. It's as crude as that—no answer given, come see the film. In this process, the essential ingredients of the James Bond mystique—violence, sex, and lethal gadgetry are abstracted from all former plots and threaded together in peak-to-peak leaps of impact.

According to the most competent Madison Avenue pitchmen, this is what a hard sell does; it cuts away all extraneous clutter, plot, characterization, suspense, and fuses the fist and the fire in the belly to hit the customer where it counts—in the pocketbook. This is a show? The name of a regulatory commission that would oversee such coding of symbols would be Foolproof Customer Communication.

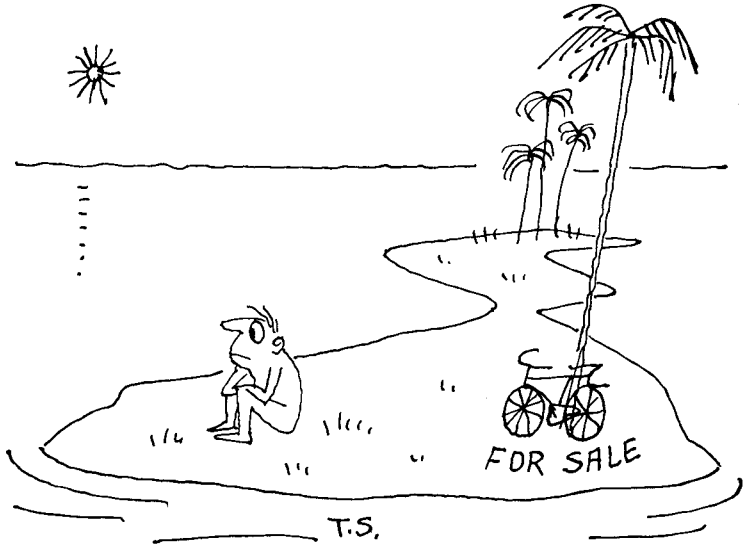
THE hour-long Twiggy commercial on ABC-TV was worse. Death and beds, in the Bond films, have rudimentary meaning. Twiggy is a financial institution camouflaged as a fashion model. The program had no other intrinsic aim than to enhance the institution. The tall, spare young fashion model wandered giggling and vacuous, with two male companions, about Hollywood movie studios and parties. Hand-held cameras followed her frenetically, and wild tapes caught the sounds of wisdom that fell from her lips as she voiced such neo-realisms as: "It's a fantastic feeling, really groovy!" Hair in wind, quick cuts—they were selling the image of sweet seventeen, international celebrity style. One was reminded of the classic line in Merle Miller's book, *Only You, Dick Daring*, with which a Hollywood agent describes the formula for successful pilot production—a plot that moves "fast, fast, no introspection, no navel!"

This program had commercials within commercials within commercials. The conversation at a party for Twiggy, marching to close-ups of lusty, peasant gastronomy ran thus high: "Hey, did you see the Hertz answer to Avis?" "Yeah, they left themselves wide open with that line!" "Hey, have you seen that ad for Ruben's rye bread in New York?" The problem for the viewer, if this Twiggy-007 murmur grows, will be to separate the genuine commercials from the spurious. The real ones, you hear people say, are better than the programs.

DAVID G. Lyon, a Westport, Connecticut, advertising man who wrote a book, *Off Madison Avenue*, has suggested to managers of television stations that they run nothing but commercials (unsponsored) one day a month in the early-morning hours. The author thinks that professionals in the agency business would be glad for the chance to see what's being turned out "without having to endure the dreary intervening programs." The commercial broadcasters will never do it; but the educational television people might—not only as a specialized service to a minority group, but as an opportunity for the general viewer to keep up with new television commercials.

Selective viewers, then, with public TV getting better all the time, could then do almost all their viewing without having to watch commercials interrupted by commercials. They could get their entertainment raw and their commercials naked—purity without price. The time might come when ETV would stage its own annual "Eddie," a commercial for itself. The height of the irony of sell, then, would be for ETV to give a special award for the best genuine commercial of the year. That's the only category left out of the Emmy Awards.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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Onward and Upward with the Institute

THIS COUNTRY now has a national film foundation known as the American Film Institute, and, although it was not formed officially until June 5 of this year, the seeds of controversy about its aims, functions, and purposes had been sown long before. Actually, the criticism, much of which came from disgruntled members of the splintered non-Hollywood film community, was based on insufficient knowledge of the plans being drawn for the institute. Fire was laid especially on a $100,000 grant by the National Council on the Arts to the Stanford Research Institute, which stubbornly—and quite properly—refused to make public its findings; but these will appear in due time, and they will of course serve as a guide to the twenty-two-member advisory council of the film institute and to its new director and chief executive officer, George Stevens, Jr.

One fear of film teachers such as Cecile Starr, and also of William Starr, executive secretary of the American Federation of Film Societies, was that the new institute would be "Hollywood-oriented." Gregory Peck, acting chairman of the board of trustees during the preliminary planning phases that led to the formation of the institute, took note of this fear during a statement he made at an institute press luncheon held in Washington on June 5. He spoke of the "excessive commercialism which . . . has become so unfortunately identified with the American film." These words might well appear ironic, coming as they do from one so long identified with the commercialism of the American film. After all, the salary paid to Mr. Peck to appear in only one film might well provide the entire budgets for three or four non-Hollywood feature films.

Nevertheless, Peck proved to be an excellent choice as the leader of the exploratory work for the institute. And the announced objectives of the institute have hardly a trace of "Hollywood orientation." They include, on the other hand, such estimable aims as the assisting of film education in practical ways, the promotion of film appreciation generally, the sponsoring of experimental film projects, and the coordination of film archive and research activities.

However, much watchful interest will be focused on just how the more than $5,000,000 funding of the institute will be invested during the initial three-year period for which it is earmarked. Of this funding, $2,600,000 came from the National Council on the Arts (with the Ford Foundation participating), another $1,300,000 from the Motion Picture Association of America, and the last $1,300,000 remains to be raised from private and corporate sources. If suspicion is created by that grant from the MPAA, it should be scotched by firm statements already made from all involved that no strings have been attached to the use of the granted funds.

George Stevens, Jr., it seems to me, is a wise choice to head the institute programs. The son of renowned director George Stevens, a young man with considerable working experience in film, he proved himself in five years of service as the head of the USIA film program. Without any doubt, he was mainly responsible for revitalizing government film-making; for during his tenure he gave opportunities to several gifted film-makers who created fine examples of documentary cinema. Among those he attracted to the government documentary were James Blue, Bruce Herschensohn, and Charles Guggenheim, and it can be expected that these and other talents he uncovered will be given opportunities in experimental and feature work. No reason not to encourage the best talent, wherever it might be hiding.

For it is from actual film-making, in and outside the studio, that the institute will best be able to develop and define quality. Advanced study centers are to be formed, and these will stress the craft of cinema under working conditions. Mr. Stevens, however, will have to face a virtual barrage of complaint and criticism when it comes to the commissioning of feature works. Documentary is relatively safe, but when it comes to the fictional film and the film that provides entertainment along with a hoped for significance, the fur is going to fly. Who will evaluate the projects proposed to the institute? How free will the script writer and director be to develop their material? These are problems that remain to be worked out, and for assistance Stevens will have that twenty-two-member board of trustees as advisors.

THERE does exist legitimate cause of complaint that not all areas of potential help to the institute have been drawn upon for the formation of the board of trustees. I myself might have some question as to just how Elizabeth Ashley, actress, can serve the cause of new film-making in this country, no matter how talented and intelligent she may be. While Arnold Picker, executive vice president of United Artists, has shown his public spiritedness on many occasions, he should nevertheless, it seems to me, be balanced by someone in the independent field—Walter Reade, Jr., perhaps, or Don Rugoff. The rebel groups who have created the so-called underground cinema are not represented at all; a sympathetic critic such as Andrew Sarris might have been of value here. Francis Ford Coppola is a young and talented writer-director, but he is a basically Hollywood talent, after all. And there is that large West Coast contingent made up of Peck, George Seaton, Dan Taradash, Sidney Poitier, Fred Zinnemann, and Jack Valenti, who heads the MPAA. They are fine people all, they are undoubtedly sympathetic to the creation of a new cinematic movement in this country, but do they have the wide experience that will enable them to distinguish the persuasive self-servers from the genuinely gifted potential film-makers? This will remain to be proved, and it is perfectly possible that the board will act in a wise fashion.

ON the other hand, bringing Richard J. Walsh, president of the couple of theatrical employees' unions, into the act as a trustee is an excellent idea, for the union situation must be liberalized if new film-makers are to be given a genuine chance. David Mallery, an educator with long experience in film studies, is a fine choice, as is my *SR* colleague Arthur Knight, who has long devoted himself to writing, teaching, and criticism in the film field and has shown a broad range of sympathies. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and the Reverend John Culkin, S.J., director of the communications center at Fordham University, should be able to provide ideas, and Bruce Herschensohn and Richard Leacock will represent documentary film-makers. Really, the worst that can be said about the board is that it does have an Establishment coloration, and this can lead to cautiousness where anything but cautiousness should prevail.

The board and Stevens will get down to business at a first meeting in July. Projects will be announced shortly thereafter, at which point the rebel yells will grow louder and more strident. But, for the first time, we are emulating other countries in fostering a film institute. Those in Britain, France, Poland, Italy, and Czechoslovakia have made important contributions to cinema and the spreading of knowledge about it. The same thing will undoubtedly happen here. Above all, what is being acknowledged is that the commercial spirit has far too long dominated the American film and that a counterforce has been long overdue. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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—M. Desjardins.

Xenakis (with Mrs. Xenakis in the background)—"a style that expresses the violence of his memories. . . ."

SR/ RECORDINGS

IANNIS XENAKIS: FORMULA FOR NEW MUSIC
By Jan Maguire **51**

ON DISCOVERING SZYMANOWSKI
By Oliver Daniel **54**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Recordings Editor **56**

RECORDINGS REPORTS I
Orchestral LPs **58**

CAPITAL GINASTERA IN WASHINGTON
By Robert Jacobson **59**

RECORDINGS **REPORTS II**
Miscellaneous LPs **60**

THE LONDON "FAUST"
By Robert Lawrence **61**

AFFORDING HIGH FIDELITY
By Ivan Berger **62**

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **63**

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **65**

IANNIS XENAKIS: FORMULA FOR NEW MUSIC

By JAN MAGUIRE

UP THE ROAD through the street market of the hilly rue des Martyrs toward Montmartre, where hunched-over septuagenarian widows shop on the old-age pension of 60 cents a day, bellicose middle-aged housewives haul string bags loaded with potatoes and leeks, and laughing, fighting youngsters spill across the steep, narrow, cobblestoned street, we picked our finicky way to Xenakis's studio. Iannis Xenakis, whose name makes people start—either in rage or in intrigue—expects a complete overhaul of the format in which music has laced itself up for the past thousand years and which suddenly has become too small.

Xenakis is a Greek, born of a wealthy business family in Rumania, who fought in the Greek Resistance during the war, while he was attending the Athens Institute of Technology. After having been in and out of jail several times (as he points out, it was the Resistance that lost in Greece) and after having had the left side of his face flattened out in combat, he was banned from his country and now lives in Paris, where he has taken out French citizenship. In France he has studied music with Arthur Honegger and Olivier Messiaen, and he has worked in the architectural bureau of Le Corbusier to earn his living. He continues writing mathematical and architectural essays, while composing music and carrying on musical-mathematical research that already has altered the course of the future of music.

Xenakis was not in his studio when we arrived, so we went two blocks down the street to his home. We were greeted by Mrs. Xenakis, a modern young woman in slacks, whose short, dark hair, cropped close around her face, and dark-rimmed glasses gave the impression of a person of determination—but whose soft and natural graciousness, somehow, was not surprising for the wife of a musical iconoclast whose methods are kind and systematic. She explained that her husband had been with the technicians of the French Pavilion at the Montreal Expo 67 all day and was late returning. Cat-like, she cuddled up in an armchair and explained in monosyllabic simplicity, "The French Pavilion has a hole in the middle. They asked him to fill it up. With lights, light flashes every hour for eight minutes, with music." She spoke in detached phrases, absorbed in her thought. "He works night

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and day. Leaves here at 9 in the morning, comes back for a quarter of an hour to have lunch with his daughter at 12:45, again at night from 8 to 9; then he goes back to his studio until 1 or 2 in the morning. He stands up all the time. There are no chairs there. Only tables, with long sheets of paper on them, and pencils. That's all. Killing. For months he's been working on this thing." A lovely ten-year-old with flowing, waist-length hair came in. We remarked that she was well on the way to young womanhood, a remark which Mrs. Xenakis affirmed with a nod of her head and with a twinkle in her eye. The young lady shook hands politely, then went to listen to Stravinsky on the radio.

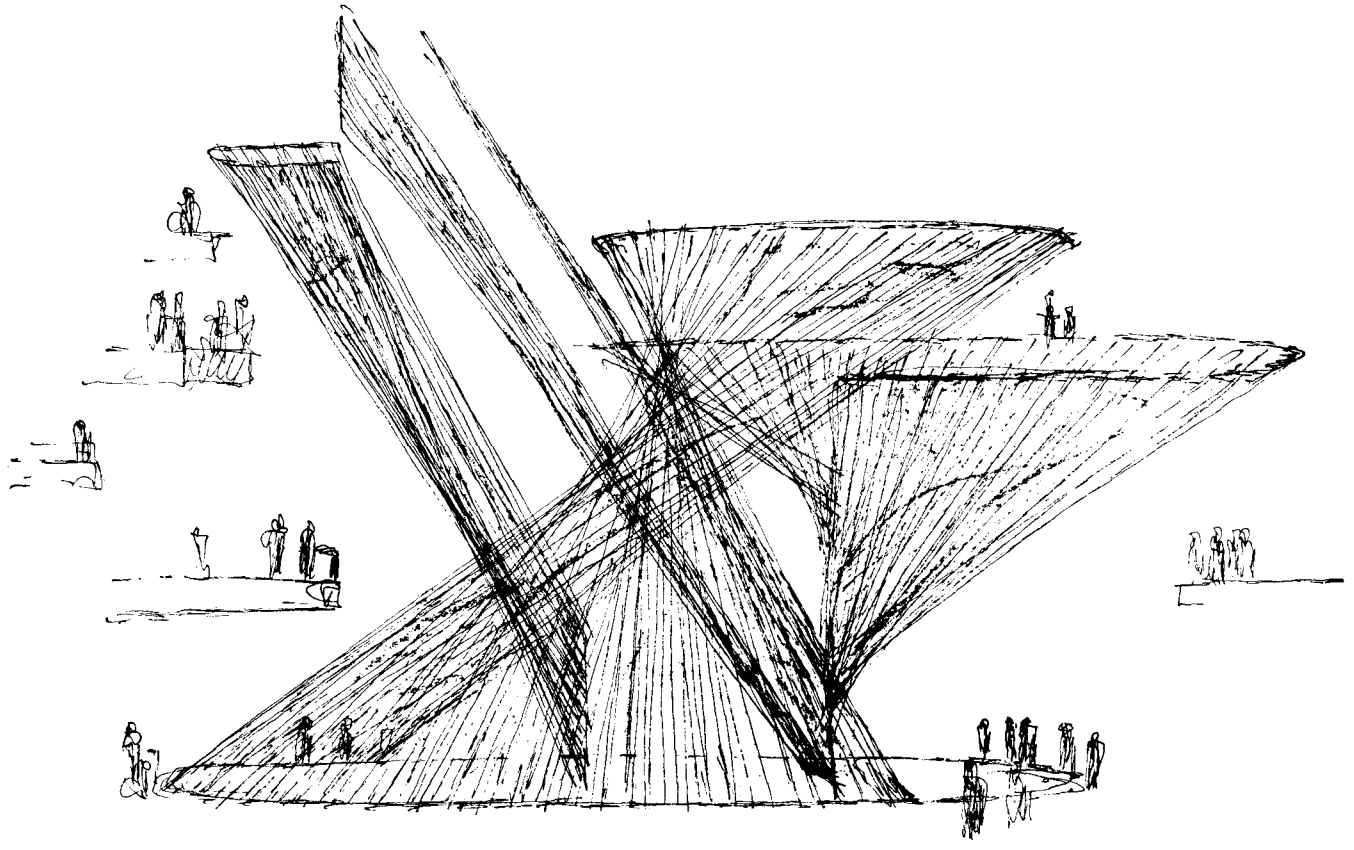
"He doesn't eat, Xenakis," continued Mrs. Xenakis. "A glass of water for breakfast, a slice of ham for lunch, a spoon of soup for dinner. Sometimes he goes pale, but he won't admit it's from hunger. I put bananas around his studio. At night sometimes, when it is 2 in the morning and he still is not home, I wake up in a cold sweat and rush out of the house over to the studio. I imagine him lying unconscious on the floor. He laughs. He thinks I'm funny." Mrs. Xenakis, who was a member of the French Resistance during the war, received the highest decorations for heroism when she saved several lives when she was only thirteen years old. She doesn't like to talk about herself, but when pressed she bashfully admits, "Me, I'm a writer. I write novels."

Xenakis entered – a lean, handsome man of forty-four whose gentle, unassuming presence dominates the room– and apologized politely for being late. "Do you mind if I take off my jacket? My tie?" he asked. After explaining that his afternoon's thorny task had been to request $84,000 for the material with which he would fill up the French Pavilion's central tunnel for Expo 67, he talked briefly about his new research group called the Group of Mathematical and Automatic Music, formed of professors of mathematics, psychology, esthetics, and representatives of IBM and the anthropological museum. They intend, over the next year or so, he explained, to fathom the fundamental structures of music, such as order. A sound can be ordered in the same way a peach can, in terms of high, medium, low; one, two, three; or as one in the middle, one on the left, and one on the right. All musical properties will be examined in the same way. The Group will then transpose its discoveries into sound by means of electronic equipment.

Xenakis's music comes from the anguish of his early, motherless years, from the sounds of the war and the street uprisings in Athens when, with a copy of Plato's *Republic* in his hands, he would hear from his prison window screams, shouts, gunfire, blasts, the raging mob, and crumbling buildings, then a long, deep, strange silence. At that time he thought that this must be put into music somehow, and he has now evolved a style of composition that expresses the violence of his memories–the shock and the dreadful calm pocketed with tiny sounds, and the mass, bulbous sound cataclysms he remembers.

Xenakis thinks of music in vast terms, as masses evolving, erupting, succeeding one another, or vanishing. His elements are clouds of sound–like clouds of smoke –made up of an indefinite number of particles. He uses the *glissando* extensively, as it is the most fluid succession of notes in Western music. For him it is not musical filigree but an essential musical expression. Even the clarinet is used fluidly, not in tones or even in half or quarter tones, but moving in constantly fluctuating pitches, like waves.

To control his clouds of sound, Xenakis applies the theory of probabilities, the only theory capable of dealing with great numbers. His first piece in this idiom, *Metastasis* (a Greek word meaning "after the fact"), was composed with Maxwell Boltzmann's theory of gas. He designed the Philips Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair of 1958 on the sketches of *Metastasis;* Le Corbusier called it music in space. *Achorripsis* (meaning "jet of sound") was written with Poisson's Law of Probabilities: $P_k = \frac{\lambda k}{K} e^{-\lambda}$ where λ is the average density of molecules or



Xenakis's sketch of the Polytope for Expo 67—" 'a kind of visual music in space.' "

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particles and K is the frequency. To determine velocity he applies the Gauss Law. To define the probability that one section lying within another—a—should lie within its segment— j+dj— he uses the formula:

$$\theta(j)\ dj = \frac{2}{a}\left(1-\frac{j}{a}\right)\ dj.$$

He transcribes theory into practicable ciphers by computer, but his music is normally written for the standard musical instruments. As Plato had insisted upon the principle of causality, Xenakis extends the principle by the laws of great numbers. "The explanation of the world and consequently of the sound phenomenon that surrounds us, or that may be created, required an enlargement of the causal principle, the basis of which is formed by the law of great numbers," he writes at the beginning of his book, *Musiques Formelles* (published by Richard Masse, Paris). This law implies an evolution toward a stable condition, toward an end. He applies the word "stochastic" to his music, from the Greek *stochos*, meaning aim.

"But here, I'll show you what I'm doing for Montreal." We hiked up the hill to his studio. He led us to three long tables, upon which were stretched several graphs glued together to make one long sheet which stretched the length of the three tables and hung casually over each end on to the floor. They were full of tiny dots in tiny squares; some were in color. "I proposed using colored screens, but they didn't like that, so I proposed another solution: a complex spider web which will be a transmitter of light sources. I call it *Polytope (meaning many spaces).*" Indicating an architectural draft with a network of lines stretched up and down, across, and in curves, all intertwined, he expanded in his quiet way:

"A family of cables is coming from this beam. There are five families which are penetrating each other—straight taut cables on which will be the light spots. The light spots are done with light flashes of xenon gas. They have no filament. Electricity goes through the gas and lights it, like lightning. The spots will be white, with very little blue and green. Very beautiful. It makes a kind of cold light, which lasts a very short time. There are also blues, greens, and reds. The light of each is almost 1,000 white flashes. Unfortunately, it will not be too strong. I would like it stronger. But it will depend on the hour of the day. During the night it will be much more efficient.

"I have designed each of the five cable forms separately, in order to place each light spot exactly." He pointed to the wall which he had covered with drawings of odd, striated shapes. "There they are. One is shell-shaped, another comes down from above." It looked like the view from the top of a circus tent if

—*Erich Auerbach.*

" 'I think that this is the first time that such a problem has been studied in this way. . . .' "

one were an acrobat standing on the crow's nest poised to swing on the next trapeze.

"There are 1,200 light spots" he added. "Each one is independent of the others. They can do only two things: be lit or be unlit. There is a center which gives the signal for each light. The command comes through photoelectric cells. I have as many photoelectric cells as light bulbs in space. That is, 1,200 independent circuits. They are stimulated by a film coming from a projector. On my film there is one place for each cell. If there is a hole there the film is black, and if there is only one hole the light passes through. So a corresponding bulb in space will be lit. *Voilà!*"

HE flicked his fingers out like spokes in the air and continued, "There are twenty-four images in each second. If I want it to remain at least three seconds, I just make this hole, or window, on seventy-two consecutive images. I have to give the behavior for each spot through all the seven or eight minutes during which the spectacle lasts, which means I have to give information" (here he took out his slide rule) "about 12,000 bits" (a bit means a piece of information, whether it is yes or no). "Four hundred and eighty seconds in eight minutes. During each second I have to define the twenty-four images. It makes—ha, ha, ha—14,400,400 bits."

"Now we come to the light score." He indicated the graph on his drawing board. "Each millimeter corresponds to a very special lamp in space. There are about 700 images on one page, which makes about twenty-nine seconds and forty images. In this family there are eighty-one cables. The family name of the cable is East. The number of the cable is, for instance, 50. The number of the light bulb is 3. You have, then, E 50 F 3, where F means flash. The first cable has eleven lights on it, blue, blue, red, flash. The second cable has only four. The spacing is arranged stochastically, so I could do what I wanted. The lights must be freely and dissymmetrically dispersed because it is too strong. I can not have a very great density because of the cost, so it is in my interest to spread them out so they don't really have any particular form.

"This is the scheme: During about twenty seconds there is a play on the East. Then during about forty seconds there is a distribution of the levels. There are 1,234 lusters with different rhythmic pictures. The rhythmic pictures move from one place to another, across one another, like a culture of microbes. The third phase is the inversion from one level to another level of these rhythmic pictures—a kind of conflict. Then dominating rhythmic pictures. This is only flash here, lightnings." He whistled, not too loud. "It is called the injunction phase. I have analyzed this composition by phases. There are many movements that go like this." He waved his hand in choppy motions. "Because of the lagging impression of the retina you can make a discontinuous light effect a continuous impression.

"I think this is the first time that such a problem has been studied in this way, as pure light composition in time. Of course, you have the films, but never in space, and with such little and sober means. I have really only used the white, blue, and red. It is not because it is French," he said, laughing.

"The music is not compromising. It is not in phase, but it is not opposite. You can not have the music go 'boom, boom' when the lights flash 'boom, boom.' That would be stupid." He grabbed a long chain suspended from the ceiling and swung back and forth a few times on it as gracefully as a prehensile animal in space; then he leaped off and heaved a huge bag of coal into the stove. "This is a kind of visual music in space."

He began to dream a little. "Maybe I will put a dancer in at a certain moment. Maybe when there is a terrifying simultaneous *tutti* of the flashes." Then, returning to more concrete thoughts, "This will be given ten times a day for six months. That makes about 2,000 times." We couldn't help thinking what a shame it was he would not receive royalties per performance. "My publisher, Boosey and Hawkes, has asked for the rights to it, but I doubt that anyone will get rich on it. Maybe it will be a catastrophe."

Mrs. Xenakis, who had been measuring spots all this time, noted that there was an error in calculation and sighed that she had been working on that page for three days. We wished him smooth going, optimistically, as we left. "I hope not; I hope it will not be smooth at all," he answered, but then reflected a little sadly, "but I am afraid it will not be too shocking. Too bad."

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On Discovering Szymanowski

By OLIVER DANIEL

DISCOVERY HAS ALWAYS been a lure to imaginative men, and music-lovers are no exception. There have been many musical discoveries or rediscoveries made during the past decade: Vivaldi, Ives, Nielsen are obvious examples, and there will surely be more to follow. The latest may be Karol Szymanowski. A richer unmined lode than his music is hard to come by and, thanks to the vision and enterprise of Ars Polona, much of it is available on a series of recordings. They are on the Muza-Polskie Nagrania label and one set of four discs includes concerti, symphonies, vocal works, a fascinating quartet, and some solos; another, the complete recording of his opera *King Roger*, performed by the Warsaw State Opera conducted by Mierzejewski.

There was something patrician about Szymanowski; it looks out from every photograph of him that is included in the elaborately printed brochure which accompanies the recordings. It is evident, too, in the little disc that contains excerpts from comments he recorded in Prague in 1932 at the first Czech performance of his opera there and at the premiere of his ballet *Harnasie* on May 10, 1935.

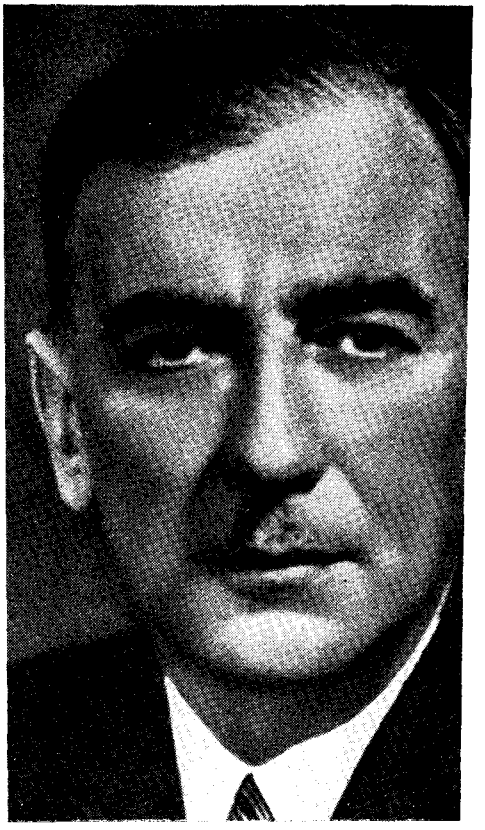
Szymanowski was born on his father's estate in the Ukraine. His mother was a baroness belonging to a family of Swedish origin. Both parents were musical and Szymanowski began his music training early. A childhood injury kept him from attending school and he received all of his general education at home. This influence seems to have colored his life and furthered his introspective bent. At nineteen he went to Warsaw, where he studied privately with two Poles, Zawerski and Noskowski; five years later he moved to Berlin.

Szymanowski was intellectually acquisitive and highly intelligent. He rapidly acquired an impressive command of his musical craft and immersed himself in all of the new music and trends that moved about him. It is not uncomplimentary to observe his eclecticism and it is fascinating to observe the evident influences that touched him. We can observe in a somewhat consistent sequence those of Chopin, Scriabin, Strauss, Reger, Stravinsky, and Ravel, and still admire the individuality of the man clearly commanding the music.

Szymanowski was a man with wide-ranging interests that included the ancient cultures of Greece, Rome, the East, and Near East. His own writings included many literate articles and a complete novel called *Efebos* which, excepting a single chapter, was destroyed in the Warsaw uprising of 1944. He traveled widely and even visited America in the Twenties.

THE only works of his to achieve any substantial recognition are his brilliant violin piece, *Fountain of Arethusa,* and a few of his mazurkas, though his Symphonie Concertante for Piano and Orchestra and his violin concertos occasionally turn up on orchestral programs. Like Chopin, Szymanowski had a strong and enduring affection for Poland and, while folk elements do not really seem to constitute a dominating influence, Szymanowski once wrote: "The law has worked itself out in me according to which every man must go back to the earth from which he derives. Today I have developed into a national composer, not only subconsciously but with a thorough conviction, using the melodic treasures of the Polish folk." In defining his creed, he also stated: "I recognize artistic traditionalism as a very important and valuable factor, as a starting point, as—let me say—a good musical education. Our aim, however, is not 'yesterday' but 'today and the morrow'—in other words, creativeness and not confinement to achievements already acquired."

Szymanowski wrote his Second Symphony in B flat between 1909 and 1910, at a time when he was influenced by both Richard Strauss and Max Reger, and at a time when he lived variously in Leipzig and Berlin. In a letter, he wrote that "The Symphony will appear thus: the first movement is in the grand manner, the second movement—a theme and nine variations, an adagio and finale with a fugue." Straussian elements so dominate the opening that there seems to be little of Szymanowski in the act, but the succeeding sections



Karol Szymanowski—". . . a national composer, not only subconsciously but with a thorough conviction. . . ."

speak with more originality despite a marked Regerian accent. The variations are skillful and exhibit Szymanowski's effortless orchestral mastery. But in the end they are a bit too much, and, by the time the fugue wends its weary way, one wishes Szymanowski had learned the virtue of brevity. The sin is the same as that committed by Reger when writing his over-long variations and fugues—the *Hiller Variations,* for example.

Following the Symphony one discovers a different aspect of Szymanowski's work: his vocal writing. It is striking, rich, warm, and quite as beautiful as anything written during that period. Its kinship is with the Russian vocal literature and it is every bit as fine as the best of it. Roxana's aria from his opera *King Roger* is a magnificent display piece with long, Italianate *cantilena* lines.

A second work, the long extended song "I am and I weep," is less attractive, but the fragments from the *Litany of the Virgin Mary* for solo voice, chorus, and orchestra are beguiling pieces. Magic is the element these fragments possess and in the superb performance by Stefania Woytowicz, and the orchestra and chorus conducted by Witold Rowicki, they stand out as some of the best vocal music of the transitional era leading from the nineteenth to the twentieth century, and have mo-

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ments of archaic simplicity and a sense of great classic dignity.

Another major work, his *Stabat Mater*, fills one side of a disc. It is smooth and poetic; it is rich and, when needed, dramatic. But it is more than that. It is a major work and one that should become part of the standard repertory. There are all too few examples of big choral pieces, with orchestra and soloists, to ignore this excellent one. All told, it is touchingly beautiful and blessedly fresh.

MORE developed than his earlier symphony, Szymanowski's Third is subtitled *Song of the Night*. Here he has shed the Germanic influence and practically revels in orchestral color. The palette is more that of Debussy; to add further color he includes a solo role—again sung by soprano Stefania Woytowicz—as well as a chorus singing a thirteenth-century Persian lyric translated into Polish. Szymanowski builds climaxes of rapturous intensity, only to leave the listener floating in undulating layers of sound. The notes accompanying the recordings describe the work by observing rather ungrammatically that "Symphony No. 3 is now statical and stiffening in a contemplative motionless and now bursting in estatic rapture."

Szymanowski's Symphonie Concertante for Piano and Orchestra, which in this Polish collection is labeled Symphony No. 4, has had performances with many symphonies, but scarcely enough to have made an impression. Artur Rubinstein, to whom it is dedicated, had it in his repertory, and so did that sensitive Pole, Jan Smeterlin, who introduced it to Boston audiences in the Forties. Rubinstein's version was recorded on RCA Victor a few years back, but it has been deleted. The current version is played by Jan Ekier, a pianist who is both flashy and poetic, with the National Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Witold Rowicki, one of the best conductors currently active in Europe.

The work is a neo-Romantic piece composed during the early Thirties, a big three-movement piece filled with many provocative ideas and sufficiently restrained in their development to avoid banality. Szymanowski introduced the work himself, and presumably won friends and influenced critics. This current Polish recording captures all of the poetic qualities, the dash and bustle, and glosses over the quasi-improvisational areas which at times threaten to fall apart. But, in spite of some loose construction, it is a rewarding romantic work that is not embarrassed by having been born after its time.

Szymanowski's Violin Concerto, an earlier work dating from 1915, was, like so many other works of that period, introduced to American audiences by Leopold Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1924. The soloist was Paul Kochanski, for whom the work was written. While it may relate somewhat to the Stravinsky of the *Firebird*, it is very personal and imaginative in its conservative way. Its inspiration was a poem, "May Night," by Tadeusz Micinski, which I confess I've never read nor, for that matter, ever heard of. It is supposed to strike one "with fantastic scenery, unusual atmosphere full of contrasts, and an abundance of 'musical motives.'" If its sweep and style are listened to with ears attuned to an earlier day, the reward will be substantial. Its poetic ending is a rarity among concertos, twittering away delightfully.

Eight mazurkas of considerable charm are worthy successors of those inimitable dances of Chopin. But they are not patterned on Chopin, but rather on the original folk idiom. They were the result of Szymanowski's preoccupation with native musical materials. And they are indeed characteristic, though never elegantly urbane as those of Chopin. Barbara Hesse-Bukowska plays them sympathetically, though somewhat less effectively than Artur Rubinstein, who included in a 1961 Carnegie Hall recital series four mazurkas which were subsequently released on RCA JK Victor.

A magnum opus of Szymanowski is his opera *King Roger*. It was written in 1924 and first performed in Warsaw in 1926—followed by a German version in Duisburg two years later and in Czech at a Prague performance in 1932. It then lay dormant until it was revived at an ISCM Festival in Palermo in 1944, and quite appropriately so since its scene is Sicily of the twelfth century. It is essentially a study of Apollonian and Dionysian contrasts, except that the former is translated as Christianity, the latter as paganism.

IN true ecumenical fashion, King Roger embraces both, and finally, after the appearance of Dionysus himself, who transforms the retinue of King Roger into maenads and bacchantes and carries off his queen, leaving Roger alone, he ends the opera singing a hymn to the rising sun. This is a work that can hold its own with the operatic works of Bartók and Janáček as well as with those of his Russian colleagues. It is expansive, colorful, richly melodic, and full of all the stuff that can make opera *grand*. The soloists, chorus (children's chorus of the Polish Pathfinders Union), and orchestra under Mieczyslaw Mierzejewski are of four-star excellence.

"I couldn't remember whether it was east of the Pecos that there was no law or west of the Pecos."

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Recordings in Review

—London Records.

Peter Pears—". . . partner to a unique achievement."

The Most of Britten and Pears

SCHUBERT: *Die Winterreise.* SCHUMANN: *Dichterliebe. Peter Pears, tenor; with Benjamin Britten, piano.* London stereo, OSA 1261, $11.59; mono, A 4261, $9.59.

PETER PEARS and Benjamin Britten have been as close as a constant linkage of names for nearly thirty years can make them. They have done considerable fine performing together, not only in the works which Britten has written for Pears to perform, but also in Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* cycle. They have never, to my way of hearing, approached the results they achieve throughout these two discs, especially in *Die Winterreise.*

Singers and pianists may well argue whether it is easier or more difficult to perform *Die Winterreise* than *Die schöne Müllerin.* It has always impressed me that *Die schöne Müllerin,* for all the problems it poses, goes its picturesque way to an ending not quite so bitter and forlorn as "Der Leiermann," nor does it re-create the harsh reality of rejection in quite so uncompromising terms. Be that as it may, the Britten-Pears *Winterreise* is not only a finer service to Schubert than its predecessor recording, but the most poetic, finely sustained of any version I have ever encountered.

The reason for this is simple. Most performers, even those with the experience of Gerald Moore or the varied resources of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, react to such a challenge as it presents in terms of a "performance." That is, with all the artistic humility the best of them might possess, there is a share of ability they must show off vis-à-vis Schubert. As Britten is not a performer at all and Pears, in this instance, is hardly more so, their motivation, I am truly convinced, is quite different.

The inclination to name Britten first emerges from his extraordinary perception of Schubert's purpose, his ability to realize that purpose not so much in pianistic as in musical terms. The instrumental values are far from ignored, but he rarely calls his attention to a beautiful sound, per se; he *uses* it to further the expressive intent the notes convey. It is easy to fault Pears for a vocal sound that is now duller than it used to be, and a range that causes problems at both extremes; it is somewhat harder to appreciate the infinite effort that has gone into the preparation of every note and syllable, to make the results what most "recitals" are not—a great recitation of text mated to music.

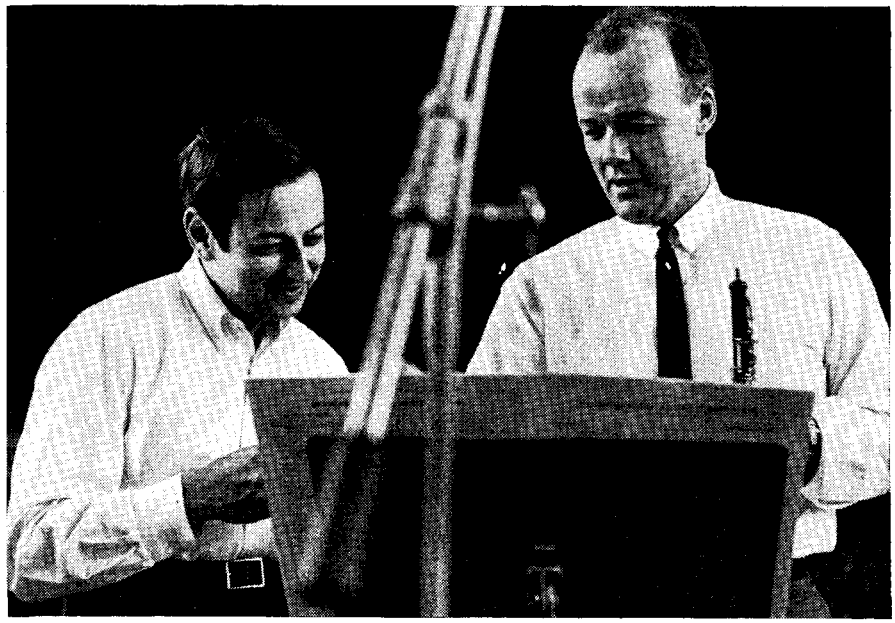
For the qualified performer, such songs as "Gute Nacht," "Der Lindenbaum," "Die Post," "Die Krähe," etc., fairly sing themselves. It is the test of the great interpreter to make the "paler" songs, such as "Einsamkeit," "Der greise Kopf," "Im Dorfe," and "Täuschung," of equal interest and vital importance in moving the duo-drama to its appointed end. There are moments, in some of these, when Britten gives one the sensation of re-experiencing Schubert as Schubert created it, the sensation that Rachmaninoff gave in his playing of Beethoven's *Les Adieux* Sonata, or Schumann's *Carnaval.* It comes not merely from the observation of every nuance and printed playing description, but in the inflection of every modulation, the tying together of one phrase to another by pedaling, the emphasis on a subordinate line that tells the listener that the creative and the recreative process are almost one.

It comes also in the Postlude to the Schumann cycle, in which the piano sings out with a warmth and mobility that are rather more vocal than Pears manages. This sequence of songs being easier to sing than *Die Winterreise,* what Pears has to offer does not count for quite so much as it does in Schubert. But he may, in the face of such quibbles as this, reflect that he has been partner to a unique achievement, one which should endure as long as anything in the history of recording.

A Français Premiere

FRANÇAIX: *L'Horloge de Flore.* IBERT: *Symphonie Concertante.* SATIE: *(Gymnopédies I and II). John de Lancie, oboe; with André Previn conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor stereo LSC 2945, $5.79; mono LM 2945, $4.79.

LIKE OTHER admirers of Jean Françaix, first oboist John de Lancie of the Philadelphia Orchestra wondered, while rehearsing with the Philadelphia Wind Quintet a decade ago, why new works of Françaix were less than frequent. Unlike most others, he did not stop with the thought, but decided to do something about it. With Nadia Bou-



—RCA Victor Records.

André Previn (left) and John de Lancie—an amply rewarding Françaix disc.

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langer as his intermediary, he invited Françaix to write a work for him. Sooner than one might think, the results were at hand; and though it has taken from 1959 to the present for the work to be recorded, it shows Françaix as no less deft and witty in his art than in the Concertino, the Quintet for wind instruments, the Serenade, and other works (a fraction of his output) for which he is known.

What Françaix wrote for de Lancie was not quite the oboe concerto for which he hoped, but a fanciful sequence of movements (seven in all, played without interruption) derived from a Swedish "flower clock." The timekeeper was ornamented with flowers, arranged according to the hour at which they bloomed (3 a.m., poisonberry; 10 a.m., torch thistle; 5 p.m., deadly nightshade; etc.). What precise relationship all, or any, of this has to do with what Françaix has written is not immediately apparent, but the results are what count, and these are a joy—light, fluent, full of closely fitted instrumental detail. It would sound, from this evidence, that the composer Françaix held in highest esteem was Poulenc. The resemblances are, however, spiritual rather than textual.

The following *Gymnopédies* (the Debussy transcriptions) also provide occasional opportunities for de Lancie to utilize his exceptional instrumental command advantageously; the previously unrecorded *Symphonie Concertante* of Ibert offers somewhat fewer (it is heavily scored for strings for the best service to the soloist). Altogether, it is the Françaix for which this disc will be sought out, and the matter it contains, as well as the de Lancie-Previn way of presenting it, makes the effort an amply rewarded one.

Toscanini from England

BEETHOVEN: *Symphonies Nos. 1, 4, and 6, Leonore Overture No. 1.* MOZART: *Magic Flute Overture.* BRAHMS: *Tragic Overture. Arturo Toscanini conducting the BBC Symphony Orchestra.* Seraphim LC 6015, mono only, $7.49 (three discs).

THAT THERE should be a contribution to the Toscanini centennial from England need hardly be surprising; these performances with the BBC Symphony made during English visits of 1937, 1938, and 1939 were well known in the first form of 78 rpm issues (the three symphonies alone would then have cost about $14) and as LPs before new versions of the symphonies could be made at that transitional time. It is, nevertheless, a bit of a shock to see a Toscanini symphony bearing anything but the house flag of RCA Victor (the rights to these belonged to H.M.V., which originated the London session).

The range of interests here is wide: First, for me, is reacquaintance with the effect of Toscanini on the English orchestra, always more celebrated for musicianship than precision, but here sounding like a true Toscanini orchestra; second, the aura of London's Queen Hall (destroyed by incendiary bombs early in the war), which has yielded to latest technical processes a warmth and mellowness all its own; third, of course, the performances themselves.

The order of priorities is not unrelated to the circumstance that all the works, with the exception of the Mozart overture, were staples of the Toscanini repertory, which he not only reperformed, but re-recorded. Of them, the *Pastorale* strikes me as the most durable in all its values still, perhaps because of its flowing tempi and rich musical imagery, perhaps because of the high quality of the solo playing. Though the others were rated, at the time of issue, as the best the catalogue provided, I find the pace of the fast movements of both the First and the Fourth quicker than now strikes me as appropriate. The *Tragic Overture*, of which this is the only Toscanini recording, is tense and well controlled, the *Leonore* No. 1 (another "only" version) finely shaped, but the *Magic Flute* is a little rigid for my taste in Mozart. At the economy price, the issue offers much to those who can, from memory, put back some of the appeal lacking in the sound that is heard. I would not urge it on others.

Dvořák's Symphonic Infancy

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 1 in C minor ("Bells of Zlonice"). Istvan Kertesz conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* London stereo, CS 6523, $5.79; mono, CM 9523, $4.79. *Symphony No. 2 in B flat, Op. 4. The same.* London stereo, CS 6524, $5.79; mono, CM 9524, $4.79. *Symphony No. 3 in E flat, Op. 10 (with the Hussite Overture). The same.* London stereo, CS 6525, $5.79; mono, CM 9525, $4.79. *Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Op. 13 (with In Nature's Realm Overture). The same.* London stereo, CS 6526, $5.79; mono, CM 9526, $4.79. *Symphony No. 5 in F, Op. 24 (old Op. 76) (with My Home Overture). The same.* London stereo, CS 6511, $5.79; mono, CM 9511, $4.79. *Symphony No. 9 in E minor, Op. 95 (From the New World) (with Othello Overture). The same.* London stereo, CS 6527, $5.79; mono, CM 9527, $4.79.

THE FIRST impulse is to describe these fine-sounding performances of the early Dvořák symphonies as something new to the general listening

—*London Records.*

Istvan Kertesz—"a singular disposition to the nuances and refinements of Dvorák's style. . . ."

experience. There were, however, predecessors on the Artia label four or five years ago, though not nearly so fine sounding. What is unquestionably new to the phonographic literature—to judge from the inclusion of the greatest as well as the most popular of the Dvořák symphonies along with those that are neither—is the imminence of a complete cycle of the nine works by the same conductor and orchestra.

Kertesz is, moreover, a conductor who has a singular disposition to the nuances and the refinements of Dvořák's style, whether prenatal, adolescent, or fully formed. He treats each work on its merits, without either seeking to minimize weaknesses or substitute a conductor's kind of "effect" for the presence or absence of valid interest in the score. That is a matter of constant concern in these examples of Dvořák's symphonic infancy, for each has its share of beauties along with banalities; to give a fair rendering of the state of advancement that Dvořák had attained from one work to the next it is important to apportion the emphasis as it exists, not as the interpreter might prefer to have it exist.

It is also important to have the works accounted for as they came into existence rather than in some arbitrary arrangement derived from exterior circumstances. That is the primary gain to be derived from the creation of a new numbering system in which the best-known, most-performed works become No. 8 in G and No. 9 in E minor (rather than No. 4 and No. 5). The F-major formerly known as No. 3, because Simrock chose to publish it that way with a misleadingly high opus number (No. 76 rather than No. 24), becomes, properly, No. 5 in the numerical sequence of nine.

(*Continued on page 64*)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Delius: Double Concerto (1915). Raymond Cohen, violin; and Gerald Warburg, cello; with Norman del Mar conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Bush: Variations, Nocturne, and Finale on an old English Sea-Song. David Wilde, piano, with John Snashall conducting the Royal Philharmonic. Golden Guinea GGC 4073 (For information, write Pye Records, A.T.V. House, Great Cumberland, London W.1, England).	The interest of this disc is rather in the unusual repertory than in the quality of its performance. Indeed there are suggestions in the sound that it is pre-stereo, and not a top example of what was being done in mono. This goes beyond mere reproduction to the microphoning of the instruments and their relationship with the orchestra. This is to be regretted, for the Delius (a rarity on discs as in the concert hall) has typical qualities of his art. Warburg's effort as cellist is warmly artistic, but his violin-playing associate does not always agree with him on matters of pitch. There is no such problem with Bush's work for solo piano and orchestra, which is bright, energetic, and altogether pleasant listening, though its personality quotient is low.
Franck: Symphony in D minor. Otto Klemperer conducting the New Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel stereo, S 36416, $5.79; mono, 36416, $4.79.	For those to whom Klemperer is exclusively the Grand Old Man of his recent reputation, identified primarily with the biggest works of the orchestral repertory—and that mostly Germanic—this venture may seem a kind of apostasy. However, it should not be forgotten that Klemperer spent a substantial part of his middle career in the United States (including six years as music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic), meaning that command of such works as this was indispensable. It is, indeed, not only a thoroughgoing but a knowing performance of Franck that he conducts, neither sentimental nor austere, but strongly responsive to the composer's idiom. At a few points (especially in the slow movement) he touches on some subtleties and interwoven voices that are by no means common knowledge. The ending is strong enough to qualify as fiery. Very good orchestral cooperation and well-balanced reproduction of it.
Mozart: Concertos No. 8 in C (K. 246) and No. 9 in E flat (K. 271). Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; with the London Symphony conducted by Istvan Kertesz. Rondo in A (K. 386). The same. London stereo, CS 6501, $5.79; mono, CM 9501, $4.79.	Aside from the Duo Sonata (K. 448) performed with Malcolm Frager (London CS 6411, CM 9411), opportunities to hear Ashkenazy in recordings of Mozart have been far from frequent. One could hardly find two finer performances, back to back, of Mozart concerti prior to the famous dozen he composed for Vienna. They are not only fastidious in musical detail, but impelled by a consistent superior sense of the relationship between the keyboard and the orchestra. This is particularly true of No. 9 (a work of more varied content as well as broader in form than its predecessor), which is off the mark swiftly and proceeds at an unerring pace to its destination. It is a pleasure, also, to discover that Kertesz is capable of collaborating in this literature on the same lofty level of suitability attained by Ashkenazy. The ending Rondo is performed in the reconstructed version of Charles Mackerras and Paul Badura-Skoda. It, too, is beautifully played and enhanced by you-are-there recording.
Mozart; Overture to *Lucio Silla;* Allegro in D (K. 121); Marches in D (K. 249, K. 335 Nos. 1 and 2); Minuet (K. 409); and Three German Dances (K. 605). Antal Dorati conducting the Festival Chamber Orchestra. Mercury stereo, SR 90438, $5.79; mono, MG 50438, $4.79.	If this is Mercury's answer to the complete coverage of dances, marches, and other occasional instrumental works by Mozart, it can only be described as a rough kind of echo. Dorati's concept of Mozart makes an approximate, if not exact, fit for the *Lucio Silla* Overture (a work of Mozart's sixteenth year), but it tends to the brusque rather than merely the brisk in the marches. As for the German Dances, which invited the attention of no less a master than the late Bruno Walter (and the Vienna Philharmonic) in the years gone by, Dorati's accent is altogether too incisive, the sound of the posthorn more like a trumpet. The well-informed annotation is by Bernard Jacobson.
Offenbach: *La Vie Parisienne* (Fantaisie, Quadrille); *Le Violoneux* (Fantaisie); *La Rose de Saint-Flour* (Fantaisie); *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* (Overture); *La Périchole* (Fantaisie); *Lieschen et Fritzchen* (Fantaisie); *La Belle Hélène* (Fantaisie-Mosaic); *Barbe Bleue* (Fantaisie-Mosaic); *Orphée aux Enfers* (Waltz, Minuet, and Quadrille). Marcel Cariven conducting the Radio Lyrique of the R.T.F., with André Aubigny, violin. Vanguard stereo, SRV 242, $5.79; mono, SRV 242SD, $4.79.	The combing over of Offenbach's literature, which has produced such successful ballets as *Gaîté Parisienne* and *Bluebeard,* and the amended, operatized *Périchole* for the Metropolitan, has left precious few, or few precious, first-quality tunes unexploited. However, there are some of the second quality which are worth the listening, and it is always illuminating to hear the greater ones in usages devised by the composer himself. The results are more listenable in the slower, more expansive tunes than in the faster ones, for no reason of conductor Cariven. However, the trumpet lead, with percussion background, which was in vogue in Offenbach's time for quadrilling, tends to sound rather crude for mere listening. For those who crave authenticity, here it is in all its racy, sometimes raucous, vigor. The sound is good enough.
Panufnik: Rhapsody. Blacher: Fantasy (1956). Robert Whitney conducting the Louisville Orchestra. Louisville stereo, LS 671, $8.45; mono, L 671, $7.95.	Though not much is heard these days about the Louisville Orchestra First Edition Records, the activity is far from moribund. The latest contribution to the total, which stands at more than a hundred, is representative of two composers whose products are far from common in the commercial catalogues. As it happens, both works were commissioned by the BBC about a decade ago, and first performed under those auspices. Both typify the craftsmanship that has qualified Blacher and Panufnik for rating among the consequential composers of the period. To my ear, the Panufnik, if perhaps not as sophisticated in its organization, has sounder suggestions of creativity, a stronger sense of urgency. This may, to a degree, reflect Blacher's interest in "row" procedures with their anonymous, pre-determining character. Both works are well performed, and the reproduction serves.
Saint-Saëns: *Carnaval des Animaux*. Georges Prêtre conducting the orchestra of the Conservatoire; with Aldo Ciccolini and Alexis Weissenberg, pianists. Poulenc: *Les Animaux Modèles*. Prêtre conducting the orchestra of the Conservatoire. Angel stereo, S 36421, $5.79; mono, 36421, $4.79.	Against the low marks charged to Prêtre for some of his recent ventures into opera must be entered a balancing high one for the excellence of his treatment of Saint-Saëns. It is fanciful, musically sound, and with an undercurrent of humor exactly suited to the composer's purpose. Unlike some other ventures in which the piano parts are either overvalued or undervalued, Prêtre gives them a nicely calculated place in the total ensemble. It is very well served by his two virtuosi. However, the reasons why the Poulenc pieces on the second side are seldom heard are all too evident at this indoctrination: they are rather pale reflections of his best qualities, however suited for the ballet action they served originally (1942). —Irving Kolodin.

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Capital Ginastera in Washington

MEN OF STRIKING poetic imagination and depth of vision are a precious commodity today. Few are the creative geniuses able to fashion musical-theatrical magic in contemporary terms. Fewer still are those with the power first to intrigue and then to stun an audience. Among the elite, however, is the Argentine composer Alberto Ginastera, whose second opera, *Bomarzo*, was given its world premiere on May 19 by the Opera Society of Washington, D.C., upon whose commission it was written.

Beyond all other considerations which comprise Ginastera's theatrical craft he is a true master of form, one who has repeatedly said, "Art for me has an intellectual and spiritual function that comes out of order and control." In both *Don Rodrigo* and *Bomarzo* he has collaborated with librettists who have supplied him with terse, bold writing around which he can create a succession of scenes or flickering images that flash by like apparitions of Goya sketches.

Bomarzo is governed by a strict structure, beginning with the division of its fifteen scenes (separated by fourteen interludes), each of which is subdivided into three microstructures reproducing the classical Greek form of exposition, crisis, and conclusion. Every scene is an individual epic contributing to the cumulative effect of the whole.

Yet, form alone means nothing in the composition of an opera. Ginastera musically draws upon nearly every contemporary orchestral and vocal technique imaginable. He partially employs a post-Webern serialism, as well as microtonalism, chromatic whole, and aleatory forms.

Ginastera also uses three different techniques in the texture: clusters, clouds, and constellations—clouds being sounds which are produced in an aleatory form and which stay suspended, slowly changing in color and form; and constellations, the bright flashes of sounds which suddenly appear and disappear. He draws, too, upon metrical rhythms, notated vocal lines, lyric melody, and something approaching *sprechstimme*, as well as pure speech. The chorus sings from the orchestra pit, both commenting on the action and creating atmosphere.

With his superb feeling for orchestral textures and instrumental scoring, what emerges is music of strength, character, and dramatic impact. The so-called grayness which is often found in twelve-tone opera appears to be nonexistent in the language of Ginastera. Instead, his score contains a wide range of color, reflecting the life blood within the dramatic situations of the opera's characters.

In the case of *Bomarzo*, however, these are not everyday figures. Ginastera's inspiration and libretto for the opera originated in the novel of the same name by Argentine author Manuel Mujica Lainez. The novel was the result of a visit to the castle Bomarzo (near Viterbo), where Duke Pier Francesco Orsini had had the rocks of his park transformed into sculptured monsters. He conceived his fantasy-novel as a Freudian autobiography with the monsters symbolizing different episodes of the Duke's bleak life.

GINASTERA, in musically recreating the mysterious and surrealistic world of Bomarzo, saw his protagonist as an anti-hero, a hunchback who is cruel and twisted, fighting a lifelong battle with his own tortured soul and hidden demons. Though he stands a solitary figure aloof from everything in life, he is also very much a Richard III type.

The composer has said, "I see Bomarzo not as a man of the Renaissance, but as a man of our time. We live nowadays in an age of anxiety, an age of sex, an age of violence. Bomarzo struggles with sex, submits to violence, and is tormented by anxiety, the metaphysical anxiety of death."

The opera opens on the very day of the Duke's death, as he is poisoned by his nephew after a life spent seeking the immortality predicted by his astrologer. Deceived by the contents of the goblet, he enters his carved stone "Mouth of Hell," and what transpires in the subsequent thirteen scenes are flashbacks: his revelation, as it were, of the burden of his sins in his hump; not the public events, but his secret life.

We see his agonizing childhood, the prediction of immortality through his horoscope, the deaths of his father and brother which make him Duke, the terror of his encounter with the seductive courtesan Pantasilea, his fruitless marriage to Julia Farnese, his erotic and frustrated nightmares, the demoniacal struggle with inner forces, the transforming of the rocks into gigantic monsters of his "Sacred Wood," and, finally, his ironic death.

Interwoven among these scenes are various and related strands of symbolism: the peacock whose screams foretell doom, the volcanic rocks which speak of a barren life, the mirrors which reflect not only his physical being but his spiritual turmoil. In the twelfth scene he likens himself to the marble Minotaur which stands in the midst of the busts of Roman Emperors: "Minotaur, my brother, like me, disfigured, beautiful, and horrible, my hideous mirror, my brother." He then surrounds himself with the "brother monsters" of his park, each an embodiment of an episode of his suffering, of the deaths he caused, of his

(*Continued on page* 64)

—*George de Vincent.*

Joanna Simon and Salvador Novoa in Act I, Scene 4 of *Bomarzo*—"Every scene is an individual epic contributing to the cumulative effect of the whole."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quartets, Op. 18. Hungarian Quartet. Seraphim stereo, SIC 6005, $2.49; mono, IC 6005, $2.49.	The presumption from the imprint "newly recorded" is that this is not a reissue of material previously on Angel (or an affiliated label) but a creation for the present purpose of a "budget" issue. As such it is a model of chamber-music sound, and as such can be recommended without qualification. It is also a first-class example of chamber-music playing—crisp, clean, and with a total integration of values. However, it is the kind of chamber-music playing in which the performers sound to be more engaged with their own interests and reactions than they are in conveying Beethoven's purposes to a listener. Or, perhaps, it is merely that they take as gospel the premise that the Beethoven of the Opus 18 quartets is a "classicist" and as such should not be emotionalized. The indications of such a quartet as the C-minor are, of course, quite otherwise. These are, then, clear, well articulated performances lacking in the depth and fervor the music contains.
Beethoven: Variations (*Eroica*), Op. 35. Liszt: *Dante* Sonata; *Rakóczy* March. David Bar-Illan, piano. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2943, $5.79; mono, LM 2943, $4.79.	One unmistakable fact emerges from this recording rather more prominently than from Bar-Illan's performances in the concert hall: He is an artistic "somebody," an individual of recognizable impulses and objectives rather than another of the highly mechanized keyboard manipulators who come and go. This is not to say that what he does with the Beethoven Variations is exactly what I would wish to hear, or that his Liszt is all-persuasive. But certainly Bar-Illan earns the right to his own point of view with the strong sense of identity with each composer that he projects. The articulation of Beethoven is a little light and dry to my way of hearing, but contrapuntal values in the Variations are set forth with precision and a fine sense of relative values. Here, as in the Liszt, the quality of piano sound may be related to the kind of piano utilized. It is, contrary to most precedents, specifically identified as the "new Baldwin concert grand SD-10." The over-bright, none-too-resonant quality does not impress me as the ideal advertisement for the instrument, old or new.
Brahms: Sonatas, Op. 120 (Nos. 1 and 2). Walter Trampler, viola; with Mieczyslav Horszowski, piano. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2933, $5.79; mono, LM 2933, $4.79.	Either in this form, or in their alternate guise as sonatas for clarinet and piano, these works have more of the sere and yellow than the golden glow associated with autumn (Brahms was not all that old when in 1894, aged sixty-two, he put this music on paper, but he had only a few years to live and may already have been suffering from the ailment that brought about his death). They are rather more measured, rhythmically, and not as vital, melodically, as Brahms at his best, or even second best. This is mentioned merely to stress the problem that is confronted by a pair of interpreters. Trampler and Horszowski are two of the best who have addressed themselves to the task, and they work productively, especially at No. 2, the more attractive of the pair. Good blend of sounds.
Chopin: Ballades. Ivan Moravec, piano. Connoisseur Society stereo, CS 1266, $5.79; mono, CM 1266, $4.79.	These performances come closer to justifying Connoisseur's extensive, almost exclusive, attentions on Moravec's behalf as an interpreter of Chopin. There is a strain of moody poetry in the introductory section of the G-minor, and a strong current of lyric feeling where it is appropriate elsewhere. However, there is seldom a grand climax on the scale appropriate to Chopin's expression, nor is bass resonance to supply the overtones for the chords and arpeggios above it present in the order of strength desired. On the whole, Moravec continues to impress as a performer better endowed with fluency than he is either with pianistic power or strength of personality.
Janáček: Quartets Nos. 1 and 2. Smetana Quartet. Parliament stereo, PLPS 626, $2.98; mono, PLP 626, $1.98.	The beautiful and long admired quartet called *Secret Pages* has been available in a version by the Smetana Quartet for some time (in combination with No. 3), but its predecessor is something more of a rarity. It is the one which originated with Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata* and is permeated with the tidal emotions that flow from its source. It is also marked by the freedom of formal impulse which, to some who heard the music when it was new, was equated with a lack of technical discipline. However, it is quite clear from the inner relationship of elements that it was done just as the composer intended. Both performances are infused with the warm feelings and beautiful impulses latent in the works, which the Smetana ensemble (Jiri Novak, Lubomir Kostecky, Jaroslav Rybensky, Antonin Kohut) is ideally equipped to realize. The sound is very satisfactory.
Mendelssohn: Quartet in A minor, Op. 13. Grieg: Quartet in G minor, Op. 27. Guarneri Quartet. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2948, $5.79; mono, LM 2948, $4.79.	The series of Guarneri Quartet releases and the evidence that there are more to come add to conviction that it is coming close to the top quality of native quartets long represented exclusively by the Juilliard ensemble (much the same could be said of the repertory so far projected by the Beaux Arts). Gratefully, too, it is establishing a character—impulsive, emotionally motivated, unaffected by inhibitions related to technical considerations—which will make for a place of its own, regardless of competitive pressures. These two performances are full of these strongly marked inclinations, plus the independence of mind to seek out works which might be regarded as not among the most "important" in the literature. Arnold Steinhardt and his associates measure up to the tasks set for them, which, with such composers as Mendelssohn and Grieg, is sufficient guarantee of important results. Fine sound.
Rimsky-Korsakov: *Mlada* (excerpts). Yevgeny Svetlanov conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Moscow Radio; with Anatoly Blagov, bass; Aleksei Bolshakov, baritone; Vladimir Makhov, tenor; Nina Kulagina, mezzo; Tatiana Tugarinova, soprano; and Aleksei Korolyev, bass. Melodiya-Angel stereo, ST 40012, $5.79; mono, T 40012, $4.79.	On the surface—or the two of them—this would seem the kind of thing that the affiliation of Melodiya in the U.S.S.R. and Capitol in this country could produce to advantage. That would be to process substantial portions of Russian "classics" not too well known in this country. However, it is dulling the edge to offer a performance by the Moscow Radio rather than a representative opera company, and the excerpts are more considerably orchestral than would seem desirable. They are identified as: "Procession of the Nobles," "The Divination," and "Kolo" (all from Act II); "Night on Triglav Mountain and Fantastic Kolo," "Witches' Sabbath and Infernal Kolo" (from Act III); "Morena's Curse," "Destruction of Retra," and Closing Scene (Act IV). Musically, the interests vary from Rimsky's carry-over of his absorption with the *Ring* in the 1890s to the kind of *grotesquerie* which turned into Stravinsky's Katschei not too many years later. Some of the best of the music verges on the color content of *Coq d'Or*, but that kind of masterful expression would take Rimsky another dozen years to realize fully. Very good sound. —I.K.

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The London "Faust"

THE NEW London *Faust* (stereo, OSA 1433, $23.19; mono, A 4433, $19.19) is a schizophrenic enterprise that offers lofty heights and deep lows; brings new respect for its conductor, Richard Bonynge, and his Marguerite, Joan Sutherland; raises fresh reservations about the famous London sonics. Orchestral texture and volume fluctuate whimsically. Instruments intertwine with, rather than support, the voices. And the symphonic postludes have been revved up rather than intensified. I am thinking of the spread-eagle crescendo that spans the closing measures of Act I (the duo for Faust and the Devil) and, with more aversion, of those final bars in the "Walpurgisnacht" where orchestral tone gives way to canned uproar—carrying one back to the 1930s, to the lounge of any neighborhood movie house from whose depths it was possible to tell, through a noisy stepping up of the sound track inside, when the feature picture had ended and the newsreel begun.

This business of sonics brings grave questions in its wake. How is one to appraise the conductor's grasp of orchestral balance and color when so much command seems to have come from behind the glass panel? Tempo, precision, musicality of phrase, coordination with the singers are the remaining criteria—and on these counts Richard Bonynge, who has developed in his skills, wins hands down. He has a flair for the "just" tempo, avoids clichés favored by older conductors, has restudied the score with respect and imagination. It would be interesting to hear him in a performance less rigorously monitored. Even here he impresses by mastery of pacing, alertness to the dramatic and vocal requirements. The London Symphony, it should be added, plays expertly.

In a fusion of flamboyant sound and solid research, the new album brings us Gounod's opera uncut. We are the gainers, for there is much of value in these pages ordinarily passed over in the opera house. A recent revival of *Faust* at the Metropolitan restored the fourth-act aria of Marguerite, unfamiliar to most listeners: "Il ne revient pas." This recording adds the air of Siébel that follows, "Si le bonheur à sourire t'invite," along with several other "bit" phrases for the youth (mezzo-soprano). At least one of them, preceding the return of the soldiers, throws new light architecturally on the street scene. Moreover, Margreta Elkins, the Siébel, is sensitive and admirable, quite the best singer of this role in my experience. Her French is less than perfect, but of how many performers has this not been said?

Another restoration of practically unknown material takes place in the prison scene during the interchange ("Oui, c'est toi, je t'aime") between Marguerite and Faust. This comes off less successfully, since it renders static the action and musical flow at a moment when—for best effect—they should move forward. And the Church Scene has been placed *after* the death of Valentin, rather than before—a change all to the good, sharpening the sense of architectural destination. It should be noted that this scene, magnificently performed, provides the one point at which the album's controversial sonics not only work but communicate. A cavernous Gothic building is evoked, a vast and shadowy nave that ought justifiably to fill Marguerite with dread.

As for the cast, it is a case of mixed pickles—headliners all, but not really blended. I have already mentioned Miss Elkins as a fine Siébel, a secondary part done with artistry. Of the major roles, Miss Sutherland's Marguerite is outstanding—touchingly conceived, well sustained, beautifully sung. From start to finish, the soprano's sights are on *dramma per musica*. Her virtuosity, her gleaming sound are at the service of this score as theater. Granted, the articulation of words is not always ideal, the atmosphere she creates is strong—even haunting. For once we have a "Jewel Song" that conveys true innocence of heart. Musically, too, it is unblemished. And I am glad that she interpolated that traditional C (not written in the score and primly banned from recent New York performances) at the end of the garden scene. It brings an enormous sense of climax. Her Church Scene is excellent, and much of the prison madness is affecting. Needless to say, the final trio—as sung by Miss Sutherland, Franco Corelli, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, with all the sluices open—is exciting.

Mr. Ghiaurov, the Méphistophélès, sings nobly. He never forces, never descends to caricature (a pitfall of this role); but neither does he achieve much in the way of nuance. His most effective singing may be heard in the Classical Sabbath, where mastery of line and lyrical phrasing serve him well. The French is spotty but serviceable; and if he does not overwhelm dramatically, perhaps the lack stems from a modern player's aversion to the trappings of this gaudy part.

Ironically, the least satisfactory performance is by a Parisian: the baritone Robert Massard, as Valentin. His enunciation is clear, his pitch dead-center—but there is a lack of involvement, a failure to characterize or to color which, in the end, brings less of value to the listener than the frequently overwrought yet always vital singing of Franco Corelli as Faust.

Just as the maestro, on this recording,

—Neal Barr/Angus McBean.

(Left to right) Franco Corelli, Joan Sutherland, Nicolai Ghiaurov—"headliners all, but not really blended."

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finds the "right" tempo, the tenor settles largely for the wrong style. He is in tune and in time; his French is no less idiomatic than that of many other foreign singers; but his exaggerated slides, his search for a personalized pathos where classical line should reign plays hob with the spirit of the score. There is no word at hand for describing his journey to the high C at the close of "Salut! demeure chaste et pure." *Scoop* would seem inadequate. One might have to coin an augmentative—possibly *scooperoo*. And yet, the sound is not displeasing; the man cannot be dismissed. He is a force.

The annotator for this album, Ray Minshull, declares in the midst of otherwise admirably documented notes, that Gounod's score "restored faith in the prospects of French opera at a time when it was in danger of disappearing altogether," then goes on to state: "Music endowed with such ecstasy and power was in Paris an absolute novelty." Can he have forgotten Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, whose works long before the premiere of *Faust* had brought plenty of power and ecstasy to the Parisian musical world? As for the imminent disappearance of French opera by 1859: *Les Troyens* lay on the drawing board; *L'Africaine* was a gleam in its composer's eye; neither of these works, in the grand operatic mainstream, derived from *Faust*.

From the same company, orchestra, and conductor has come the release of a ballad opera, *Rosina*, by William Shield (London stero, OSA 1160, $5.79, mono, A 4160, $4.79), as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in 1782. That's what the album cover says. It would seem, in truth, that much of the ornamentation is the latter-day work of Richard Bonynge—and these rambles are the most challenging element of the score. Otherwise the music is innocuous, the spoken dialogue early Beatrice Lillie. Good performances are given by Mr. Bonynge, who directs; Margreta Elkins, charming in the name part; Robert Tear as the country squire, Mr. Belville; and Kenneth MacDonald as his dashing brother, Captain Belville. Monica Sinclair, in the trouser role of William, seems a bit unnecessarily coarse. The harpsichord part is splendidly realized; all the gears in performance are nicely meshed; the sound is good; but Shield's little opera lacks point.

—Robert Lawrence.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 40: hoes, shoe, hose.

Affording High Fidelity

HOW MUCH YOU can afford to spend on high fidelity is as much a matter of your tastes as of your finances. But there are valid ways of stretching any given budget to encompass better fidelity than a look at component prices would suggest.

There are "discounts," of course, but with the obvious pitfall that the lower the price, the worse the accompanying service. The full-service dealer (who takes the time to help you pick the best equipment for your purse and purposes, makes sure it works and that you know how to work it, and stands ready to help you if defects develop) must charge you somehow for his services. And though buying at list price doesn't guarantee you'll get such treatment, buying at a cut rate pretty well guarantees you won't.

Kits are another answer. A lot of very good equipment is available in kit form, at savings from about 20 per cent to 40 per cent over the price of the same equipment fully assembled (and some very good equipment is available in kit form only). Assembly takes no knowledge of electronics—just time, patience, average dexterity, and the ability to follow directions closely. The kit builder should work no more than two hours or so a night to reduce the possibility of fatigue-induced errors; there are no other special precautions to be observed. Kits do more than save you money; they give you a personal, prideful stake in your components, and the memory of some enjoyable evenings spent assembling them.

Loyalty is not the audiophile's most prominent trait—and you can profit from it. The "perfect" component that is now his pride and joy will seem imperfect come the fall hi-fi show; alienation of affections is the audio industry's stock-in-trade. Thus, bargains, as well as lemons, come to roost on the dealer's used-equipment shelves.

Used speakers are always safe bets (save electro-static speakers which can develop defects with advancing age)—if they sound good, they'll stay good, more than likely. Used pickup cartridges, on the other hand, aren't worth buying—the state of the art is advancing so fast that today's $30 cartridges are as good as many of yesterday's $50 units, and even $17.95 or so will bring you both good sound and the sure knowledge that your stylus is new and still unworn.

It's harder to tell gems from junk with other used components, but there are a few guidelines. Beware of anything *too* new—it might have been a lemon (a year and a half or older would seem safe, while a unit less than one year old is a gift horse whose teeth should be closely examined). Beware, likewise, of anything too old (speakers excepted), for obvious reasons.

A model that a manufacturer continued for several years is usually a safer bet than one that he dropped hastily soon after its introduction (this also holds true of "closeouts" on discontinued models—another excellent source of bargains). A shiny surface, free from dents or scratches usually means a prideful first owner, and a well-cared-for unit. Squeaks, rattles, and other noises in a tape deck or turntable are grounds for rejection.

While there is no guarantee that parts will be available to service discontinued models whose makers are still in business, be dubious of units whose makers have gone out of business (it may have been their products that sent them under). Be wary, too, of equipment whose makers have abandoned the high-fidelity field to go into government contract work, laboratory electronics, or other areas of endeavor.

And as a final guideline, buy used equipment only with a guarantee of repair, replacement, or money back during some reasonable period of time.

Still another solution for the budget-minded audiophile is the "compact"—a tabletop combination of amplifier, turntable (and perhaps a tuner), with two satellite speakers. Units with tape recorders or tape cartridge players are also on the market. These systems are substantially less expensive than systems of identical components, and may look more attractive. What you lose is the ability to upgrade your system later by replacing one component with a better one—though you can add FM, tape (or whatever other signal source is missing from your compact) at any future date.

Retailers often offer package deals on complete systems of their own selection. You can get good buys on such packages, but watch out for the combination of a name-brand amplifier or receiver with an inexpensive model of the retailer's own house-brand speaker; it *could* be good, but more likely, it's just cheap. Listen closely to such systems before buying them. And remember that speakers should loom largest in your audio budget, regardless of their size.

—Ivan Berger.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Going Stereo

AS A RESULT of Covent Garden's production, the demand for sets and highlights discs of *La Traviata* showed a striking increase above the seasonal norm, but of greater long-term significance to the industry and to collectors is EMI's recent announcement of its intention to restrict new classical issues to stereo starting this summer. Behind this bald "declaration of intent" lie several years of agonizing appraisal of a situation which, because of the strain imposed on manufacturers and retailers by the required duplication in stereo and mono of every single disc, could not continue indefinitely. On the face of it, it seems extraordinary that, after almost nine years of stereo, the problem should still exist; but such has been the blend of inertia, conservatism, and sheer ignorance shown by a large section of the record-buying public that stereo is still regarded with suspicion and even hostility by many otherwise intelligent music lovers.

Hardly a week passes without someone virtually daring me to convince them that stereo is really worthwhile; many are still surprised to learn that they will be able to go on enjoying their mono discs after "going stereo," while others have yet to grasp the fact that a new cartridge is all that is necessary to enable them to listen to stereo discs, albeit in mono fashion.

In making its timely stand (the future of popular discs is yet to be decided, but they must surely follow suit before long), EMI has not only shown the way ahead to its competitors but has also, it is to be hoped, finally exploded the myth of so-called compatible discs. (I have never grasped what was meant by this term; either the groove contains some vertical information or it does not—in the former case older mono pickups devoid of vertical compliance will cause damage, in the latter case there is no stereo!) No doubt we shall hear a few squeals of protest from the diehards in the correspondence columns of *The Gramophone* (where, it may be remembered, the concept of LP was often derided some seventeen years ago), but all who really care about the future of the industry must applaud EMI's courage in facing up to realities and wish them luck in their endeavors.

Heading the group's May releases is the souvenir album of Gerald Moore's farewell recital at the Festival Hall. It includes most of that memorable evening's program of songs, duets, and trios, plenty of stereophonic applause, and, of course, Mr. Moore's urbane "curtain speech" and solo encore. In place of a booklet specially devised to accompany the discs, EMI supplies a copy of the actual program book of the concert containing tributes to the accompanist from the participating artists—de los Angeles, Schwarzkopf, and Fischer-Dieskau—and many another of Mr. Moore's past partners.

Two further EMI issues also feature this prince among accompanists. One is a new recital by Nicolai Gedda embracing an assortment of Italian airs and songs, a short cycle by Turina, a Strauss group, and some Rachmaninoff, in which both artists demonstrate their versatility in impressive fashion; the other is a reissue of prewar recordings by that unforgettable cellist, Emanuel Feuermann. Here Moore is the partner in Schubert's *Arpeggione* Sonata; on the other side, in Beethoven's A-major Sonata, Feuermann's collaborator is the late Myra Hess.

Elgar's *The Music Makers*—a setting for contralto, chorus, and orchestra of a poem by a little-known Victorian poet, O'Shaughnessy—is a work full of autumnal beauty containing numerous references to the composer's earlier music (notably "Nimrod" from the *Enigma Variations*), for which reason it has sometimes been called Elgar's *Heldenleben*. It receives a warm and sympathetic performance from Janet Baker and the London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult on a disc which also includes Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*.

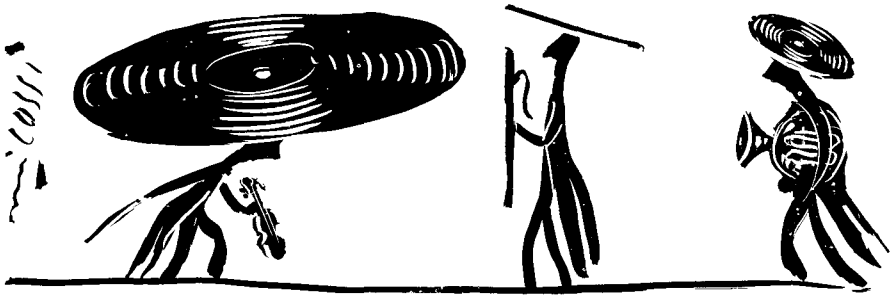
HMV's "Great Cathedral Organs" series this month visits the East Anglian town of Norwich, where Dr. Heathcote Statham exhibits the range of his instrument in a typical organist's melange ranging from Clerambault and Bach to Karg-Elert and Bossi; a Baroque Library disc entitled *Music from Esterhaza* contains some interesting Haydn rarities as well as works by his predecessor, Gregor Joseph Werner. Daniel Barenboim continues his integral set of the Beethoven Sonatas with *Les Adieux*, the first of the Op.49 Sonatinas and the mighty Op.111. The Ambrosian Consort under Denis Stevens provides encouragement for would-be madrigal singers with a most attractive collection from the Penguin Book of English Madrigals, issued under the title of *Sing We At Pleasure*.

The main Decca-group album for May, Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is still awaited at the time of writing, but other discs already received include the two Strauss Horn Concertos (plus a rather dull essay by the composer's cornist father), excellently played by Barry Tuckwell with the LSO under Kertesz (though not with the late Dennis Brain's breathtaking élan and subtlety); Dvorák's youthful Third Symphony and *Hussite* Overture by the same orchestra and conductor; fine but, for my taste, slightly impersonal performances by Katchen and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Münchinger of Mozart's K.466 and K.503 Concertos; and a lively Prokofiev coupling—the *Chout* Suite and excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet*—from the LSO conducted by Claudio Abbado.

Stokowski's latest "Phase-4 Spectacular," supposedly devoted to Wagner, strikes me as a piece of monstrous presumption coupled with a surprising degree of ineptitude. It was a relief to turn from this sordid technicolor nightmare to the civilized pleasures of Rubinstein's latest RCA disc devoted to Chopin mazurkas, as well as to a fine performance of Brahms's C-minor Piano Quartet played by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players led by pianist Claude Frank.

Finally, on Argo, we have an attractive collection of Handel arias sung by Covent Garden basso, Forbes Robinson, and a really outstanding two-disc album by George Malcolm devoted to Rameau's harpsichord works. This is superb music, brilliantly performed and beautifully recorded, though Mr. Malcolm in his sleevenotes expresses some doubts as to whether he has as yet wholly mastered the style of the period—especially the convention of *notes inégales*—and I know, too, that there are those who consider the sound of the Goff harpsichords favored by Mr. Malcolm to be unauthentic. Be that as it may—the results are immensely enjoyable, even if some of Malcolm's notes are more unequal than others.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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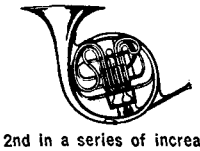

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 57

For those who might be waiting with bated breath to hear that there is—among the first four virtually never performed in concert halls outside of Czechoslovakia—a masterpiece of Dvořák's youth, the disclosure must, unfortunately, be that there isn't. There are, in each of them, quantities of fine ideas, rippling melodies, and stimulating rhythms; here and there—as in the slow movement of No. 4—an extended episode which only Dvořák could have written. Almost as constant, however, is the evidence that mastery of the symphonic process came only with difficulty to Dvořák. This is by no means contrary to the common experience: It is worthy of remark in the instance of Dvořák only because the evidence of that difficulty persists, in varying degrees, almost to the last in the total sequence.

Not the least interesting aspect of the project as thus far revealed is the inclusion of such overtures as *My Home*, *Othello* and *Hussite* (as well as the more usual *In Nature's Realm*) which are hard to come by in performances of this quality. They may not qualify, objectively, for Dvořák's estimate of them as "my best orchestral works," but they are part of his totality, whose comprehension is incomplete without such knowledge. To Kertesz's credit, he applies himself with every bit as much zest and earnestness as he does to the greatest of the symphonies.

That is, of course, No. 5, in which Kertesz's absorption with Dvořák's idiom understandably produces a result somewhat at variance with the usual. He inclines toward emphasis on the folk elements in the writing, a somewhat brighter tempo in the fast movements than sometimes favored, more lyricism than languor in the largo, a truly dynamic scherzo, and proclamative finale. In terms of orchestral playing and recording as well as direction, it is a suitably splendid climax to a venture which, both in conception and execution, is much superior to the phonographic average. —Irving Kolodin.

Ginastera

Continued from page 59

despair, and of his unrequited passion. And, at the end, his immortality lies in those rocks which he has given his life's blood.

The composer of such a theatrically valid piece, of course, can create his magic only on paper. He needs allies in his director, designer, and conductor to bring his intentions to life. In this case, three conspirators of the New York City Opera's *Don Rodrigo* met again with nearly equally stunning success. Tito Capobianco (with the aid of Jack Cole's choreography) accomplished the formidable task of clearly and meaningfully defining the effect of each scene with an economy of gesture, though neither rehearsal time nor stage conditions were at optimum. When it is restaged in New York, one can hope, for example, that the skeleton dance of the second scene will be made more terrifying and that the crucial image of the Duke's shattering of the mirror to end Act I be carried out as indicated in the libretto.

The scenery by Ming Cho Lee managed to outdistance even his usual high standard. The mottled garden colors, the grotto-like feeling of the stone-carved branches, and the symbol of the gnarled barren trees served magnificently to intensify the atmosphere of the opera. The rich, Renaissance court dress was also well conceived by designer Jose Varona, especially his brilliant crimson gowns for the court ladies.

Julius Rudel, upon whose shoulders fell a large share of the success of *Don Rodrigo* with his New York City Opera, again drew brilliant and expressive orchestral playing from his ensemble and managed to mold a tight-knit and propulsive entity out of this highly complex score.

His singers were ideally cast, beginning with the young Mexican tenor Salvador Novoa, who sailed through this demanding leading role with beauty of voice as well as tremendous professional aplomb. His was a memorable portrayal. As the voluptuous Florentine courtesan, Pantasilea, mezzo soprano Joanna Simon sang with the right kind of vocal richness and moved with all the required allure. A Spanish newcomer, soprano Isabel Penagos, revealed a lovely timbre as Julia Farnese, particularly in the appealing song that opens the second act. Other standouts in the large cast were Richard Torigi as the Astrologer and Claramae Turner as the Grandmother.

Perhaps this ideal combination of all necessary ingredients, like the convergence of the stars in Bomarzo's horoscope, will bring long life to Ginastera's newest and most advanced work. One thing remains true: the presence of Ginastera and his first two operas have provided a tonic to the stout hearts who have believed that beautiful and stimulating evenings could still be found in contemporary lyric theater.

—Robert Jacobson.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Welcome, Walter Terry

I AM DELIGHTED that you have added Walter Terry to your staff. It was a pleasure to read his first WORLD OF DANCE column, "New *Swan Lake, Paradise Lost,*" in the May 27th issue.

MRS. WALTER DUNCAN.
New York, N.Y.

AS A SUBSCRIBER to *SR*, and as professor of dance at Adelphi University, I wish to express my delight at your forward-looking policy in engaging Walter Terry as dance critic.

Dance is perhaps the liveliest of the arts in America today, and it is highly appropriate that your lively magazine should give dance expert and greater coverage.

HARRY BERNSTEIN,
Chairman, Dance Department,
Adelphi University.
Garden City, N.Y.

AS A LIFELONG READER of *SR* I would like to congratulate you on the good fortune of having Walter Terry on your staff. For me and many of my friends he's *the* top critic in his field. Very few writers on the dance in our country—or, for that matter, abroad—have had anything even remotely approaching his experience or knowledge.

So all of us who have come to respect and rely on his judgment will surely be congratulating him — and you — and ourselves, too.

THOMAS H. FISHER.
New York, N.Y.

THANK YOU for Walter Terry! We were deprived of his enthusiastic and astute criticism at the top of the ballet season last year, and had expected to be this year. We hope you will make his WORLD OF DANCE a regular column in *SR*.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN A. CUSHMAN.
Hopewell, N.J.

I ENJOYED Walter Terry's first WORLD OF DANCE very much. I hope this becomes a regular feature. Mr. Terry's piece reported the dance scene and made me want to know more about ballet.

JOHN MCDANIEL.
Bloomington, Ind.

I AM DELIGHTED Walter Terry is your dance critic. He is absolutely the best.

SOPHIA DELZA.
New York, N. Y.

I WAS PLEASED to rediscover Walter Terry in my favorite magazine, *SR*. He is indeed in good company among its prestige writers. I enjoyed his first column, and look forward to his future contributions with a great deal of pleasure.

ROSE SELVA.
New York, N.Y.

A GOOD PUBLICATION now has a good new man on its staff. Congratulations to both.

MAURICE SEYMOUR.
New York, N.Y.

CONGRATULATIONS on the addition of Walter Terry to the staff of *SR*.

ROSSIE GILMORE,
Artistic Director, Columbus Ballet.
Columbus, Ga.

Koussevitzky Slowed?

AFTER READING your review of the Victor album VCM-6174, by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, Nov. 26, 1966], I bought it. I remember the pleasure that I had from some of these same performances on 78s, or I should say what I thought were the same performances.

After listening with an increasing sense of disappointment, I have found that someplace between the original recordings and this album, the speed has been slowed to bring the orchestra's pitch down to A 440. It is probably a slight change but any musician knows that the pitch of the Boston Symphony in those days was a very high A 445.

CONRAD CROCKER.
Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

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Dual

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Combustibility

Continued from page 17

tant to our long-run security as those now faced by full-fledged government departments, including the Department of Defense, we should consider the establishment of a completely new department, the head of which would be a member of the Cabinet. This should *not* be AID or any of its predecessors operating under a new name. It should be an entirely new organization concerned at first primarily with the problem of developing a strategy for effective assistance. The new organization should be connected to the Department of State only through the President. It must be in a position to decide questions concerning resource allocation, the levels of technical assistance, and the size and nature of research and development programs, and be divorced from daily shifts in international political winds.

Of most immediate concern, however, is the attitude within Congress toward economic assistance, and particularly the relationships between the Executive and Legislative branches of our government regarding this problem. It would be a tragedy were the Vietnam conflict to divert us from constructive actions which can help prevent new Vietnams.

The appropriate committees within the Senate and the House should make searching inquiry—in depth—into our nation's present and future roles in economic assistance. These committees should examine in detail assistance problems and expenditures in relation to military problems and expenditures. They should look at the international organizations. Above all, they should examine our handling of these problems within the framework of our government.

We in the United States often fail to recognize our real power in the world. It is not military power. It is the power of ideas, of invention, of getting old jobs done in new ways. I believe we have the power economically and technologically to play a major role in creating a world in which all persons can lead lives free of the threat of starvation. But our ability for creative leadership will not be with us much longer. We must use it while we can.

Editorial

Continued from page 20

less they receive workable assurances that the traditionally belligerent policy of the Arab nations toward Israel will be replaced by a policy of peace and recognition. This, too, requires a U.N. that is able to establish and maintain the conditions of peace, quite apart from its ability to mount emergency deliberations after the peace has been shattered.

The U.N. Security Council attempted to deal with the Arab-Israeli confrontation in a vacuum. The debate centered almost entirely on accusations of aggression. Did the aggression consist of a surprise attack by the Israelis, as the Arab and the Soviet representatives contended? Or did it consist of Arab belligerence and the closing of the Gulf of Aqaba, as the Israelis contended? To attempt to resolve such a debate on the level of accusation and fulmination is a denial of all juridical experience.

WHAT machinery is provided by the United Nations to underwrite the safety of individual nations? What body or agency of the United Nations is empowered to enforce world law in the name of world justice? How has world law been defined? How is it to be interpreted?

The United Nations has been severely criticized in recent days by people who somehow expected it to have all these powers. Their condemnation should not be directed against the U.N. but against the statesmen who consistently and insistently blocked all efforts to strengthen the U.N. and to give it precisely the kind of authority it needed so badly in the Middle East crisis. The wonder is not that the United Nations was not fully effective in that crisis but that, considering the stark limitations placed on its authority, it functioned as well as it did.

Similarly, U.N. Secretary General U Thant has been castigated because he withdrew the U.N. Peacekeeping Forces from the Middle East as soon as serious trouble loomed. People were bewildered because this was precisely the time when additional U.N. forces should have been sent to the area. What they failed to take into account was that Egypt had the right to request the removal of the forces. The anomaly inhered not in the action by the Secretary General but in the fact that he had no choice but to act as he did under the terms of the charter.

There is much to be learned from recent events, and not much time to learn it. The sum total of all these lessons is the need for a concerted effort to revamp the United Nations in order to enable it to deal with root causes of war. The ability of enough men to understand these lessons will weigh more heavily in their future than virtually anything else they may have learned in the totality of their education.

If people want a safer and more rational way of conducting human affairs on this planet, they cannot wait for sovereignty-minded statesmen to take the initiative. The statesmen will become relevant in these matters only as there is an unmistakable demand that they do so. —N.C.

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(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)

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CLUB MEDITERRANEE is as much a philosophy of leisure as a vacation club. If you're ready to throw off your civilized shackles for a milieu of grass huts (in some of the world's most beautiful locations), water sports, sun worshipping, free wine, fabulous food and truly cosmopolitan, international company, send for free information to Club Mediterranee, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036 or phone 212-986-1222.

VACATION PLUS . . . Combine recreation, fellowship with congenial people and stimulating discussions on world issues at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate. Swimming, fishing, boating, folk dancing, excursions. Generous family-style meals. Room and board $6 to $9 daily. For full information address WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Conway, New Hampshire 03818.

(Continued on page 70)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 69)

PENNY POINT . . . a relaxing, delightful way of life. Only two hours from Manhattan. Enjoy Golf, Tennis, Swimming, Fishing. Art Exhibits, Duplicate Bridge. Informal. Ideal family vacation. Amateur Chamber Music for performers and listeners. July 21st through August 6th. Write Penny Point Motel, Hampton Bays, L.I. Phone 516-RA 8-1355.

UNCOMMERCIALIZED LAKE, MOUNTAIN RESORT. Brochure. Weld Inn and Motel, Weld, Maine.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

INCREASE AWARENESS, GAIN PERSPECTIVE, rest, recuperate. Beautiful estate facilities: lodging, nutritious meals, pool. Program: Relax-Rebound, Art Exploration, Counseling, Meditation. Evarts Loomis, M.D., "Meadowlark," Fairview, Hemet, California 92343.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet road overlooking scenic mountain resort village. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $65 up weekly, including meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

VERMONT LODGE—Three apartments, studio to 4 bedrooms, Thermopane vacation headquarters, near Mt. Snow and everything. Box C-603.

DON'T GET ULCERS from mountain climbing over molehills. Come to the HOTEL BEACHCOMBER in Antigua and relax in the sun.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA'S beautiful Casa Saguaro resort apartments. Large pool, refrigerated. Request rates, brochure. 333 West Medlock.

NEW WRINKLE? No. Walker's Wrinkle, Brooklin, Maine, provides vacationers with comfortable rooms, excellent meals.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming housekeeping apartments, each with kitchens, verandas, air-conditioning, 1-2-3 rooms. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Lake Morey. CAMP: sleepaway or day. Excellent counselors. Pony. ADULTS: canoe trips, sailing, skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, Fairlee, Vermont. 802-333-4478.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH—casual island living for your vacation. Write Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at the superb Maine resort two hours from Boston. Fine cuisine, cocktail lounge, pool. Gay color folder. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

RESPITE FROM REDUNDANCY: Cliffs of Maine, the blue Atlantic, a full-circle horizon, stars for streetlights. The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

MEXICO! ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only 3 hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Transportation not included. For details write Hoteles Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 56, Mexico 6, D. F.

WYOMING MOUNTAIN RETREAT. Quiet, friendly, comfortable. Fishing. Horses. Library. Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

VACATIONS

RESCUE STATION ON THE EXPO TRAIL . . . Going? Venture forth from our mountain retreat (only 2½ hours on fine highways). Homing? Stay with us en route. Expo or no, vacation in Vermont's loveliest country. Relax on our 18-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course . . . a wedge shot away from a Dining Terrace encompassing all outdoors. Tennis, riding, soaring, poolside Cabana Bar and Luncheon Deck. A Dining Room rich in early American charm with Continental flair. Delightful rooms and chalets. Color brochure. SUGARBUSH INN, Warren 15, Vermont. Phone 802-496-3301.

ENJOY A WEEK of Great Books, great fun and great conversation at Colby College, Waterville, Maine, August 13th through 20th. Write Great Books Summer Institute, 500 Lewis Tower, 15th & Locust Streets, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

LAKE MICHIGAN FAMILY VACATION RETREAT—cottages, apartments, restaurant. Children's program. Tennis courts. Pools. 1,000 ft. beach. Art, music, films, theater. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

"VENTURE ONCE-VISIT OFTEN"—Beautiful vacation spot—excellent food—gracious hosts. Holiday Hill, Salisbury, Vermont 05769. Brochure.

INFORMAL MODERN HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented creative guests. Day Camp. All sports. Chaits, Accord 5, N.Y. 12404.

BRANDON INN, Brandon, Vermont. Beauty, history, human interest, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained Inn—elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip and putt greens, exceptional food, beverages, fine service, air conditioning. Near golf courses, chair lift, library, places of worship, shops, horseback riding. Memorable! Reasonable! Less than 3 hours to EXPO '67. Telephone 802-247-5766 or write Brandon Inn, Box 75, Brandon, Vermont 05766.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. Weekly, $69 to $79, meals included. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

BLUE HILL INN—Gateway Acadia, Blue Hill Bay and East Penobscot areas. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—" . . . whatever one is seeking, active sports, nature lore, music, theater, or just getting away from it all, it's there, in the VALLEY OF THE INNS"—Carlo Wolter. Write for free booklet: A Southern Vermont Vacation Guide, to: Valley of the Inns, Box E, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May 26th-October 16th. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

WRITE, PAINT, BIRD. Summer paradise. Bear Mountain Ranch, Silver City, New Mexico 88061.

COUNTRY HOSPITALITY. Colgate Inn, Hamilton, N.Y. Golf. Fishing. Summer Theater. University Community. Weekend with meals, $20. Brochure available.

GOOD DEAL for artists and writers: Attractive small Greek hotel on Peloponnesus. Exceptionally good cuisine, fine beach. English spoken. Accessible by car all monuments. Ideal private summer location with or without children. Write Hotel Vrachi, Vivari/Drepanon, Greece. Prices modest.

TANGLEWOOD BOUND? Rooms for week or weekend. $6.00 per person. Mrs. D. F. Davis, Orchard House, Tyringham, Massachusetts.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

AEGEAN SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS: Greek Island, Paros. Group leaving July 8th and August 1st for three week sessions. Information? Cheltenham Art Centre, Cheltenham, Pennsylvania 19012.

TRAVEL

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic schooner, "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Stephen Taber Cruises, Box 561-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates—Schedules—700 Passenger Carrying Freighters. Inexpensive—nevertheless First Class. Voyages vary from 7 days to around the world. TravLtips, 40-21ZW Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

YACHTING VACATIONS IN EUROPE: Selection comfortable cruising Yachts GREEK ISLANDS, also unattended craft Irish Rivers. V. E. B. Nicholson & Sons (Antiqua) Ltd., Lynch's Quay, Cobh, Ireland.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE NEVIS*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15. (*KNEE-vis.) Caribbean Report, Suite 700, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

SOVIET UNION ANNIVERSARY TOURS—3 enlightening weeks from $650. Details UNITED STATES TRAVEL BUREAU, Box 69, North Hollywood 91603.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

FOR A FASCINATING overland camping journey by bus from Europe to Nepal via Afghanistan and India, for $400, please contact G. Monsch, CH-7076 Parpan, Switzerland. Starts September 10th, 1967.

CRUISE CARIBBEAN, South America on comfortable schooner for 5 months departing Octeober. $18 a day ($2,750) for the privilege of work, play, dozens of ports. Sex no barrier. Good food, bunks, grog. Captain, 1904 North Drive, South Bend, Indiana.

GRENOBLE WINTER OLYMPICS 1968. Bed and American breakfast in modern apartment house, $10 per person per day in triple room, $15 in double. Send self addressed envelope to Treyve, 4 Rue Eugene Delacroix Grenoble, France.

POLITICAL TOUR around the world featuring Russia and India. Led by Ed Radenzel, foreign news editor, San Francisco Chronicle. August 20th to October 3rd. Write Travel Desk, Inc., 700 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California 94304.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

A Trip to Australia

Black-and-white winner:

A Trip to London

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 6, 1968, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 6th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Ivan Dmitri—Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1967.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1966, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.
5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1967, to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: No more than two pictures can be submitted by any one entrant.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 6, 1968. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

DEADLINE OCTOBER 1, 1967 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1733

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pursued by following marks made by the pursued.	115 95 60 122 48 88 11
B. Ordinary harmless object which, in an unaccustomed place, led to Desdemona's tragedy.	157 119 178 171 78 50 148 89 191 175 129 196
C. Legendary Irish bard of 3rd cent.	145 102 103 42 121 9
D. Place of precedence; fig., friendship (2 wds.)	109 67 150 82 93 142 58 135 125
E. See WORD G.	68 81 37 45 194 117
F. Successful ones in a vote, who are said to "have it" (2 wds.)	141 180 73 7 26 85 166
G. Followed by WORD E, interesting object in the small constellation in the Milky Way, known as *Scutum Sobieskii*.	139 107 170 147 4
H. When Edward VII was "the uncle of Europe," some of the "nephews" were these in Spain, Germany, Russia (2 wds., not a listed phrase).	19 56 54 124 169 161 195 155 47 143 14
I. The popular food *Coregonus clupeiformis*.	187 94 192 66 131 86 16 30 1
J. Followed by *tone*, where "the voice of the Creator dwells," acc'g to the author of *What Are the Wild Waves Saying?* (2 wds.)	53 43 61 153 128 12 189 164
K. See WORD W.	39 2 127 69 99 149
L. One feature of handmade paper (2 wds.)	92 114 144 72 33 163 96 41 20 6
M. Foods.	106 136 13 38 15 197 193
N. Leader of French school of critical philosophy, 19th cent.	176 40 22 28 74
O. Presbyterian minister from Ireland, early 18th cent., in Pennsylvania; built "log college" for training his sons and other young clergymen.	118 162 25 57 65 140 75
P. The 3 wds. preceding *huius, huius, huius*, in the familiar declension of a Latin pronoun.	190 183 167 116 36 31 133 173 154 77
Q. Imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another being.	174 63 62 46 179 49 79
R. Made such allowance or correction in, as would reduce to a common standard.	101 44 181 51 90 134 5
S. Assimilates; drinks in.	70 186 112 188 159 137 156
T. Struck obliquely and flew off.	55 113 168 146 98 177 84
U. Persons or machines that prepare either oysters or corn for human and animal food.	3 76 182 110 10 123 132
V. Characterized by lateness.	152 24 8 138 18 32 97
W. Followed by WORD K, stage *onward* by the Six Hundred (2 wds.)	80 83 52 87 160
X. With the current.	130 104 27 71 185 172 105 64 151 23
Y. Human emotion which David Hume called the spur of industry.	111 17 184 126 21 59 158
Z. December 31st (2 wds.)	29 91 108 100 120 165 34 35

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes -one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 I	2 K		3 U	4 G	5 R		6 L	7 F	8 V	9 C	10 U	11 A		12 J	13 M	14 H
	15 M	16 I	17 Y	18 V	19 H	20 L		21 Y	22 N		23 X	24 V	25 O	26 F		27 X
28 N	29 Z	30 I		31 P	32 V	33 L	34 Z		35 Z	36 P	37 E	38 M	39 K	40 N	41 L	
42 C	43 J		44 R	45 E	46 Q	47 H	48 A		49 Q	50 B	51 R	52 W	53 J	54 H	55 T	
56 H	57 O		58 D		59 Y	60 A	61 J	62 Q		63 Q	64 X	65 O	66 I	67 D	68 E	69 K
	70 S	71 X		72 L	73 F	74 N	75 O	76 U	77 P	78 B	79 Q		80 W	81 E		82 D
83 W	84 T		85 F	86 I	87 W	88 A	89 B	90 R	91 Z	92 L		93 D	94 I	95 A	96 L	97 V
	98 T	99 K	100 Z	101 R	102 C		103 C	104 X		105 X	106 M	107 G	108 Z	109 D	110 U	111 Y
112 S	113 T	114 L		115 A	116 P	117 E	118 O		119 B		120 Z	121 C	122 A	123 U	124 H	125 D
	126 Y	127 K	128 J	129 B		130 X	131 I	132 U	133 P	134 R	135 D	136 M	137 S	138 V		139 G
140 O		141 F	142 D	143 H		144 L	145 C	146 T	147 G	148 B	149 K	150 D	151 X	152 V	153 J	154 P
155 H	156 S		157 B	158 Y		159 S	160 W	161 H	162 O	163 L	164 J		165 Z	166 F	167 P	168 T
169 H	170 G	171 B		172 X	173 P	174 Q	175 B	176 N		177 T	178 B	179 Q	180 F	181 R	182 U	183 P
184 Y	185 X	186 S		187 I	188 S	189 J	190 P		191 B	192 I	193 M		194 E	195 H	196 B	197 M

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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